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**FROM**

*David R. Thomas*











# THE CAMBRIAN,

[A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF

The Welsh American People and their Children.

DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature,

RELIGION, SCIENCE

AND

General Celtic Intelligence.

EDITED BY

REV. E. C. EVANS, REMSEN, N. Y.

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VOLUME XII.

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UTICA, N. Y.

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JUN 19 1916

# PREFACE.

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TO THE FRIENDS AND READERS OF THE CAMBRIAN :

The completion of another volume of THE CAMBRIAN reminds us that

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

The closing year, no doubt, has brought with it many sad and pleasant changes, which have left their impress on the lives of individuals and families, even within the circle of the readers of THE CAMBRIAN, while other events, such as the Columbus Celebration, the Presidential election, the Homestead tragedy, the threatened cholera, and many others will contribute to the annals of history and even modify the drift of our national life.

We may say, however, that our nationality, both in Wales and America, has not been seriously disturbed in the even tenor of its course. No national movement has been greatly advanced forward, nor have any serious reverses been experienced. In Wales the same questions—the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the English Church in Wales, Land Reform, The Welsh University, and Home Rule are still in the preliminary stages of agitation; and notwithstanding the return of the Liberal party to power, any real measures of reform for Wales are probably quite remote.

In America the Welsh people in their varied pursuits have been generally prosperous, and though they may not be pre-eminent in every special line of progress, yet they excel almost all other nationalities in combining together the best elements which constitute the highest form of civilization. Their intelligence, education, business enterprise, moral integrity and religious activities have long since rendered obsolete the famous dictum of Horace Greely.

The CAMBRIAN we are glad to say, holds its own among the many periodicals, which appeal for the support of our people for which we tender our grateful thanks to our friends and subscribers. The general character and features of the CAMBRIAN are already too well known, to need detailed enumeration. We have been frequently encouraged by the assurance that its contents have been appreciated and that they have been found generally instructive and interesting by its numerous readers. We desire again, however, to emphasise those features of the CAMBRIAN as a monthly magazine, which distinguish it from the ordinary newspaper, Welsh or English, and which should commend it to the favor of a large number of our Welsh-American people.

"THE CAMBRIAN does not profess or aim to record *in detail* all the movements and events which transpire among our Welsh-American people. This belongs to the province of the newspaper rather than to a monthly magazine

"The General Index, however, shows that it contains a brief record of most of the personal movements and passing events which are of permanent interest to our Welsh-American people. And in addition, THE CAMBRIAN during the year contains a large number of articles of importance and value to all interested in matters pertaining to our own nationality. It thus forms a

record and repository of a large fund of Welsh-American lore, embracing biography, history and literature, which is more varied, reliable, and of greater permanent interest than will be found in any other single source, and in a form convenient both for current reading and also for binding and preserving for further use and reference."

In this respect the monthly magazine has the advantage over the ordinary newspaper which, after being read and indeed very often before perusal, is thrown aside and destroyed whatever its contents may happen to be, while the monthly magazine, with its more substantial and wholesome contents, may be read at leisure according to each one's convenience, and also kept afterward for future use and reference as a treasury of information and a source of pleasant recollections in the family.

#### THE CAMBRIAN FOR 1893.

We have made arrangements for the coming year to introduce new and special features in **THE CAMBRIAN**, which, we hope, will add materially to its value and usefulness as the only English magazine published in the interests of our Cambro-American people. Some of these special features for 1893 are the following:

### A MONTHLY LETTER ON "WALES AND ITS AFFAIRS,"

**BY OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.**

This gentleman is a learned and loyal Welshman, well versed in the history of the present movements in Wales. We have arranged also for

**Monthly Reviews of the Topics and Questions of the day, and especially those relating to our own Nationality,**

**BY THREE OR FOUR CORRESPONDING EDITORS.**

who are the following eminent Welsh ministers, representing the prevailing Welsh religious Denominations:

**Rev. Fred Evans, D.D., (Ednyfed), Philadelphia, Pa.**

**Rev R. T. Roberts, M.A., Racine, Wis.**

**Rev. Rhys Gwesy Jones, D.D., Utica, N. Y.**

These gentlemen are well known and need no commendation from us to our Cambro-American people.

In addition to the above **THE CAMBRIAN** will contain

**Sketches of the Welsh Signers of the Declaration of Independence.**  
**Articles on**

**"The Number of Welsh People in America."**

**"Welsh Words and their Meaning."**

**"Chapters on Welsh History."**

Hoping in various other ways to make **THE CAMBRIAN** more worthy than ever of being a welcome visitor in the homes of its readers, and earnestly trusting that the support and favor so kindly accorded to **THE CAMBRIAN** in the past will be continued for the coming year, we remain

Yours sincerely,

**E. C. EVANS.**

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No. 1

# THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF—

THE WELSH-AMERICAN PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

REV. E. C. EVANS,

HEMSEN, N. Y.

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## THE CAMBRIAN FOR 1892.

We shall be greatly obliged to our subscribers for their continued favors to THE CAMBRIAN, and for their aid in extending its circulation for 1892. *And except in cases where it is ordered to be discontinued, THE CAMBRIAN for 1892 will be forwarded to all subscribers of the present year, and their names entered on the list for 1892.*

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# THE CAMBRIAN.

Now, go write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come for ever and ever.

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VOL. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 2.

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HON. ANTHONY HOWELLS, MASSILON, OHIO,

EX-TREASURER AND EX-SENATOR OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

The distinguished gentleman whose portrait appears above is one of the best known Welshmen in business and political circles in the State of Ohio, and is highly esteemed and respected by all who know him. By perseverance, economy, enterprise, and by business sagacity and integri-

24th. The memorial addresses were delivered by the Rev. Joseph G. Monfort, D.D., LL.D., Senior editor of the *Herald & Presbyter*, a classmate of Dr. Chidlaw in Miami University in 1832-33, and by the Rev. Wm. Henry Roberts, D.D., LL.D., professor in Lane Theological Seminary. The meeting was presided over by the pastor of the church, the Rev. John Hughes Griffiths, M.A. The biographical portion of the sermon was delivered by Prof. Roberts, and is as follows :

Benjamin W. Chidlaw was born in the village of Bala, North Wales, July 14th, 1811, the year in which the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists separated finally from the Established Church. His father, Benjamin Chidlaw, was a tradesman, and his mother, Mary Williams, a farmer's daughter. The main facts of his life have been recited by himself in his book, entitled, "The Story of my Life," a book which I advise those who have not read, to read at an early day. To use the testimony of another, "It is a grand record, a leaf from experience, a God-given book. Richard Cecil says, God has given us four books, the book of nature, the book of the world, and the book of Providence. Every occurrence is a leaf in one of these books. It does not become us to be negligent of any of them."

Into the minute details of the life of our friend, time does not permit me to enter. It is sufficient to refer the inquirer to his book for such facts. The few minutes at my disposal will be devoted to a general view of his life, and to a brief analysis of his character, and work.

There are hinge events in every life, hinges upon which swing wide open the doors which lead to opportunity and success. The first hinge event in the life of our friend was his removal to the United States in

1821, when a lad of ten years of age. His father, wearied out with ecclesiastical tyranny, determined to remove to the United States with his family, and begin life in a land where tithes and establishments of religion were unknown. It is a commentary upon the change which has come over our beloved land since that far off date of seventy years, that it took the Chidlaw family two weeks traveling from New York City to reach Utica, N. Y., a journey which can now be made in five hours, and that it took them a longer time to remove from Utica to Delaware, Ohio, via lower Sandusky. Mr. Chidlaw's father died a short time after the arrival of the family at Delaware, but in so dark an hour, help came where help was perhaps not expected. It is not always possible to determine a woman's power to think and act. The fatherless family was cared for and supported by the mother, a person of marked ability, deep piety and strong character. The mother, with the instinct of a true woman, determined among other things that her son should have an education. The first willing steps in this direction were taken by young Chidlaw at two of the log school houses at that time characteristic of Ohio. He made a profession of religion in the Radnor Presbyterian Church in the Spring of 1829, and during the summer of the same year resolved to study for the Gospel ministry. His education was completed by three years of study in Athens College, and one year in Miami University. From the latter Institution he graduated in 1833. In April, of the latter year, he was taken under the care of Oxford Presbytery, and examined at the same time with Joseph G. Monfort, the venerable editor of the *Herald and Presbyter*, and Thomas E. Thomas, afterwards pastor in several prominent Presbyterian

Churches, and Professor in Lane Theological Seminary. His Theological studies were pursued under Dr. Bishop, president of Miami University, and he was licensed to preach the gospel in April, 1835. In 1836, Mr. Chidlaw was ordained by the Oxford Presbytery as pastor of the Congregational Church at Paddy's Run. Sixty years ago the lines between the Congregational and the Presbyterian denominations were not so sharply drawn as they are at the present time, and ministers passed easily from one Church to the other. In 1844 our friend left Paddy's Run to become pastor of the Presbyterian Churches at Cleves, Elizabethtown and Berea, a relation which continued for a little over a year, and was terminated in 1846 in order that Mr. Chidlaw might enter fully upon the work of the American Sunday School Union. Mr. Chidlaw's connection with this benevolent and beneficent Society began in 1836, but prior to 1845 he was only engaged a part of his time in its service. It is noticeable that he was the first commissioned missionary of this society, doing great good, accomplishing marked results, and filling out a remarkable career. Entrance upon the full work of the Society was the third hinge event in our friend's life, the second being his call to the ministry. The first made him an American, the second a preacher, and the third a missionary. The first gave him a country, the second a profession, and the third a special field of labor. In all these, that divine sovereignty was made manifest, which shapes the destinies of men according to the wise, holy, just, and loving will of God.

In 1861 the great national crisis which culminated in the war between the States did not find our friend unprepared nor unequal to the demands of the new situation. The excitement

connected with the beginning of that great struggle seriously interfered with his Sunday School work, but instead of complaining of difficulties, and sitting with idle hands, he at once transferred himself to a new sphere of labor. Finding that in Southern Ohio Camps of Instruction had been established for Union Volunteers, he undertook missionary work in them, and with great success. After a short time spent in such labor, he was persuaded to accept the chaplaincy of the 39th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. With this regiment he remained for about a year, highly useful to both officers and privates, greatly valued by both as a friend and as a minister, and under God the means of leading many souls to Christ. His service as Chaplain was terminated by an attack of what appears to have been nervous prostration, and rendered him unfit for the arduous duties of the camp and the march. But this illness resulted simply in a change of work. Prevented by the providence of God from service in the field, he entered as soon as health permitted into the work of the Christian Commission, and became one of the most trusted and valued agents of that beneficent and patriotic organization. In this service he remained until the close of the war. Dr. Chidlaw valued American Institutions very highly, and one of the most significant incidents in this connection in his book is that of the discovery of a picture of himself painted at the desire of his father in 1819, when the son was but eight years of age. The picture, it appears, had been for years in the possession of a relative, and did not come into Mr. Chidlaw's knowledge until 1889, when on a visit to Great Britain. He writes of it in this manner: "As I held the antique frame, 10 by 8 inches in size, in my hand, realizing what it was, astonish-



ment and delight filled my soul. My emotions were indescribable. Amazed, my hand trembling, I beheld the face and form of a small boy dressed in a blue jacket, and a white frill around his neck; holding in the right hand a United States flag, the glorious red, white and blue, its beautiful folds richly displayed, and the forefinger of his left hand pointing to a legend in English, 'Where liberty dwells, there is my country.' Is it any wonder that our friend was a devoted American? To the Cambrian's instinctive love of liberty were added both paternal and maternal favorable influence and patriotic feeling was strengthened and matured through the fulfillment of that father's desires for his boy, by the latter's life of earnest service in that country where liberty in truth dwells.

Dr. Chidlaw was happily married three times, first in 1836 to Miss Elizabeth Gwilym of Paddy's Run, who died in 1841; second in 1842, to Miss Rebecca Hughes, of Whitewater Township, Hamilton Co., O., who died in 1888, and third in 1891, to Mrs. Henrietta Manning of New York city, who survives him, and is a lady of noble Christian character and like her late husband, devoted to religious and philanthropic work. The universal testimony in our friend's case is that he was an affectionate, true and manly husband in his marital relationships. Sincerely mourning the bereavements which came to him personally, he is to-day as sincerely mourned by the loving and devoted companion he left behind, who is patiently waiting the happy reunion above.

Dr. Chidlaw as a man had many marked qualities. His physique was excellent, inherited from healthy and God-fearing parents, and strengthened and matured by the hard work of his early pioneer life. Without this

physical strength which he possessed, much of our brother's work would have remained unperformed. He had a sound body, for the use of the sound mind contained therein. In his young manhood he thought nothing of walking between thirty and forty miles a day, and it is on record that he made the distance between his home at Delaware, to Athens College, Ohio, a distance of 151 miles in three and a half days. It is to be feared that the young men of this generation are lacking in that vigor and endurance which can only be secured by hard work, and which is one of the main essentials of a successful life. The wear and tear of modern life can be successfully endured only by strong men.

Yet another marked quality of our friend was activity. He was always at work. Rest to him meant simply a change of labor. There was that in his constitution which forbade idleness, and his sound physique gave efficiency and force to his activity. During his fifty-six years of service for the American Sunday School Union, the amount of work performed was simply enormous, and the results of indefatigable labors can hardly be estimated. He planted Sunday-schools in all parts of this central west. During a large portion of his term of service he also labored a part of every year in the Atlantic States, advocating by voice and by the pen the interests of the society in whose service he delighted. So continuously did he obey the Scripture injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," that from 1855 onwards he was "the best known Sunday-school advocate and worker in the United States."

Another marked characteristic of Dr. Chidlaw was his sympathy. This welcome and beneficent Christian grace was developed in him to the

full, and colored all his acts and words during the course of his life. It was the expression of the inner character of the man, and in no way to be confused with the easy good-nature which is the weakness of some men and makes them the ready victims of designing persons. Always ready to speak words of comfort to the sorrowing; of guidance to the onxious and perplexed; always according to his means bestowing charity where there was need of it; he was yet ever ready to rebuke hypocrisy and falsehood. He had the tenderness conjoined with the strength of a true manhood. His sympathy, further, was not given to any one class in the community, but to all classes without exception. So well was it understood that he was the friend of all, that all gave him cordial welcome, and sustained him heartily in his endeavors to advance the interests of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Having drunk deep at the fountain of love in the heart of Christ, his sympathy was in some measure the sympathy for man of the Saviour of a lost world.

Dr. Chidlaw was a man also of deep spirituality. There was about him nothing of the hypocrite. He never indulged in cant. His views of theology and of life were practical and honest. He believed in the Lord Jesus Christ with all his heart, and added to faith its evidencing works. He was an evangelist as well as a Sabbath-school Missionary. During his visits to Wales, and in the midst of his missionary labors, he found abundant time and opportunity for revival work. His converts were numerous, and in large part reflected the sincerity and piety of him who, under God's blessing, had been the means of bringing them from the kingdom of darkness, into the kingdom of light. One of the special seasons of blessing mentioned by Mr. Chidlaw in his

book occurred in 1839 in Llanuwchllyn chapel near Bala, when 250 persons professed faith in Christ as a result of one Sabbath's sermons. Converts are an evidence of true spiritual power in the preacher.

Dr. Chidlaw in his prime was a remarkable platform speaker. I distinctly remember the first occasion on which it was my privilege to hear him. In 1856, when a lad of fourteen years, and in company with my father, I attended a Sunday-school missionary meeting held at the church of the Puritans, on Union Square, New York City. The principal speaker on the occasion was our friend, and I shall never forget the impression which his simple, clear and yet enthusiastic and convincing address made upon me. Dr. Chidlaw's sympathy, energy and enthusiasm made him an exceedingly acceptable speaker and preacher, one whom all classes in the community delighted to hear and to honor.

The close of Dr. Chidlaw's life was sudden and unexpected, and occurred at Dolgelly, Wales, July 14, 1892, within a few miles of his birth-place, and on his birthday. The eighty-first anniversary of his advent to earth was the day of his advent to the fullness of the life eternal.

His remains were brought home to Cleves, Ohio and laid to rest in the Berean Cemetery,—a beautiful spot, very near his home, and always dear to his heart. A large concourse of friends attended the funeral services in the grove surrounding the house, where many words of true and loving eulogy were spoken of him.

Let us who yet remain, be edified and comforted by satisfying thoughts based upon the goodness of God to our departed brother. His was a life of earnest faith and wide usefulness. Under the divine blessing he accomplished much good. During his long

life of beneficent activity he wrought noble and permanent work, both as a friend and citizen, both as father and husband, both as Christian and Sunday-school Missionary, and above all, as a preacher of the gospel of the blessed God. He will be greatly missed in the family; the community, and the church. He is not, because God has taken him. There is sorrow here on earth, but in heaven, one more glad voice hymns the triumphant song of the ransomed through the blood of the Lamb. Our brother is not dead. His soul is not fallen asleep. He is absent from the body and at home with Christ. In that glorious joy-giving presence will it always be true of him, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree, he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the House of the Lord, shall flourish in the Courts of our God."

#### THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR.

The Exhibition buildings and grounds at Chicago are described as in a promising condition. With few exceptions the great buildings are practically completed, the whole aspect of the Fair showing a state of preparation much further advanced than one would have supposed possible so far ahead of the opening day, which is yet five months off, May 1, 1893. No room is left for doubt that everything will be ready, in buildings and grounds, by the opening day, and all danger of non-readiness is passed. Thousands of people go every day to the grounds and watch with interest the progress of the work. On fine Sundays as many as 15,000 have entered the gates. They pay twenty-five cents apiece, and this source has already brought in more than \$100,000.

The United States battleship, which

has been built up from the bottom of the lake behind a protecting break-water at the upper pier, is practically finished, and looks life-like from all along the lake front, its turrets, stacks and towers rising above the deck, and long guns pointing over bow and stern. Here will be made the Government naval display. Almost alongside stands the solid-looking "Victoria House" of the British section occupying an admirable place in the foreground of the Exposition, overlooking the lake, whose waters reach within a few feet of its doors. The first story is up and building progress is rapid. It is an English half-timber house of the 16th century, yellow terracotta being largely used in the lower storey with red-brick facing, and mullioned windows. The upper portion will be of half-timber construction, with over-hanging and projecting gables. The building being in full view from all sides, each facade is treated architecturally. The plan forms three sides of a quadrangle, with the open side next to the lake, enclosed by a raised terrace with balustrade. The interior will furnish offices for the British section, and the principal rooms will be fitted up with wall panelling and elaborate ceilings, like some of the best English country houses. Germany and Russia will also have old-fashioned houses.

The plan of the Fair embraces no fewer than 150 buildings of various capacities. Many of these are specially erected by States of the Union, or foreign countries or for private exhibits, the cost being defrayed outside of the general fund of the Exhibition. The following list of the chief buildings gives the dimensions of each in feet, with the approximate area of floor and gallery space for exhibitors in acres, and also the cost of each in dollars.

Buildings.	Dimen.	Spa.	Cost.
Administration .....	262 x 262	4.5	\$ 436,500
Manufactures .....	1,687 x 787	44	1 600 750
Machinery .....	842 x 484	17	1,050,750
" Annex .....	551 x 490	6.2	
" Mach. & boilers .....	1,103 x 86	2.2	75,000
Agricultural .....	800 x 500	15	691,500
" Annex .....	550 x 312	4	
Electricity .....	690 x 345	9.3	413,500
Mining .....	700 x 350	8.5	266,500
Transportation .....	960 x 256	9.4	369,000
" Annex .....	850 x 435	8.5	
Horticultural .....	998 x 251	8	287,000
Fisheries .....	361 x 162	1.4	224,750
" Two annexes, 135 diam.		0.7	
Fine Arts .....	500 x 320	4.6	670,500
" Two annexes .....	220 x 136	1.4	
Women's .....	398 x 198	3.3	138,000
United States .....	421 x 351	5.5	400,000
" Battleship .....	348 x 69	6	100,000
Illinois .....	450 x 150	5	250,000
Forestry .....	528 x 208	2.6	90,250
Railway station .....	300 x 150	4	225,000
" Trainshed .....	672 x 150		
Dairy .....	200 x 94	0.8	30,000
Leather .....	625 x 150	4.3	100,000
Live stock .....	440 x 260	2.5	70,000
Saw-mill .....	300 x 136	1	50,000
Music-hall .....	246 x 140	0.7	300,000
Casino .....	246 x 140	0.7	
Colonnade .....	600 x 60	0.9	
Pier .....	2,500 x 250	11.5	125,000

The total estimated cost is thus \$7,964,000. Including live-stock sheds &c., there will be a grand total of over 232 acres of exhibition space and other accommodation for visitors.

Besides the buildings above mentioned, 24 of the States of the American Union (Illinois leading) are constructing special State buildings, of which 17 are approaching completion and eight others are in process of erection. Buildings are also contemplated by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the White Star Steamship Line. There will be a Merchant Tailors' Building, a Children's Building, a Workingmen's Home, a building for *Puck*, an Indian School, Pump House and Oil House (both for exhibits), Cold Storage House, photographic building, extensive greenhouses, and sundry other structures, not large in themselves, but all of them in the aggregate covering about 60 acres and costing about \$1,750,000. The United States, besides its large building and the naval exhibit on the battleship, is arranging for other smaller structures exhibiting a lighthouse, life-saving

station, weather bureau, and heliography.

The respective buildings are attractive as well as colossal, and of themselves make a most noble display. In the aggregate they are estimated as taking 75,000,000ft. of timber in construction, representing ten square miles of forests, and also 20,000 tons of structural iron and steel. They are all of them covered with the composition of plaster, cement, and hemp, or similar fibre, known as "staff." The amount of this work upon them is equal to covering the wall of a four-storey building 15 miles long. The sculpture and decorations on the buildings are also chiefly of "staff," being first modelled in clay. There are altogether on the grounds and buildings 48 sculptured groups, and 103 other figures, all of heroic size. The chief statue is the "Republic," 60ft. high and standing on a pedestal 40ft. high, at the entrance to the Basin, costing \$25,000. The buildings and grounds are to be lighted by 5,000 electrical arc lights and 93,000 incandescent lights, there being 17,000-horse power provided for electric lighting out of the 24,000-horse power in the machinery building. This is ten times the electric lighting power provided at the last Paris Exposition, the whole electrical plant costing \$1,000,000. Thus the Fair in all its departments is on the grand scale upon which the ambitious city of Chicago delights in doing everything.

The financial state of the enterprise is also satisfactory. The receipts so far, including paid-up stock, \$5,093,400, and Chicago's gift, \$5,000,000, have amounted to \$10,040,100, and the expenditure to about \$9,900,000. The Treasurer expects additional resources from stock instalment payments, bonds, and the gift of Congress of \$2,500,000 in souvenir silver half-dollars, which are to be sold, except-

some special coins, at double value, \$1 apiece. The bonds to be issued are \$4,000,000 sixes which will chiefly be taken by the Chicago banks. All the receipts, property, and salvage of the Exposition are pledged for these bonds, and they are the only lien. The following is the total approximate balance-sheet of the Exposition present and prospective:—

#### RECEIPTS.

Paid up on capital stock.....	\$ 5,500,000
Chicago bonds.....	5,000,000
United States half-dollars.....	2,500,000
United States premium thereon..	2,500,000
Debenture bonds.....	4,000,000
	<hr/>
	19,500,000
Estimated gate receipts (ad. 50c.)	10,000,000
Concessions and privileges.....	3,500,000
Salvage.....	1,500,000
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Total receipts.....	34,500,000

#### EXPENDITURE.

Construction and all other preparatory expenses.....	18,750,000
Operating expenses.....	2,000,000
	<hr/>
	21,250,000
	<hr/>
Surplus.....	13,250,000

The aggregate investment in the Chicago World's Fair, without counting the individual expenditures of the exhibitors in preparing the display, is the following:—

The Exposition Company.....	\$20,000,000
The United States Exhibit.....	1,400,000
The various States of the Union..	6,600,000
Foreign nations.....	8,250,000
	<hr/>

Total cost of the World's Fair. 36,250,000

The foreign interest taken in the Fair is more universal than ever known in a previous exposition. The following list gives the nations and colonies participating, the amount of their appropriations, and the expenditures in addition to the appropriations that will be made:—

Country.	Appro.	Add'l
Argentine Republic.....	\$100,000	
Austria.....	100,300	\$200,000
Belgium.....	57,000	50,000
Bolivia.....	30,000	
Brazil.....	600,000	
Columbia.....	100,000	
Costa Rica.....	150,000	
Denmark.....	67,000	50,000
Danish West Indies.....	1,200	
Ecuador.....	125,000	
France.....	733,400	500,000
Germany.....	800,000	500,000
Great Britain.....	291,000	100,000
Barbados.....	5,840	
British Guiana.....	25,000	
British Honduras.....	7,500	
Canada.....	100,000	100,000
Cape Colony.....	50,000	
Ceylon.....	65,600	50,000
India.....	30,000	375,000
Jamaica.....	24,335	
Leeward Islands.....	6,000	
New South Wales.....	243,325	
New Zealand.....	27,500	
Trinidad.....	15,000	
Greece.....	60,000	
Guatemala.....	200,000	
Hawaii.....	40,000	25,000
Honduras.....	20,000	
Hayti.....	25,000	
Japan.....	630,000	250,000
Liberia.....	7,000	
Mexico.....	50,000	
Morocco.....	150,000	
Netherlands.....	100,000	
Dutch Guiana.....	10,000	
Dutch West Indies.....	5,000	
Nicaragua.....	31,000	
Norway.....	56,280	50,000
Orange Free State.....	7,500	
Paraguay.....	100,000	
Peru.....	140,000	
Russia.....	46,320	250,000
Salvador.....	12,500	
San Domingo.....	25,000	
Spain.....	14,000	
Cuba.....	25,000	
Sweden.....	108,000	
Uruguay.....	24,000	

The following is the allotment of space in square feet to the leading countries:—

Country.	Space
Austria.....	150,000
Belgium.....	120,000
Denmark.....	20,000
France.....	250,000
Germany.....	250,000
Great Britain.....	250,000

British Colonies.....	100,000
Canada.....	70,000
Japan.....	60,000
Mexico.....	61,000
Greece.....	10,000
Russia.....	100,000
Sweden.....	40,000
Norway.....	50,000
Italy.....	45,000
Spain.....	30,000

This makes about 1,600,000 square feet allotted to the leading foreign nations in the various buildings, beside extensive assignments of space on the grounds, where several are constructing buildings. The applications for space in the various departments are much larger than the available room, vast as it is. In the manufactures building there are applications for three times the space, and in several others for twice as much as the respective buildings contain. These countries will have buildings of their own:—Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Austria, Canada, Ceylon, China, Columbia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Guatemala, Hayti, Japan, Nicaragua, Norway, Sweden and Turkey—19 in all. This is the first Exposition that will have had exhibits from every colony of England and France. Concessions have been granted for the purpose of conducting theatres, shops, restaurants, and representation of native life to the following Governments:—Algeria, Austria, China, India, Dahomey, Egypt, Hungary, Pacific Islands, Italy, Japan, Morocco, Persia, Sandwich Islands, and Tunis.

The ruling power at the Fair is now President Harlow N. Higginbotham and the Council of Administration of four persons. It was found best thus to concentrate authority, and these gentlemen, with Director-General Davis and his staff of department chiefs, have accomplished the great results herein detailed, and are now making ready for the installation of exhibits. The Fair is working as an

harmonious machine, and hence the speedy accomplishment of wonderful results; and this may be expected to continue until the close of the vast enterprise. Mr. Higginbotham is the active partner in the great Chicago dry goods house of Marshall, Field & Co., the most extensive store in America, and his business accomplishments and activity find a fine field in the Fair. This very active and enterprising city of Chicago is certainly preparing for the delectation of visitors from home or abroad what the late P. T. Barnum would have called "the biggest show on earth," and she will make it in all probability the crowning event of the coming year.—*The London Times*.

### WILLIAM FLOYD,

ONE OF THE WELSH-AMERICAN SIGNERS OF  
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

(A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK DELEGATION.)

William Floyd, who was the first delegate from New York that signed the Declaration of Independence, was born on Long Island, on the 17th of December, 1734. His father was Nicoll Floyd, an opulent and respectable landholder, whose ancestors came to America from Wales,\* about the year 1680, and settled on Long Island. The father of William died while his son was young, and left him heir to a large estate.

The early education of young Floyd, by no means corresponded to the wealth and ability of his father. His studies were limited to a few of the useful branches of knowledge, and these were left unfinished, in consequence of the death of that gentleman. The native powers of Floyd

\*All accounts of him agree that his father was a native of Wales, although it is not certain from what part of the principality he came. (See History of Long Island and Family.)

were, however, respectable, and his house being the resort of an extensive circle of connexions and acquaintances, which included many intelligent and distinguished families, his mind, by the intercourse which he thus enjoyed with those who were enlightened and improved, became stored with rich and varied knowledge. His wealth enabled him to practice a generous hospitality, and few enjoyed the society of friends with more pleasure.

At an early period in the controversy between Great Britain and the colonies, the feelings of Mr. Floyd were strongly enlisted in the cause of the latter. He was a friend of the people; and, with zeal and ardor, entered into every measure which seemed calculated to ensure to them their just rights. These sentiments on his part excited a reciprocal confidence on the part of the people, and led to his appointment as a delegate from New York to the first continental congress, which met in Philadelphia on the fifth of September, 1774. In the measures adopted by that body, so justly eulogized by the advocates of freedom, from that day to the present, Mr. Floyd most heartily concurred.

In the following year, he was again elected a delegate to congress, and continued a member of that body until after the Declaration of American Independence. On that occasion, he assisted in dissolving the political bonds which had united the colonies to the British government; and in consequence of which they had suffered numberless oppressions for years. Into other measures of congress, Mr. Floyd entered with zeal. He served on numerous important committees, and by his fidelity rendered essential service to the patriotic cause.

It was the lot of not a few, while thus devoted to the public good, to

experience the destructive effects of the war upon their property, or the serious inconveniences arising from it in relation to their families. In both these respects Mr. Floyd suffered severely. While at Philadelphia, attending upon congress, the American troops evacuated Long Island, which was taken possession of by the British army. On this latter event, the family of Mr. Floyd were obliged to flee for safety to Connecticut. His house was occupied by a company of horsemen, which made it the place of their rendezvous during the remainder of the war. Thus, for nearly seven years, Mr. Floyd and his family were refugees from their habitation, nor did he, during this long period, derive any benefit from his landed estate.

In the year 1777, General Floyd (we give him this military appellation from the circumstance of his having some time before been appointed to the command of the militia on Long Island) was appointed a Senator of the State of New York, under the new constitution. In this body he assisted to organize the government, and to accommodate the code of laws to the changes which had recently been effected in the political condition of the State.

In October, 1778, he was again elected to represent the State of New York in the continental congress. From this time until the expiration of the first congress, under the federal constitution, General Floyd was either a member of the national assembly, or a member of the senate of New York. In this latter body he maintained a distinguished rank, and was often called to preside over its deliberations, when the lieutenant governor left the chair.

In 1784, he purchased an uninhabited tract of land upon the Mohawk River. To the clearing and subduing of this tract, he devoted the leisure of several

successive summers. Under his skillful management and persevering labors, a considerable portion of the tract was converted into a well-cultivated farm; and hither, in 1803, he removed his residence. Although, at this time, he was advanced in life, his bodily strength and activity were much greater than often pertain to men of fewer years. He enjoyed unusual health until a year or two before his death. The faculties of his mind continued unimpaired to the last. A little previous to his death, he appeared to be affected with a general debility, which continuing to increase, the lamp of life was at length extinguished. This event occurred on the 4th of August, 1821, and when he had attained to the extraordinary age of eighty-seven years.

In his person, General Floyd was of a middle stature. He possessed a natural dignity, which seldom failed to impress those into whose company he was thrown. He appeared to enjoy the pleasures of private life, yet in his manners he was less familiar, and in his disposition less affable, than most men. Few men, however, were more respected. He was eminently a practical man. The projects to which he gave his sanction, or which he attempted, were those which judgment could approve. When his purposes were once formed, he seldom found reason to alter them. His firmness and resolution were not often equalled.

In his political character, there was much to admire. He was uniform and independent. He manifested great candour and sincerity towards those from whom he happened to differ; and such was his well known integrity, that his motives were rarely, if ever, impeached. He seldom took part in the public discussion of a subject, nor was he dependent upon others for the opinions which he

adopted. His views were his own, and his opinions the result of reason and reflection. If the public estimation of a man be a just criterion by which to judge of him, General Floyd was excelled by few of his contemporaries, since, for more than fifty years he was honored with offices of trust and responsibility by his fellow citizens. GOODRICH.

#### DR. HERBER EVANS ON "A LIVING CHURCH."

At the autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the Rev. Dr. E. Herber Evans of Carnarvon, the president for the year, chose as the subject for his address "A Living Church." For about an hour he held the rapt attention of the 1200 members who attended, and his remarks which were delivered with all the fire and humor of Welsh oratory, drew forth frequent cheers and laughter.

The President, in the course of his address said it was not his intention to address them upon the Church of Christ. He was a broad churchman, broad enough to believe that it is made up of "all them that love Jesus Christ in sincerity;" to rejoice "that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." Yes, broad enough to believe in the "general assembly, and Church of the firstborn, who are written in heaven," and are helped by Churches large and small on their way thither. This Church was something more worthy the Son of man than the exclusive Church of England, which one of its three sects asserts to be "the only body in this realm that is a Church," and it was this excommunication of their greatest leaders, ministers, and reformers which had exasperated Wales against the Establish-



ment. They wanted to hear more of Christmen of all Churches and less of the Churchmen of one sect. They complained and grieved because the sturdy working people were as a class outside all the Churches. A Church had no right to complain that they were out until those within were clearly honest and straight in their creed as well as in their conduct. They were constantly told that the Churches were doomed. He admitted that they were being weighed in the balances, but he felt sure that the leaders would not be found wanting. All the dividing barriers must be burnt away by the knowledge and the glory of the Spirit of Christ, so that there should be "one flock and one shepherd." Grindewald, with its unique gathering, prophesied its coming. He must admit that there was one sign of the times which seemed full of peril, and that was the readiness shown by many good men and enthusiastic women to help any society, brotherhood, convention, army, or movement, if it were not connected with any Christian Church; and in many books of late, especially novels with a purpose, there was a tendency to write with flippancy of the Churches and their work. He knew that Carlyle said many years ago, "books are our Church," and they had often been told since that the newspapers was their pulpit and the editor their preacher. The more books worthy of the name of the Church the better, and let newspapers and editors ready to help the pulpit be multiplied a hundred fold. But in that case they must have fewer columns given to the history of gambling on race-horses—(cheers)—and descriptions of the filth of divorce trials and such like police news, (hear hear). Had the Church failed, or had its members? He thought their great failure had been want of vitality. And part of his message to them

asked them whether they were members of a dying or a living Church. It was time that in a living Church there must be life in the pulpit; and in order to have life in the pulpit the preacher must have something to say which he thoroughly believed (hear, hear). Ineffective preachers, as a rule were lacking in one or two things—in real personal religious conviction, or in sincere interest in the welfare here and hereafter of their fellow-men. Speaking was an art, and the most inefficient could gain more proficiency in this like every other art. A good deal of nonsense had been talked about a born orator and a born poet. Certainly the orator and the poet must be a born to begin with, (laughter). The preacher must be a born orator, but he could never reach the highest possible without cultivating his gifts under the best instruction. The late Dr. John Thomas told him very recently that if he had his life to live over again he would take lessons on public speaking from the best teacher he could find. Why should they be obliged to beg people to hear them when they might speak so as to compel a hearing. In a living Church there must be life in the diaconate. The idea was too prevalent that a man must enter the pulpit in order to serve God and his generation; but he knew many deacons who had rendered their churches and denominations splendid services. If they wanted their churches to be in touch with the people, there must be deacons from among their working classes. In Wales they had them in every church, and the working people were the backbone of their working classes (cheers). A living Church must be made up of living members. Every idle member of the Church created a bad atmosphere. How painfully numerous were the good men who "looked on" at all the unrighteousness, drunkenness, suffer-

ing, poverty, and devilry among them, and did nothing (hear, hear). Sunday schools, prayer meetings, bands of hope, and various societies, were all left to the active interest of the few, while the many members were pacifying their consciences by handing in a subscription, and that an unworthy one (hear, hear). They must beware of the danger of turning their churches into comfortable clubs where members could enjoy their intellectual treats and forget the world outside and their duties to the neglected outcasts. Our present day weakness was that there were so many in their churches who had vowed faithfulness to Christ, but it had all ended in the vow, and the Christian profession of every Church that wished to be a living power must tell for righteousness. The age they lived in had many faults, but it had this good quality, that it was impatient of shams, it gloried in facts, and merely laughed at churches that made vast pretensions and showed little or no zeal for righteousness. It ridiculed half-beliefs and empty ceremonials, and a Church must be good for something more than to picture life as a pilgrimage through a wilderness to a paradise yonder, and leaving this world to the devil and his servants. The Church was here to change this world into a paradise, to get rid of its unrighteous laws, change its baneful habits, and clear its streets of all corrupting abominations. Suppose the members of the Church had aimed at doing this, say for the last 50 years—what a change it would have made in Church history! He believed there were great wrongs to be righted, and great reforms to be brought about before the end of the century. As a member of a County Council for three years he felt convinced that when the police were under complete control of these councils, that public drunkenness and public

prostitution would be driven away from their streets. And surely the claims of labor and capital were to be settled in some more Christian way than by rushing to arms and bloodshed, as was done recently in America. Small civil wars like those mocked Christianity. Proceeding to speak of various measures to make the Church a living one, he said the Church was richer in men and means than ever it had been, it had grander organizations, more learning and culture than ever it had. These were but the machinery, they needed the power to move the whole, they wanted life enough to make the dead men around them alive to God and duty. Without this the Church was simply powerless, because it was without its own true life. He came from the land of revivals, and although they were looking to Parliament now to deliver them from the strife of tithe war and an unjust and unrighteous Establishment, they looked higher than St. Stephen's for life and power for their churches to meet the crisis before them. 'The glory of Christ and His gospel was that it enabled the humblest man to do what only the hero can do without it. Let them look at those colliers in the Ogmores Valley, how they gave their very lives in order to rescue their fellow men. They were almost all members of Christian churches, and had been made heroic by the influence of Jesus and His cross. In conclusion the reverend gentleman referred to the loss they had sustained by the deaths of Dr. Eustace Conder Henry Simon, and Dr. John Thomas, to whose memory he paid a feeling tribute. Dr. Thomas he described as a man who had given the best part of his life to influence for good the English city of Liverpool. No one here, he said, knows better than I, a member of his church for years, how purifying and elevating it was. I stood

before the St. George's Hall in Liverpool when the first waters of the great Vyrnwy Lake in North Wales rushed in, springing up in the fountains before the hall. I thought of those expressive words of Theodore Parker—"A particular church is fortunate if it can get an eminent man of religion for its teacher—a man of genius, great character, great conduct, great life it is like getting a great lake to flow through a thousand pipes into the streets and lanes of a great city, the mountain water bubbling up in the haunts of filth and disease." I thought of the preacher brought from the same country to a pulpit close by, influencing, cleansing thousands of lives; making the buoyancy of youth bright and cheerful, and the faith of the old firmer in its grip on Jesus; making all lives richer to themselves and to others, filling their homes with "the beauty of holiness" and turning them heavenwards, so that each earthly home should face the eternal home of the Father of Jesus. And while the pure crystal stream flows in from the hills, so shall the influences of such lives tell upon all coming time, make this earth a richer, grander inheritance. It has been to me a sweet suggestion by some expositor that the names given the Saviour by Isaiah, "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace," were to be exemplified and illustrated in the history of the Church not all at once, but a new name for every separate epoch. At the start His name was "*Wonderful*," wonderful in His person and His life of beneficence, the Son of man bringing in the brotherhood of all men and the new earth that was to be, and all wonderful in His death and victorious resurrection, bringing into sight a new heaven. Then came His second name of *Counsellor*," His followers went everywhere

counselling all men "to cleave to the Lord." Then he appears as the "Mighty God," sustaining the noble army of martyrs in the ten fierce persecutions. And now in our own day the "*Everlasting Father*," is revealed, preached and believed in more than ever. And Maurice has finely said that "there is no fraternity without a common father." But the fifth name is to be worked into the history of the future. "His name shall be the '*Prince of Peace*'"—peace between man and God, peace between man and man, between mind and conscience. More than that, "They shall not learn war any more." And so sure as the words are in God's book, the Prince of Peace will make them true. And, as Mr. Greg' in his "Enigmas of Life," points out, how this will do away with "a vast population" of idle men on sea and land, and so with prostitution and drunkenness, with all the accompanying evils. And it is coming. Living churches will hasten the day. The discoveries of science will be such that the instruments of destruction will become too awful for any nation to dare to "learn war any more." So let us work on,

"Till the war drum throbs no longer, and  
the flags are furled  
In the parliament of man, the federation of  
the world."

"Then the seventh angel shall sound  
saying the kingdoms of this world  
are become the kingdoms of our Lord,  
and of His Christ, and He shall reign  
for ever and ever."

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### TENNYSON AND WALES.

[FROM THE CARNARVON AND DENBIGH HERALD.]

Tennyson visited Wales in his early days, and again, we do not know how often, in later life. The "Golden Year, one of his poems published in 1842, opens with the lines—

Well, you shall have that tongue which Leonard wrote  
 It was last summer on a tour in Wales:  
 Old James was with me: we that day had been  
 Up Snowdon; and I wish'd for Leonard there,  
 And found him in Llanberis: then we crost  
 Between the lakes, and clamber'd half-way up  
 The counter side; and that same song of his  
 He told me.

Leonard's song is given, in which the Golden year is placed in the future—

Fly, happy happy sails and bear the Press;  
 Fly, happy with the mission of the Cross,  
 Knit land to land, and blowing havenward  
 With silk and fruits and spices, clear of toll,  
 Enrich the markets of the golden year.

The poet is writing before the days of Free Trade! Old James, impatient, breaks in upon the song—"What stuff is this?" Old writers pushed the Golden Year back, we push it forward

"But well I know  
 That unto him who works, and feels he works,  
 This same grand year is ever at the doors."  
 He spoke; and high above I heard them blast  
 The steep slate-quarry, and the great echo flap  
 And buffet round the hills from bluff to bluff.

It is impossible to hear the blast of the Llanberis slate quarries without thinking of Tennyson, and old James and the Golden Year. Then "In Memoriam" appeared, and two Welsh streams were mentioned in a way never to be forgotten—

The Danube and the Severn gave  
 The darken'd heart that beats no more;  
 They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
 And in the hearing of the wave

There twice a day the Severn fills;  
 The salt sea water passes by,  
 And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
 And makes a silence in the hills,

The passages in which another Welsh river furnishes Tennyson with an illustration for a beautiful passage in the "Idylls" is familiar to our readers—

Enid tended on him there; and there  
 Her constant motion round him, and the breath  
 Of her sweet tendance hovering over him,  
 Fill'd all the genial course of his blood  
 With deeper and with ever deeper love,  
 As the south-west that blowing Bala lake  
 Fills all the sacred Dee.

But when we reach the Idylls we reach a large subject. Arthur is claimed as a Welsh hero, with at least as good a claim as other countries can put in, and Mr. Alfred Nutt has given us excellent reasons for believing that the Grail legend may be traced back to Welsh origins. Tennyson visited Caerleon-upon-Usk when he was writing part of the Arthurian cycle; and who can forget the voyage on the Usk in which

The dead  
 Steer'd by the dumb went onward with the flood—  
 In her right hand the lily, in her left  
 The letter—all her bright hair streaming down.

"Lord Cobham in Wales," in which

The Shepherd, when I speak,  
 Vailing a sudden eyelid with his hard  
 'Dim Saesneg' passes—

is among the later poems. No single poet has done for Wales what Scott did for Scotland or Wordsworth for the English lakes, though the beauties of Wales are in their way quite as worthy to be sung, but Tennyson is one of an illustrious line of poets who have found inspiration among the hills and valleys of the Principality and helped to increase its charms.

## THE MEMORY OF CYMRIC DEAD.

BY MR. T. E. ELLIS, M. P.

(An address recently delivered before the Bangor Students' National Society.)

Mr. Ellis, M.P., who was cordially received, remarked that there was no race so touched and awed by the enigmas of life and the mysteries encircling our being as the Celtic. No

race revelled more in the joys of life, in the charms of nature and its delights; no race pondered so much over the doom pronounced—"Yet shall he be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb; the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him, and every man shall draw after him as there are innumerable before him." He touched upon the peculiar characteristics of Welsh funerals and of hymns pertaining thereto, and pointed out how the memory of the dead by the observance of a Palm Sunday was perpetuated. As regarded monumental remembrances the Welsh had incontinently banished that cross, even the Celtic cross which was so striking a feature in Irish graveyards. Their protest against Roman Catholicism was so strong that they banished the cross, and in search for emblems or expressions of mourning for the dead, or the hope of immortality that they adopted as a monumental gravestone the obelisk—connected with Egyptian Polytheism; the urn-associated with Greek and Roman cremation; and that slate chest of forbidding ponderosity which almost seemed as if placed to prevent the dead from rising. They might, however, look in the future for a more elaborate expression of regret for the memory of the dead, for that would come with the development of art, which was the permanent expression of praise or admiration of the effort. The development of art, the growth of national unity (hear, hear), the building of an educational system (hear, hear), the evolution of a satisfactory social system, each and all required much time, devoted courage, noble ideas, and infinite toil (hear, hear). In the words of Ruskin, "you cannot have a noblenation, or a perfect man, any more than a pyramid or a church, but by sacrifices of much contributed life." And if it was true of the more favored nations

of those enjoying genial climates, in writing great traditions and capacities, commanding the instruments of government, and possessing the strings of prosperity and industry—how much more true was this of a nationality like the Celtic, which for countless generations had had to contend with adversities (hear, hear), to battle with and live through tides and conquests all the resources of hostile Statecraft, which, after being stripped of every instrument and even emblem of power, had had to survive studied neglect—perhaps the deadliest form of oppression, for it meant national stagnation (hear, hear). And as they surveyed that chequered history, it was natural they should ask themselves how far they respected the memory of the noble dead of Wales who had kept alive its name and fame among the nations, and who had made possible the revival and strengthening of the national feeling which, like a silent tide, was rising and filling the creeks and inlets of their land at the present day (hear, hear). It was surely their duty to rear worthy memorials to their noble dead, so that they might be to each generation tokens of their respect and admiration for those who had labored or fought or sacrificed for the existence, the enrichment an ennoblement of Wales (applause). The speaker then instanced a few from among the great host of the noble dead of Wales who should receive some permanent expression of national admiration, selecting types in former spheres of activity, viz., those who had labored in the national existence and national unity of Wales—the moral ennoblement of Wales; those who in Wales had borne witness to the relation of man to man. In connection with these he instanced the national labors of Howel Dda, Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, and Owain Glyndwr; and in connection with the

national ecclesiastical life of Wales Bishop Morgan, the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, Thomas Charles, and John Penry. In other spheres of national life, he alluded to the labors of Dafydd ap Gwilym, Henry Vaughan, Goronwy Owen, Richard Wilson, John Gibson (the artist), and Robert Owen. The reverent memory of those great dead was a priceless treasure, an inspiration enriching and harmonising the national life, and should be enshrined in the warm and living hearts of the youth of Wales. In their colleges and schools generations of youths should ever be reminded of the fathers and benefactors of their nation, so that the schools might become in the highest sense the temples of Welsh nationality, informing the nation of their benefactors, of the debt due to them and to organize how the debt should be paid. In conclusion, he urged upon the students by their work, life and courage to emulate those who, like John Penry and Daniel Rowlands, interpreted the relations of man to God; or, like Dafydd ap Gwilym or Richard Wilson, of man to nature in art and poetry; or Robert Owen, of man to man in the social commonwealth; or like Howel Dda, Llewelyn or Owain Glyndwr, strove to maintain the national unity of Wales in the progressive life of humanity,

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### THE OUTLOOK OF THE CELT.

BY DR. EMBRY JONES.

President of the Manchester Welsh National Society.

[THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS BEFORE THE WELSH SOCIETY AT BIRMINGHAM.]

Dr. Jones said he was led to the discussion of this subject by the study of Matthew Arnold's excellent book on "Celtic Literature," and by Grant Allen's articles on the "Revolt of the Celt" and "The Celt in English Art."

While agreeing with Mathew Arnold that the Celt has now an opportunity of "conquering his conquerors," he was afraid that Grant Allen had exaggerated the extent of the conquest. Referring to the death of Lord Tennyson, he said: We, as Welshmen, cannot but deeply mourn his loss. We feel how immensely he has been influenced by our romantic literature, how thoroughly he has entered into its spirit, and how exquisitely he has expressed himself in his beautiful idylls "Arthur and the Round Table," "Gareth and Lynette," "Geraint and Enid," "Merlin and Vivien," and "Lancelot and Elaine." Those are household names to us, and werejoice that the greatest poet of modern times should have selected them for his themes. We cannot but wish that many rich mines in our literature, as yet unexplored, may soon be discovered and utilised by some master-minds. Speaking of the Eisteddfod, he said: While we may feel proud of our national institution, as one with good aims, aims that our most fastidious English critics ought to allow are preferable to pigeon-flying, horse racing, gambling, which are the favorite pastimes of a very considerable proportion of the English Democracy; at the same time it must be admitted the Eisteddfod is not exercising its best influence on the development of the Celt. A great bulk of the bardic effusions seem to be the veriest twaddle. The whole bardic tribe, with their conceits, presumption and arrogance, wanted some process of reincarnation, and a considerable period of quiescence might elapse without any detriment to Welsh poetry. If the Eisteddfod, by offering adequate prizes, or by the endowment of research, see itself about providing a satisfactory history of Wales some good would be done. Referring to the educational movement in Wales he remarked: We

must look forward to the establishment of a Welsh University at no distant date. I hope that its object will not only be to produce a few brilliant men, but to leaven the bulk of the nation with the true elements of culture, and to produce an intelligent democracy that will wield the great power entrusted to it in a wise, judicious, and honest manner. In this great revolution women as well as men must bear their part, as Welsh girls, if they had the opportunity and training, would eclipse the boys in achievement.

### NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

The purer life draws nigher  
     Every year;  
 And its morning star climbs higher  
     Every year;  
 And earth's hold on us grows lighter,  
 And the heavy burdens lighter,  
 And the dawn immortal brighter,  
     Every year.

GRAVEYARDS are solemn volumes, in which even the blind may read upon their marble pages the records of hopes all departed. Dewdrops of the night are diamonds at morn, so the tears we weep here may be pearls in heaven.

THERE is an end to kisses and to sighs,  
 There is an end to laughter and to tears;  
 An end to fair things that delight our eyes,  
 An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears.  
 An end to enmity's foul libelling,  
 An end to the gracious praise of tender friend;  
 There is end to all but one sweet thing—  
     To love there is no end.

THE golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

GEORGE ELIOT.

### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,  
 To run the twelve months' length again.

The voice of Nature loudly cries,  
 And many a message from the skies,

That something in us never dies:  
 That on this frail uncertain state  
 Hang matters of eternal weight:  
 That future life, in world unknown,  
 Must take its hue from this alone;  
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,  
 Or dark as misery's woeful night.  
 Since, then, my honored first of friends,  
 On this poor being all depends,  
 Let us th' important now employ  
 And live as those who never die!

ROBERT BURNS.

### WHAT MAKES A GENTLEMAN?

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life,  
 Not pretty children and a wife,  
 Not pins and chains and fancy rings,  
 Nor any such like trumpery things;  
 Not pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,  
 Not liberty with kings to dine;  
 Not coat nor boots, nor yet a hat,  
 Nor dandy vests, nor trimmed cravat,  
 Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;  
 Nor mister, reverent, sir, or squire,  
 With titles that the memory tire;  
 Nor ancestry traced back to Will  
 Who came from Normandy to kill;  
 Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lure,  
 Nor thousand volumes rambl'd o'er,  
 Nor Judge's robe, nor Mayor's mace,  
 Nor crowns that deck the royal race;  
 These all united never can  
 Avail to make a gentleman.

A truthful soul, a loving mind  
 Full of affection for its kind;  
 A helper of the human race,  
 A soul of beauty and of grace;  
 A spirit firm, erect and free,  
 That never basely bends the knee,  
 That will not bear a feather's weight  
 Of slavery's chain for small or great;  
 That firmly speaks of God within,  
 That never makes a league with sin;  
 That snaps the fetters despots make,  
 And loves the truth for its own sake;  
 That clings to honor as its own,  
 That worships God and him alone;  
 That trembles at no tyrant's nod—  
 A soul that fears no one but God,  
 And thus can smile at curse and ban  
 That is the soul that makes the man.

GRANGER.

### THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA AND ITS INFLUENCE ON CIVILIZATION.

In the light of the discovery of the new world by Christopher Columbus, wars of conquest, the triumphs and

defeat of dogmas, the rise and fall of dynasties, and even the greatest of industrial achievements pale into insignificance. Other discoveries, like many great inventions, mark epochs of history, but that of Columbus fixes an era. Other incidents have precipitated great changes in thought and life, but the discovery of America wrought a revolution, the universal scope of which we of to-day, despite familiarity with notable changes in economic and industrial conditions, can hardly grasp or understand.

Looked back upon through the mist of four centuries, the event seems so much a matter of course, that few indeed have tried to picture to themselves what would have been the probable development of Europe had the courageous Genoese navigator not persisted in his reputedly visionary, but most wonderfully daring undertaking. Before such a task the imagination falters in awe at the magnitude of the differences which that one voyage of three small ships with a few more than one hundred men aboard produced in the industrial and commercial development, the customs and habits of thought, and the whole life and progress of civilized man.

When Columbus set sail from Palos the spirit of new life which marks the decay of mediævalism, that breath of Renaissance under which a new civilization burst into bloom was but faintly noticeable in scattered voyages of daring exploration and discovery. Science and religion were still under the bondage of mediæval lethargy. Not till a century later were the innovations of Bruno, Galileo, and Kepler to shock and unsettle the religious-philosophical systems of the times. Still further in the undreamed future were the thunders of Luther's reformation. It may well be doubted whether any of these great changes would have come when they did had not the

amazing discovery of a new hemisphere electrified the age as none of the wonders in science, industry, and commerce have been able to do since.

The world looked upon Columbus as a dreamer, the follower of wild and ridiculous vagaries. When he proved the correctness of his theories and demonstrated by his discoveries that the world was a sphere and not a plane, the shock aroused the age and set the Christian world to thinking as it had never thought before. One conception as old as the race had been toppled over and forwith the slumbering spirit of inquiry and investigation awoke. Men began to reason instead of blindly believing as before. If the fathers had been wrong in their impressions of the form of the earth, why might they not also be mistaken regarding many other things, was the germinal idea from which sprung modern study, research, invention, and progress in all fields of thought and endeavor. The discovery of the new world shattered the dead chrysalis of a blind faith, and the modern spirit of scientific inquiry came forth. The magnitude of the new world, as revealed by later discoveries and its wonderful wealth as developed by explorations, appealed with a force we can hardly appreciate to the imagination of the age and still further stimulated the new thought and activity which in time was to produce entirely new and incomparably better systems of science and philosophy and bear a wonderful fruitage of material comforts in the inventions that have made this century the richest in the history of mankind.

Viewed in this broad way the event well deserves to be considered the most important in the world's history since the beginning of the Christian era. Small as it was apparently in itself, its results upon the world have been almost beyond comprehension. Its



gift of two continents, with all their incalculable resources, to civilization was but a fraction of its value, and he who stops with that loses much of its significance. Beyond and above the mere increase of habitable and fertile land was the stimulus to human thought and speculation, which has grown into a great force with oncoming time and become a factor of transcendent influence in the advancement of the race.—*Cleveland Leader*.

### WHY CALLED AMERICA.

How did it happen that the continent discovered by Cristopher Columbus received its name from Americus Vespucius. Thanks to the zeal with which investigation has recently been pushed into all these matters, this most natural query can be answered now much more intelligently than it could a few years ago. The first printed map on which the name America appears was published at Lyons in 1516, ten years after the death of Columbus. But it was in 1507 that there issued from the obscure college press of the town of St. Die in Lorraine a little book or pamphlet called "Cosmographiæ Introductio," by Martin Waldseemüller, in which such use of the name was first proposed. It came about in this way:

Vespucius, a Florentine of high repute as a navigator, a friend of Columbus, stirred by his discoveries, went with Ojeda in 1499 to explore the northern coast of South America, and again in 1501, 1503 he made voyages which opened up to knowledge the coast of Brazil.

He wrote soon after an account of his travels so racy and graphic that it instantly became popular and passed through many editions in the various tongues of Europe. One of these booklets fell into the hands of the little band of scholars at St. Die, and

gave rise to their suggestion that a good name for the New World which Vespucius had done so much to bring to the notice of the Old World, and which lay directly over against Africa, would be America.

There was no thought whatever at this time of appending the name to anything but the continental mass, of unknown shape and size, which lay behind the Brazilian shore, and which was looked upon as a totally distinct region from the islands which had been discovered by Columbus, while as to any continent north of the islands there was as yet very little knowledge.

With this Brazilian land, first seen through an accident by Cabral in 1500. no other name was now so prominently and legitimately connected as that of Americus Vespucius.

No protest was raised against the proposed name by the heirs or friends of Columbus. It was not regarded as in any way invading or invalidating the claims and rights of the discoverer of the regions farther north. The name, therefore, as applied to the southern continent, easily came into general acceptance. It soon became widely adopted, especially in the German and French maps and globes, and in fact throughout central and northern Europe.

Vespucius died in 1512. There is no evidence connecting him with the naming or with any false pretension in regard to the discovery.

Not till 1541, by which time it began to be certain that the northern lands, were not, as had been previously supposed, a part of Asia, did any map appear giving the name of America to the whole of the Western Continent, and not till a few years previous to this did it seem to occur to any that injustice was being done, or might be done, by this name, to the superior claims of Columbus.

Las Casas and other friends spoke up now for "Columba," but it was too late—the mischief had been wrought. And all had been done, as is quite evident, with entire innocence and naturalness.

Had the prominent thing in connection with Columbus's discoveries been the continent instead of the islands, and had not his fame been under so great an eclipse at the time of his death and for quite a period afterward, and had Spain pursued a less selfish, exclusive, secretive policy in regard to all its information about the New World, it would not have been left to other lands to name the continent and to take from Spain's great admiral this deserved recognition.

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### THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

Like all divine inspirations, like all life, it is an impenetrable mystery. Life is God's secret. For a man therefore, to lay down his imperative definition of scriptural inspiration, to graduate the degrees of it in different kinds of Scripture, history prophesy, or psalm, to dogmatise about its special differences from other operations and inspirations of spiritual life, is simply presumption. We do not attempt to define the mystery of the Incarnation, to put its *modus* into a proposition, to say what, in the incarnate Christ, the human elements and the divine elements are and how they act in combination. We simply accept the Incarnate whole. We do not attempt to discriminate the elements of human life, body soul, and spirit; to say exactly what belongs to each, or how they act in combination. It takes a body to keep a soul. We do not attempt to define life even in a plant or an animal. We do not attempt to reduce to a definition the mystery of

the new birth, the regeneration of the soul of man by the Holy Spirit of God; to discriminate in the processes of faith, of prayer, of holy resolution and striving, how much exactly is the inspiration of the divine Spirit, and how much is the working of our own natural thought and feeling. Nay, who shall say how the divine upholding works in our physical movements? We never think of attempting definitions of these things.

The inspiration of "holy men of old, who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," is also a conjunction of the divine and human. Can anything be more preposterous than to attempt to reduce it to definitions? When a man says to me, "The inspiration of the Bible writers in no way differs from the inspiration of other genius—of a Shakespeare; a Milton, a Pascal, a Bunyan"—I simply reply, "How do you know? When another affirms that the Bible is the word of God in such a sense that every thought, every sentence, every word, every letter, is a veritable dictation of the Holy Spirit, again I ask "How do you know? It is nowhere said so." While the one theory denies the supernatural element in Scripture; the other theory denies the human element, and makes it merely a divine ventriloquism, an artificial imitation of various forms of literary genius from which my reverence shrinks. Judging from the actual product—the book as it lies before me, which is my only means of judging—it is neither. It is an incarnation of 'the divine in the human.—*Henry Allon, D. D.*—"The Indwelling Christ and other Sermons.

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A sudden lie may be sometimes only manslaughter upon the truth; but by a carefully constructed equivocation, truth always is with malice aforethought deliberately murdered.—*Morley.*

## For the Young People.

### DO NOT TEMPORISE.

Temporising, to save one's self from brave and instant choice of the right is useless. In Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" there is a very wonderful chapter on "The Everlasting No." There is surely such a thing in morals as an everlasting no again wrong. And as plainly evident as the fact that there must be an everlasting "No" against wrong is the place where this everlasting "No" ought, even thunderously, to be uttered; and that place is plainly and precisely the place where what we know to be a tempting, urgent wrong begins to solicit. Just in that place and just at that instant ought this everlasting "No" to sound with most distinct articulation, and as with the vividness of a lightning flash.

In Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" there appears a certain character named John, who soliloquises with himself in this fashion: "Now there are three Johns, my John—what I know of myself; other people's John—what other people think of me; and the real John—God's John." The test by which the other Johns must stand or fall is "the real John—God's John." And the test by which God discovers what sort of a real John, John is, is whether John utters this everlasting "No" to the wrong soliciting.

How wise are these words of the great Bishop Butler: "In all common ordinary cases we see intuitively, at the first view, what is our duty, what is the honest part. That is the ground of the observation that the first thought is often the best. That which is called considering what is our duty in a particular case is very often nothing but endeavoring to ex-

plain it away. Thus those courses which, if men would fairly attend to the dictates of their own conscience, they would see to be corruption, excess, oppression, uncharitableness—these are refined upon; things are so circumstanced; great difficulties are raised by the fixing bounds and degrees, and thus every moral obligation whatever may be evaded."

In morals first thoughts are the best thoughts. Say the everlasting "No" and have done with it. Do not temporise.

### "SING UNTO THE LORD."

This is the binding exhortation of "the sweet singer of Israel." And how frequently do we come upon such words in the Psalms! Elsewhere the same thought and injunction is expressed. And it suggests the fact that there is a natural proneness to sing unto some one besides the Lord during times of religious worship. Was not the Psalmist himself often tempted during the hours of worship to sing unto man instead of the Lord? No doubt of it. There is not a Christian who makes a practice of singing at religious services but what is under a greater or less temptation to sing unto the ears of those in the room. Very often also are we inclined to sing for our own pleasure. We fail to put our heart's homage into our sacred songs, and make the melody unto the Lord. We are thinking of the beauty of the tune and sweetness of the music, and of its effect on the hearers. Oh, how much sin we commit in the act of singing during hours set apart for Divine worship! Our singing is nothing less than a mere farce and a pretense of worship. It is full of pride and vanity. Our greatest effort

is to sing so as to please men. We think more of offending their ears than we do of offending our Lord. Our minds are on human hearers rather than the Divine hearer. See how it is with the most choirs. They often look for human praise of their efforts, and think that they are not duly appreciated unless the pastors and others speak fine things of their singing. Well, if choirs ought to be praised for their singing, why should not the congregation praise the pastor for his prayers? One is as reasonable and right as the other. If praying be part of worship, so is singing; and if one should be complimented, so should the other. But the fact is neither should be complimented. We should both sing and pray unto the Lord, and unto Him alone.

#### "AULD LANG SYNE."

"Auld Lang Syne" is a well-known song and as popular on this side of the ocean as on the other. An interesting statement regarding its origin, poetry, and music, has just been made by Mr. James Dick to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. The earliest germ of the song is, it seems, found in an anonymous poem of the fifteenth century, preserved in the Bannatyne Manuscript, 1568. The title of the poem, "Auld Kyndness Forgett," is in modern Scottish "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot." The second song on the subject known to exist is printed in Watson's collection, published in 1714, entitled "Old Long Syne," in twelve eight-line stanzas. The third song is Allan Ramsay's "Auld Lang Syne," first printed in the "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724.

The first record of the present well-known version is in Burns's letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 17th Dec. 1788, enclosing a copy of the verses as "an old song

which has thrilled through my soul." Five years afterwards he sent a copy to George Thomson, and about the same time another copy to James Johnston, for the "Scots Musical Museum," in the fifth volume of which it was printed for the first time in 1797, about five months after the poet's death. That there was an old rustic song with a chorus similar to Burns's song is suspected, but all attempts to discover the smallest traces of it have been fruitless.

As to the music of "Auld Lang Syne," there are two tunes—an old one which Burns knew, and the modern one first printed with Burns's words in 1799—three years after his death, in Thompson's "Songs of Scotland." Thomson rejected the old time-worn tune, and replaced it with a variation of another melody, which had been then for many years popular. The modern melody did not become immediately popular, but during the last fifty years it has so progressed in favor, that it is now the widest spread social song in the Anglo-Saxon language—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

#### A VEGETABLE CATERPILLAR.

The very close relationship between animal and vegetable life has been often noticed. The sponges have much in common with both animals and plants. The imitative forms of insects, which make butterflies of Borneo resemble the leaves of trees, are well known to most readers in natural history. All these observations go to prove that the same general laws are at work in the animal and the vegetable world, and that these same general types prevail in creation so far as the conditions of life allow.

Attention has recently been called to the Aweto of New Zealand as one of these puzzling products of nature. In the early stage of its growth it is a

perfect caterpillar, growing to the length of three and a half inches. It is always found in the neighborhood of the Rata-tree, a large scarlet-flowered myrtle, and habitually buries itself a few inches under ground.

When the Aweto is fully grown, it undergoes a wonderful change. The spore of a vegetable fungus fixes itself directly on the caterpillar's neck, takes root, and grows, like a diminutive bulrush, from six to ten inches high, without leaves, and with a dark-brown head.

This singular stem penetrates the earth over the caterpillar, and stands up a few inches above the ground. The root grows at the same time into the body of the insect, exactly filling every place without altering its form in the slightest degree. It simply substitutes a vegetable for an animal substance.

As soon as this process is completed, both the caterpillar and fungus die, and become dry and hard. The thing is then a wooden caterpillar, so to say, with a wooden bulrush standing up from its neck.

#### NATURE AS A TEACHER.

Agassiz used to say that he had no time to make money; too many men seem to have no time for anything else. The sublime pageant of Nature passes before their eyes, and they do not see it; the wonderful drama of life is enacted about them, and they are oblivious of it. Stars, woods, seasons, human comedy and tragedy, are no more to them than to the beasts that perish. And yet these men, who scorn God's universe and refuse its marvellous gifts are called successful! Was there ever a more malicious irony!

Nature takes small account of conventional standards. She has her own test, and she knows no other. The open eye and soul, the mind at

ease with life, the heart at peace—these are the things she demands from all who understand and love her. Overspread with beauty as with a garment, disclosing truth at every step, overflowing with vitality and force, holding within herself what men need for sustenance and education—among all our teachers is there another with so much to bestow? The test of success applied by Nature is a simple one, and easily made. Do you know the beauty of open skies and the mystery of woods? Are these and kindred things rest and refreshment to your soul? Do you long for them when they are denied, and rejoice in them when they are present? If you cannot meet this test, write yourself down a failure. For Nature is one of God's great teachers, and to reject life's teachers is to defeat the very ends for which life is given.

#### A KNOWLEDGE OF THE TIMES.

A preacher of the gospel needs to study his times—the difficulties and the mental attitudes of his hearers, only less than the Word of God. It has often been noticed that the Hebrew prophets cannot be understood without a knowledge of the peculiar social, political and religious conditions of their age, and that the early Christian fathers show the most acute apprehension of what was in the minds of their adversaries. They are an example for religious teachers of to-day. The average sermon to skeptics which we have met with is ineffective because the preacher does not understand the position of those he addresses.

It is doubtful if a greater service could be rendered Christianity to-day, in a didactic form, than a masterly exposition of Christian truth that would meet the scientific and philosophical difficulties current in our day, but the man who does this service must know

thoroughly what he is talking about, and the mental posture of those whom he is addressing toward the matter he discusses. There is no place so remote from the centres of civilization that it does not need just such exposition of Christian truth.

### BLIND EYES OPENED.

A little boy was born blind. At last an operation was performed; the light was let in slowly. When, one day, his mother led him out of doors, and uncovered his eyes, and for the first time he saw the sky and earth, "Oh, mother!" he cried, "Why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?"

She burst into tears, and said: "I tried to tell you, dear, but you could not understand me."

So it is when we try to tell what is in the Bible.

Until the spiritual sight is opened there can be no understanding of spiritual realities.

The Psalmist prays: "*Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.*"

### THE FOUNDATION OF CHARACTER.

What is the foundation of character? Obedience. Where does it begin? In the cradle. Is there any situation in life where obedience is not the fundamental law of growth?

No; we live morally as we live in obedience to laws; not because disobedience is a crime that brings legal penalty, but because obedience to law is a necessity to that inner life that makes the soul's harmony; obedience is the expression of the divinity that is within us, that is a part of our being.

That man who lives in obedience to the laws administered by his fellows, who knows no law within himself is a poor type of manhood.

"*Thou shalt love*" is the outcome of "*Thou shalt not*" given to the world from Sinai. When this lesson is learned we shall have men and women not held in check by fear of the law, but by the power of obedience to that inward grace that marks them as the conscious children of God.

## Notes and Comments, &c.

BY CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

### THE ENCROACHMENT OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE UPON THE WELSH CHURCHES.

BY REV. FREL EVANS, D.D., (EDNYFED),  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

I love Wales, the Welsh and the Welsh language. Those who depreciate the Welsh as a language, and speak slightly of it, are ignorant of its striking peculiarities and many beauties. In a jocular way it is spoken of as the language of paradise, but leaving all this aside, we look upon it

as a glorious tongue. For the manifestation of stormy passion, and of tender pathos, it is like Goliath's sword, there is nothing like it. It is more studied now than at any previous period; Welsh periodicals were never as numerous as at this present day, and its literature will always command the attention of the scholars of the future. In Wales it holds its own, and more. The English gains ground but not by driving the Welsh from its own home, except in a very few localities.

But in this country it does not hold

its own, many of its old territories have been given up to other nations. This is especially true of Schuylkill, Carbon and Lehigh counties Pa. Many Welsh churches of all denominations have been compelled to disband.

In all places the Welsh churches feel the encroachment of the English language on them, and this cannot be shaken off. The question to day is, What must be done? I cannot but admire the intense zeal made manifest by many of my own countrymen. How battles have been fought to keep the stranger in the back-ground. The encroachment of the English language on the Welsh churches is a fact, and what must be done?

1. WITHSTAND THIS TIDE, WHICH IS A RISING TIDE, AS LONG AS IT IS PRUDENT. I believe that the existence of the Welsh language, in its present condition, is due more to the Welsh Presbyterians than to any other Welsh denomination, and this mainly through the instrumentality of their Sunday-schools. Through this glorious institution they have performed heroic deeds. As far as my observation goes, the Congregationalists and the Baptists have not put forth such robust efforts. The Eisteddfod of the present day does but little to keep alive the Welsh tongue, for many of our most popular Eisteddfods are nothing more than mere musical festivals. Their popularity shows what the people want. Nearly all the adjudicating and speaking is carried on in the English tongue. Many Presidents are totally ignorant of our glorious old language, and the conductor is asked by the Committee to speak so as to make John Bull and cousin Jonathan understand him. The Eisteddfod at Utica, Middle Granville and a few other places in the East, and also at a few places in the West, are conducted mainly in Welsh, and here the people cling to the "Hen Iaith." The Welsh

language cannot lift up its voice and say, "I owe my health, strength and life the to Eisteddfod."

There is a little undue haste manifested sometimes in forming English classes in Welsh Sunday-schools. Some may say that without the Welsh we are not any poorer; I beg to differ. It will be a sad day in many ways when the Welsh language will enter no more into the sanctuaries, for it has been for centuries the language of the hymn sung, prayer offered, and the sermon. I shall never forget the words of the celebrated Francis Hiley, of the Baptist church at Llanwenarth, Monmouthshire, when he exclaimed in my presence many years ago: "Thanks be God for the Welsh language, it has been dyed red with the blood of Calvary." Its past history, the rich associations that cluster around its very name, the holy ties that bind it to our hearts and memories demand our respect and love. The English tide is strong and it threatens at times to sweep everything Cymric before it, but we will withstand it as long as it is wise for us to do so. We will do our very best by zeal and enthusiasm to build bulwarks to keep back the tide.

2. YIELD GRACIOUSLY WHEN THE PROPER TIME HAS COME. Will the Welsh language die out in the United States? I am almost afraid to answer lest some of my good and excellent brethren should think that I am a Judas. I have enough confidence in them to believe that if they differ in their voices from mine, they will do it in the kindest manner, I will venture to answer the question in this way, Independently of Welsh immigration, and that especially from the North, the dear old language will die out in the United States to all intents and purposes. It will forever remain a grand and sublime subject for study, but for public use it will be almost a thing of

the past. I hope this day is far off; I do not think it is very near, may it be very distant in the far future.

I know some who on an Eisteddfod platform would hotly say "The Welsh in this country will never die," and shout until the roof trembles, "Oes y byd i'r Iaith Gymraeg," (the age of the world to the Welsh language) who nevertheless, bring up their children, in total ignorance of the language they profess to love with all the burning intensity of a Welshman's heart.

In the Welsh ministry the field is narrowing year after year. Welsh churches must have ministers, who, to a very great extent are able to preach in both languages. The demands are such that the one tongue preacher is an obsolete article in many places, where a few years ago thriving Welsh churches shed their light without the aid of the Saxon.

What to do with the young people of our Welsh churches is a problem which must be solved. In some churches it has been partly, and only partly solved, but not without hard struggles, and sometimes bitter contentions. In trying to bring about the solution of this problem in more than a solitary instance, the peace of the church has been disturbed and its harmony broken. In many instances the older brethren have manfully fought for the old language, and have wisely laid aside their own preferences and manifested a willingness to give in, and devote a portion of the Sundays in the month to English preaching, and other exercises. Some have an English sermon once a Sunday, some twice a month, others more economical once a month. If many Welsh churches desire to retain their young people they must give them some English. It will be unwise in the elder members to fight against this. The tide is rising, and the tide cannot be kept back.

## REFORMS IN CONNECTION WITH FUNERALS.

BY REV. R. GWESYN JONES, D.D., UTICA, N. Y.

Burying the dead is an ancient humane and decent practice. The first account we have of a special spot bury is where Abraham bought Macpelah to bury his beloved Sarah; a great many were buried there after her. To bury the dead is a matter of necessity lest the air be corrupted and kill the living. Every dead animal should be buried or burnt so as to keep the air as pure as possible. The funeral should show respect for the dead, but it should also be arranged so as not to wrong or overburden the living.

There are expenses occurring in the sick room which can not be avoided. The doctor's bill may become heavy; the nurse's bill may be great, and there are many other necessary expenses during a long sickness which are unavoidable.

But since an expensive funeral can in no way benefit the dead, there is no reason why the Undertaker's bill should be allowed to run higher than the ability of the living to pay with ease. Why should relatives who have nothing to spare have coffins twice or even six times as costly as they need be? Why bury the best of the deceased's clothes when a relative or friend really needs them for warmth and comfort, while they are no benefit to the dead? If a woman orders that her best shawl be buried with her lest her sister should wear it, I think her request should not be carried out.

Joseph made a very expensive funeral for his father Jacob, but he had all the wealth of Egypt to meet the cost. Nothing of the kind was attempted for either of the twelve Patriarchs.

The family of a millionaire may make a great show without feeling it



burdensome ; but it would be foolish for persons of limited means to try and imitate them.

Some forty years ago it was customary in parts of Wales to give a silk hat band and a long silk sash with kid gloves to the officiating ministers, bearers, and some special relatives or friends. Also a piece of cake, a cup of warm beer and a glass of wine were given to everyone present. Why ? Because it was the fashion. But it has been dropped in many places if not everywhere. We laugh at the heathen because they lay food, a bow and arrow with other things with the dead, because we know they cannot benefit him. How much wiser is it to cover the coffin with costly flowers which cannot benefit the dead in the least, but will fade in a day or two, so that they are only an useless expense to the living ? Why cover the coffin with black cloth which is no good whatever but making it about twice the expense ?

Then why have a dozen or more carriages to convey to the grave parties who did not think enough of the dead to visit the sick room once in six months or a year ? Would it not be better to have only the near relatives to accompany the departed to the last resting place ?

The religious services at funerals should be conducted so as to comfort rather than burden the living. Everything, the reading, prayer and remarks should be as short as possible. The relatives are tired through long watching and grief ; the drivers often out in the cold and storm ; many want to catch the train, so that a long service does more harm than good—irritating instead of comforting.

Again funerals should not be on the Sabbath except in cases when they cannot be on Saturday or postponed till Monday as in case of accident or contagious diseases. The Sabbath is

God's day for religious worship and meditation. Sunday funerals hinder these. They cause a great deal of traveling on that day. They disturb the regular preaching services and Sabbath schools of neighboring churches.

The funeral of the dead is a secular business throughout. It is a work that does not belong to the aim of the Sabbath. I do not see how Christians who attend funerals on the Sabbath can advise or blame others for using the Sabbath to their own purpose. Are teams traveling in a funeral doing any more sacred work than if driven for some other journey ? The only excuse that can be given for Sunday funerals is that it is easier to get a crowd together. But is a crowd essential ? Is it any benefit to the dead or the living ? Would it not be better to have together the friends of the deceased and family who will come any day in the week if possible ? If men cannot afford to come to a funeral on a week day, surely they cannot afford to come on the Sabbath. If a man cannot use his own day to go and bury his friend, he has no right to steal God's day which he expects us to use for his service and our own spiritual edification.

If a man has a right to gather his neighbors together to help him bury his dead on the Sabbath, why cannot he invite them to help gather his harvest on a very wet season ?

If it is right for men and women to go to funerals on God's day, where is the wrong to go and visit distant friends or even drive out for pleasure ? How can ministers who attend funerals on the Sabbath day speak against opening the World's Fair or any other places of amusements on that day ?

I write to those who believe in the sanctity of the Sabbath, and in our moral obligation to use it simply for

God's glory, according to his direction for our spiritual benefit.

I have no controversy at present with, nor any message to those who do not believe in the sacredness of the Sabbath. As for myself, I believe that the Christian Sabbath is absolutely necessary for the welfare of mankind in every sense, and that it is the duty of every Christian to keep it holy, and that the only way to secure a due observance of the Sabbath is for every Christian to keep it himself strictly. Let no religious person attend a Sunday funeral, the practice will soon drop. Let no religious person attend the World's Fair on Sunday should it be opened, the directors will soon find out their mistake.

Were all ministers and church members to refuse to attend Sunday funerals they would at once cease. Then we would have some ground to stand upon when condemning Sunday excursions, Sunday visiting, Sunday strolling in burying grounds, Sunday ball playing, Sunday labor, and the opening of the World's Fair on God's day which would be a great curse to America and a great calamity to mankind.

I believe that our obligation to observe the Sabbath day, like all the rest of the moral law, arises from our relation to our creation. It is a necessity of our nature. God could not release us from the obligation; neither could we be happy without obeying while we are thus constituted, created and dependent beings. Yet, I think our obligation to observe the Christian Sabbath is more binding than was the obligation to observe the Adamic and Mosaic Sabbath on which they were taught every seventh day to remember that God was their Creator and Preserver. The Christian Sabbath reminds us that he has become our Redeemer who died for us, therefore we are under infinitely

greater obligations to love and obey God than ever before.

Another practice which should, by all means be dropped, is the exposing of the dead in the church. Is this anything better than idolatry, or, at least, an advertisement of the Undertaker's skill. All who really care for the deceased have the opportunity of seeing the remains in the house. Then why the unnecessary and unseemly exhibition in church? Why use twenty or thirty minutes of very valuable time to no purpose? Why harrow the feelings of relatives seeing the unfeeling stare of many strangers on their beloved ones? Why give occasion to nervous relatives to scream and make a scene which could be very easily avoided? Is it safe? Is it right? Is it for the health of the community to open a coffin that has been already shaken in a crowded room, and thus vitiate the air for future time. I think that health officers should see to this matter, if relatives and trustees have not sufficient care for the public health and firmness to prevent it. At least, the glass cover should never be opened in church, and it would be better not to open the coffin at all, seeing it is dangerous to the health of all present, without anything gained but the gratifying of idle curiosity.

#### APPENDIX.

Since writing the above, I received the report of a Burial Reform Association formed in New York from Dr. DeCosta, the Secretary. Its aim is to secure simple funeral services, to promote inexpensive funerals for rich and poor alike, to discourage excessive display of flowers, but the moderate use, &c.

The Report confesses that it is very difficult to change a custom, however absurd or costly. Few are bold enough to act contrary to the fashion.

The chief aim of the Association seems to be to do away with costly and unyielding coffins. They maintain that the best plan for the health of the living is to allow the dead to come in contact with the earth as soon as possible, so that it may at once re-

turn unto dust. The more imperishable the material that surrounds the dead is, the more dangerous is it far for the living, as the gas, which the earth would absorb if it came in immediate contact with it, may escape into the air and poison it.

They also condemn crape as being costly, useless, injurious to health and making the mind gloomy. It is a kind of advertisement of one's mourning, while real grief courts isolation and weeps in secret.

The Report makes no mention of Sabbath funerals or opening the coffin in church, though the names of a great many ministers are at the end. But they promise to issue pamphlets and throw greater light on the subject in future.

## WALES AND ITS AFFAIRS.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

The past month has been a quiet period in Welsh politics, broken only by the presentation of the petition against the return of Sir Pryce Pryce Jones for the Montgomery Boroughs at the last election.

At the annual banquet of the Honorable Society of Cymrodion at the Hotel Metropole, a national presentation was made to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir David and Lady Evans. The presentation consisted of a portrait of lady Evans and a silver service of plate, the inscription thereon recognizing the generous charities and munificent hospitalities discharged by him to the "honor of Wales," during his term of office.

Sir John Puleston, who was so handsomely beaten at the last general election by that eloquent David of Welsh politics, Mr. Lloyd George, M. P., presided at the banquet. He mentioned that the Marquis of Bute had given £500 to the society to enable it to promote Welsh literature, science and art.

Mr. Thomas Ellis, M. P., who is now Junior Lord of the Treasury, has been appointed by Mr. Gladstone to be a Charity Commissioner, a dignified post, which in his case does not,

however, carry salary but affords an earnest man great and varied opportunities for doing national good in investigating the vast misappropriation of the revenues of the country. The Welsh members are returning to London and will be in full force at the opening of Parliament next month. A large demonstration is to be held by London Welshmen upon the burning question of disestablishment in the Principality.

An important charter committee to promote a Welsh University has been sitting, which has drawn up a constitution for the new University. The entire control of the University will by this be placed in the hands of a court of 100 members, of which 13 will be appointed by the crown; 26 by the county councils of Wales, 36 by the authorities of the three existing university colleges of Aberystwyth, Bangor and Cardiff, and others by the heads of schools. Theological degrees will be granted at this University, and it is anticipated that it will be the most influential institution in the Principality.

That fighting prelate, the Bishop of St Asaph recently stated that the "central doctrine of Christianity was in precarious hands," so far as the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales were concerned. He makes this statement upon two items of evidence:

1. That the Calvinistic Methodists have officially and repeatedly committed themselves to the support of undenominational teaching in our elementary and intermediate schools, and that (2) at the opening of Bala Theological college the principal, the Rev. T. C. Edwards, is reported to have used these words: "Now Calvinistic Methodism is going to take a new departure. The object of the new departure is not to denounce or even to refute error, but to discover and teach the truth." Further the Bishop add

ed that at the public meeting held in connection with the opening of that new college, the first invited speaker was the principal of a South Wales Unitarian College. Upon these childish grounds the Bishop made, with his characteristic daring the above serious statement to the disparagement of nonconformists and he has been properly admonished for the same.

The Bishop is an able man, but devotes most of his time, not to the promotion of Christ's doctrines, but rather to fighting dissent. Circumstances seem to point to the fact that he must lose in the national struggle.

By the death of the Rev Edward Mathews, of Ewenny, Wales loses another distinguished son and brilliant divine. Losses are coming frequent, and Wales is thinking how their places can be filled and who will fill them.

*London, Dec. 8, 1892.*

### LITERARY NOTES.

MR. E. S. HARTLAND read a paper lately on "Welsh Folk-lore its collection and study," before the Liverpool Welsh National Society.

THE next volume in the series of the "Story of the Nations" will be that on Wales by Mr. O. M. Edwards.

It is stated that Lord Bute's address at Rhyl is now printed in Welsh and English, and can be had by applying to Sir W. P. Lewis, Bute Office, Cardiff.

A CHEAPER edition of the *Ancient Laws of Wales* by the late Mr. Hubert Lewis, edited by Mr. J. E. Lloyd, has been issued by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. ERNEST RHYS, the editor of the *Camelot* Series, is a Welshman. Mr. Rhys is a native of Carmarthenshire. The able articles on Welsh poetry which recently appeared in the *Speaker*, over the initials E. R., were written by Mr. Rhys.

In a recent number of *Cymru*, a monthly magazine, Mr. O. M. Edwards, the editor, announces arrangements for supplying the want of suitable juvenile literature in the Welsh language. Two illustrated series of booklets, dealing with the history and litera-

ture of Wales, are being prepared by him, and will be issued forthwith. The "Children's series" commences with a simple catechism on the history of Wales, and a little volume entitled "Poets' Children," both of which are in the press. The first number of the other series, which is meant for young people, will be a handy little history of Wales, and will be followed by histories of Welsh heroes (each one representing an epoch) and selections from Welsh classics. Four of these books are also in the Press: the "History of Wales," Charles Edwards's "History of the Faith in Wales," "John Penry, the Welsh Puritan," and a poem on the "Destruction of Jerusalem," by Eben Fardd.

### PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

A RECEPTION TO REV. FRED. EVANS, D.D., (ED-  
NYFED) BY HIS WELSH FRIENDS ON HIS DE-  
PARTURE FOR MILWAUKEE, WIS.

To show their appreciation of his talent, character and usefulness, many of the Welsh friends of the Rev. Fred. Evans, D.D., for many years the popular Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, tendered him a reception and dinner at the Continental Hotel on Tuesday evening, Dec. 13th. Dr. Evans, who has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, of Milwaukee, the leading church of that denomination in Wisconsin, was, for a long time, steward of the Welsh Society, and highly esteemed by his countrymen in the city.

Among those who greeted him at the reception were Rev. R. T. Jones, Rev. E. H. Austin, Hon. H. G. Jones, D. T. Davies, James F. Jones, F. R. Phillips, Wm. Lloyd, David Jones, John Thomas, Warren G. Griffith, Dr. James Jones Levick, Dr. St. John W. Mintzer, Dr. W. J. Edwards, E. P. Davies, Lewis Anthony, Professor Harry E. Jones, W. A. Musson, D. E. Davies, Professor G. Roberts, Anthony Griffith, Thomas R. Davies, W. W. Jones, W. J. Lloyd, Wm. James, J. M. Thomas, Wm. D. Eynon, Professor D. Gordon Thomas, Morgan Rees, W. G. Howell, Elias T. Davies, Wm. E. Williams, John N. Hughes, Alfred D. Davies, D. R. Davies, M. M. Hughes, A. L. Jones and others.

After the dinner Hon. H. G. Jones, the Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, made an address and on taking his leave to make the train Mr. D. T. Davies was called to preside. Stirring addresses were made by Dr. Levick, W. C. Griffith, Esq., W. G. Howell, Wm. Lloyd, Dr. St. John W. Mintzer, R. H. Austin and Rev. R.

T. Jones, after which the Rev. Dr. Evans made an eloquent address.

During the evening inspiring songs were sung by Professors D. Gordon Thomas, Harvey E. Jones, Owen Roberts and E. Puntan Davies.

During the progress of the meeting Senator Jones sent to Dr. Evans for his wife who has always taken a deep interest in the Welsh society, a solid silver souvenir spoon as a personal present from Senator Jones. The handle of the spoon had the picture of William Penn and the bowl of the spoon was inlaid with gold.

JOHN W. OWEN was elected District Attorney of Racine County, and David Conway Lloyd to the same office of the adjoining county of Kenosha in the late election. The former is a Republican and the latter a Democrat.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that the Welsh-American people of Wisconsin, view the coming of Rev. Fred Evans, D.D., to occupy the prominent pulpit of the First Baptist Church, Milwaukee. It is hoped that he will identify himself as much with his countrymen in the West as he has in the East. It is very gratifying indeed to every Cymro that so many of his countrymen are called to fill important stations in church and state.

### NOTES FROM WALES.

DR. T. C. EDWARDS has tendered his resignation of the pastorate of Ebenezer, Cardiff, and intends to return to his old field of labor at Kingston, Pa.

THE Executive of the Welsh Miners' Federation has issued a long manifesto to the 90,000 miners employed in the associated collieries throughout South Wales and Monmouthshire with reference to the present crisis in the Welsh coal trade. The executive point out that the miners have received reductions amounting to 28 per cent. under the sliding scale and a further reduction in wages is announced to take place at the end of the year. A contract has been signed by the Welsh coalowners to supply the Egyptian Government with 100,000 tons of coal on the quays at Alexandria at a reduction of 13 per cent. on the present rates. This bringing down the price of coal, the miners are urged to abandon the sliding scale, and to unite with the Miners' Federation of Great Britain to prevent the employers encroaching on the miners' rights.

THE Welsh University Draft Charter Committee has held its sessions lately at Shrewsbury and arranged to meet once more before

submitting the draft to the Conference, which is to meet probably next month. The scheme provides for two governing bodies, the University Court—a popular body—and a Senate composed of the Senates of the three University Colleges, appeals lying to the University Court; certain courses of extension lectures will be recognized; and it was decided to recognize the faculty of theology after the University is created. The question of the recognition of the Theological Colleges of Wales was deferred.

THE Rev. R. H. Morgan, M.A., Menai Bridge, who has undertaken the task of collecting the sum of £20,000 in aid of Bala Theological College, has resigned the charge of his church at Menai Bridge, and devotes himself to the work of the College. Already close upon £8 000 has been collected.

A VEIN of fuller's earth has been found at Frongoch, near Bala and works are being built for the preparation of the mineral for the market.

A WELSH Patagonia Gold Field Syndicate, Limited, has been registered with a capital of £10,000.

WE regret to record the death, at Bridgend, S. W., of Rev. Edward Mathews, Ewany, who was one of the most distinguished ministers in Wales. Heart troubles, intensified by debility, were the primary causes of death. Mr Mathews occupied for half a century a prominent position in the Welsh pulpit. He was over eighty years old. He leaves a widow, to whom he was married two years ago. The deceased expressly desired a private interment.

### MARRIED.

JONES—GRIFFITHS—Saturday, Nov. 26th, 1892, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Jones, Bangor, Pa., in the presence of a large circle of relatives, Mr. Lewis R. Jones of Bangor, Pa., and Miss Catharine G. Edwards of Slatington, Pa., were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bride-maid was Miss Ellen R. Jones sister of the bride, and groomsmen, Mr. John J. Williams. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. R. Hughes, Congregational Church Pastor. Supper was served at 5 P.M., and the rest of the evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner. That their pathways through the matrimonial world may be a long one, brightened by the cheerful sunshine of happiness and prosperity, is the wish of their host of friends.

PUGH—HOLMES—Dec. 15, 1892 at Racine, Wis., by Rev. R. T. Roberts, Mr. George Pugh and Miss Alice Holmes, both of Racine.

# THE CAMPRIAN,

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

## THE WELSH-AMERICAN PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

REV. E. C. EVANS,

REMSSEN, N. Y.

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We shall be greatly obliged to our subscribers for their continued favors to THE CAMBRIAN, and for their aid in extending its circulation for 1893. *And except in cases where it is ordered to be discontinued, THE CAMBRIAN for 1893 will be forwarded to all subscribers of the present year, and their names entered on the list for 1893.*

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# THE CAMBRIAN.

Now, go write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for all time to come for ever and ever

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HON. ARTHUR L. THOMAS, GOVERNOR OF UTAH.

The distinguished Cambro-American, whose portrait appears above, is well known and highly respected throughout the country, not only for the honorable position which he occupies as Governor of Utah, but also for his excellent personal qualities which have rendered his career eminently successful. And being Welsh in blood, language and sympathy he is worthy of a prominent place among Cambro-Americans who have attained to success and honor, and who take an active interest in the advancement and welfare of our nationality.

Mr. Thomas was born at Chicago, Ill., August 22, 1851, and is the son of Henry J. Thomas, Esq., and Mrs.

Elinor Lloyd Thomas, of Pittsburgh, Pa. His father was born of Welsh parents and is a native of Wales. His mother is a native of Ebensburg, Pa., and born of Welsh parents who settled in Cambria County. Both of his parents are still living. In his childhood he removed with his parents from Chicago to Pittsburgh, Pa., where he graduated from the public schools, and afterward pursued his studies under private tutors. He commenced his public career by being appointed clerk in the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., and continued in that office until April, 1879. In 1875, he was Republican clerk of the House Committee sent to



South Carolina to investigate the Hayes-Tilden election.

In April, 1879, he was appointed by President Hayes Secretary of the Territory of Utah, which office he held until 1887—a longer period than any other Secretary of the Territory. He was appointed in 1880 Supervisor of Census for Utah, and in 1881 as special agent of the Government to collect the statistics of the Mormon and other churches, and of the public and private schools in Utah.

In 1884, he was appointed one of a commission of four to compile the laws of Utah; and in 1886, he was elected by the Legislative Assembly of Utah a director of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society—a territorial institution.

He became acting governor of Utah in 1880, 1882, 1884 and 1886. In December, 1886, he was appointed by President Cleveland a member of the Utah Commission, to succeed A. S. Paddock of Nebraska, and served until April, 1889, when he was appointed Governor of Utah by President Harrison.

Mr. Thomas is director in several local institutions, and in 1889-90 he was President of the Board of Trustees of the Insane Asylum, Reform School and Agricultural College, and is now President of the Capitol Grounds Commission.

In 1891, Mr. Thomas issued the call for the meeting of the great Irrigation Congress held in Salt Lake City, Utah, on September 16-18, 1891, which proved to be a most notable gathering, and materially aided in crystalizing public sentiment in favor of the cession of arid lands to aid in the development of irrigation.

Mr. Thomas wrote the majority report of the Utah Commission in 1887 to the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C. This report received marked attention from the press

of the country, and was conceded to be the most thorough statement and presentation of the Utah situation ever made in an official report. The gentiles of Utah published a large edition of the report at their own expense.

As governor of Utah, Mr. Thomas approved the first free school law for Utah, also the first territorial law passed for the punishment of polygamy. During his administration the Mormon church and people have renounced the practice of polygamy, and the Mormon people have formally disbanded their political organization known as the People's party, which had existed from the date of the first settlement of the Territory—a menace to law and civilization—and commenced the formation of political parties on national party lines. This was a most important and necessary move in the interest of a better condition of affairs in Utah. Mr. Thomas has been longer in official life in Utah than any other officer, and his official course has been repeatedly endorsed by the people of both political parties, and it may be truthfully said that during his four years of administration the most important political and social changes have occurred in all the history of the Territory.

Mr. Thomas was married February 6th, 1873, to Miss Helena H. Reinburg, of Washington, D. C., who died January 9th, 1888, leaving him with five children to mourn their loss of a beloved wife and a devoted mother.

#### A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ST. DAVID, THE PATRON SAINT OF WALES.

BY MR. D. E. JENKINS.

The very name of the Patron Saint of the Welsh nation is characteristic of that part of Wales which is most closely connected with his life and

labors. Nothing can be more clear, in three counties of Cardigan, Caermarthen and Pembroke, than a fondness for the plain, simple and common names which parents give to their children at baptism. The simplicity which is characteristic of the names of the people is also characteristic of their habits and modes of life. That this simplicity is inherent and deep-rooted is proved by the fact that all innovations made to change the people's habits and customs have proved quite fruitless, and that is a blessing to be thankful for, since simplicity is a social ornament to any people.

No life could indicate the characteristics of the Welsh people better than that of the Saint whom we honor on March 1st of each year; and this we propose to sketch out by the help of his biographers, and miscellaneous articles of recent times. The mythology with which the true history of his life is interwoven makes it difficult to give a very satisfactory sketch; we can only offer our best attempt.

David was the son of Sandde, the son of Ceredig, from whom Ceredigion derives its name. Ceredig is said to have been the son of a Cambrian prince, called Cunedda, and his pedigree traces him back, through seventeen generations, to a sister of the Virgin Mary. David's mother's name was Nonn, the daughter of Gynyr, a chieftain of Mynyw, in Pembroke-shire. It is agreed generally that David was of royal blood on both sides, and that from both sides he was influenced by the religious tendencies of his nearest relations. His paternal great grandfather is said to have been the first to give endowments for the support of the church, and his descendants were all noted as religious people. His maternal grandfather had also dedicated some of his prop-

erty to the church, and at the time Sandde met Nonn she was a nun. Hence we see that the excellency and devotedness of David's character, as well as the charitableness of his nature, had been inherited from both his father and mother, and it is not surprising to see them so marked in him.

His birthplace is not given with any confidence by any writer that we know of, but a plausible conjecture makes it somewhere near the place in Pembrokeshire called after his name. The conjecture is given on the strength of the admitted fact that Nunn's father was a chieftain of that part of the country.

He was brought up in Hen Fynyw (Vetus Menevia), about two miles from St. David's, and he very soon gave indications of his inclinations for the work to which he afterwards devoted himself. When yet very young he was sent for his education to a noted minister called Paulinus—the founder of the monastery of Ty Gwyn ar Daf, near Whitland, Caermarthenshire—who for ten years faithfully discharged his duties towards his pupil, and who did not fail to perceive the excellent qualities of the young student. While with Paulinus he made rapid progress in his studies, but by no means did so at the expense of neglecting his religious exercises and duties. His ten years of student life prepared him admirably for the great work which he immediately entered upon after leaving Paulinus. Like a typical Welshman he went home to his native Glyn Rhos, bent upon devoting his time to attending to the poor of the district and to preaching the Gospel to the pagans around; while the seclusion of the spot where he was brought up had a strong fascination for a young man of his studious habits, in which he could uninterruptedly pursue his

studies during the evening hours. It was not long after he commenced the work which he had planned at the outset that another idea struck him. He felt, as every man of great enterprise has always felt, that he could not accomplish very much alone; so he established a kind of monastery, and enrolled a number of his countrymen as members thereof, having first secured their consent to follow closely the rules which were drawn out for their discipline. The order was, "If any man will not work, let him neither eat." The members had to do rural work one part of the day, after which they returned to the cloister and spent the next part of the day in reading, writing or praying. In the evening, on the ringing of the cloister bell, they all entered the church, and spent the whole time in devotion, until the appearance of the stars in the heavens showed that the day was quite gone. "At length," says Rhygyvarch, "they meet at the table, where everyone, taking supper, relieved his weary limbs with refreshment, but not to excess; for before them they place neither dishes of various tastes, nor the most dainty provisions, but bread and herbs seasoned with salt; and they quench their thirst arising from eating with a moderate kind of drink"—water. Though these good people denied themselves, and lived in hard work with little food, they did not attempt to impose a similar mode of life on those around them, but freely gave of what they had to the needy and distressed. Even within the cloister there was a better fare provided for the aged and the sick, as well as for any one who had been for a long journey. In this place, and engaged in such work, was David when the Pelagian heresy was observed to be spreading very rapidly throughout the land, creating a sensation and an unrest of so alarming a

nature as to necessitate a meeting of all the bishops of Britain. This gathering took place at Llanddewibrefi (about one and a-half miles from Pont Llanio Station, M. M. & R.) in Cardiganshire, and its work was announced to be the refuting of the Pelagian heresy. The power with which the upholders of Pelagianism carried on the discussion proved too much for their opponents, and things were taking a serious turn when Paulinus relieved the anxiety which prevailed among the upholders as the losing side by telling them of the abilities of his old pupil and advising that he immediately be sent for. Messengers were at once despatched to St. David's to request David to attend the synod. To them he gave the excuse of having too much to do where he was to be able to leave it; so they returned without him. A second message was despatched, but without success. At last they saw that only the personal persuasion of the Archbishop (Dyfrig of Caerlleon) could hope to succeed in bringing David to the desired place. Dyfrig, taking with him Deiniol of Bangor, set out for the home of the unassuming young man in whom all hope was centered. Even the Archbishop and his friend had to use all their importunity before they were able to induce him to leave his work and to accompany them to the seat of doctrinal warfare.

On his appearance the orthodox party were raised to the height of hopeful expectations, which were not disappointed. So great was the influence of David's personal integrity, so great were his powers of argument and so irresistible was his eloquence that short work was made of the Pelagian host; their doctrine became very unpopular, and the word heresy was indelibly stamped on their teaching.

There were two such synods at Llanddewibrefi; which of the two de-

cided what we are about to mention next is not certain. Indeed, whether what we are about to say now is true at all is not certain. But the story has it that Dyfrig, on hearing David discussing the questions before the synod, was so struck with his superior abilities and virtuous qualities that he determined to resign his Archbishopric in his favor, and to retire to Bardsey Island. From accounts recently discovered in France, a new light has been thrown upon these synods, and according to them the object of these gatherings was to draw up rules of church discipline. It is not improbable that the Pelagian heresy was the first impulse towards such universal gatherings, and that when the discussions were over, it was felt that the spread of the heresy had been so rapid that it was necessary to take measures to prevent its spread in the future, and that the assembly turned itself into a legislative body, and drew up some rules which were henceforth to be observed by all church dignitaries throughout the see of Caerlleon.

We next hear of David as the Archbishop of Caerlleon-ar-wysg (a place about three miles from Newport, Mon), busy at work among the people of the country, and establishing new monasteries in all places where he saw they were needed. He soon felt, however, that Caerlleon was too far from his native place, and that the people of his own home were too near to his heart to permit him to keep himself apart from them by so great a distance. He therefore got permission from King Arthur to remove the seat of the Archbishop from Caerlleon to St. David's, which is still a diocese in the province of Canterbury. There is one thing in connection with the present cathedral of St. David's which makes it conspicuous among the other Cathedrals of Wales, and which may be due to the fact of its having

been the Cathedral of the venerable Welsh patron Saint: it is that Her Majesty has a special seat set apart for her own use only. Which of the seats consecrated for the various dignitaries of the Church and realm it is, the men in charge of the Cathedral are unable to say, but it is there.

If the synod at Llanddewibrefi, which we have already spoken of, was the first of the two that were held there, then we hear of David once again at Llanddewibrefi in the second synod; and he is then found spending his time in spreading the Gospel and building new churches and monasteries. At a ripe old age he departed from this life, deeply mourned by his people, and leaving behind him a memory worthy of his spiritual vocation, and a fragrance of moral excellence and purity.

His biographers have confidently recorded some accounts of the miracles which he was said to have worked, but since we do not see in them anything but elements which detract from the value of what commends itself to us as credible, we shall not give the account of one here. What work had to be done and was done by this wonderful saint only those who have given much attention to Welsh history of very early times can know. Ellis Wynn o Wyrfael writing in "*Y Geuinen*," quotes from an article by Prof. Lloyd in "*Y Geninen*," of October, 1886, and from those quotations we can well imagine the desolation on all sides in the country. The people were in continual feuds and petty quarrels, and ignorance seems to have held complete sway over the whole land. Among people in these circumstances David is said to have labored diligently, self-denyingly and successfully. That his labors were confined to South Wales is unmistakably shown by the absence of churches called after his name in the north, and

to the fact that his name was not known much in North Wales until about the thirteenth century. The work which he did was very different from the work done by men in a similar position in England. No appeal was made for the help of arms and the interference of kings. Two of his fellow-workers—Teilo and Padarn—are always mentioned as of David, and to them, like David, we have many churches dedicated—Llandeilio, Llanbairn, &c.

We cannot exactly say when the Welsh people began to observe the day of his death—the first of March—in his honor, but we know that he was acknowledged as a Saint by the Church of Rome about 1120. It is a festive day, and not a day of mourning, since his death was looked upon as an entrance into new life.

This is what must be called a superficial sketch of the life of a saint in whom any nation might with credit take pride. He was a good industrious, able, and, in every sense, great man. He was a temperance advocate, an evangelist, an organizer of religious movements, and a preacher possessed of all the necessary qualities to make him a great one. When these things are considered, why should any one wonder that every true Welshman loves to commemorate the death of a man who at so early a period mirrored to the world the life of the Welsh Nation ever since?

### THE WEARING OF THE LEEK.

BY PROF. J. E. LLOYD, BANGOR, N. W.

Why all Welshmen agree to celebrate the first of March as the great Welsh anniversary is hard to explain. On that day, some thirteen hundred years ago, the South-Welsh Monk David who had for so many years preached Christianity and monasticism in Deheubarth, entered upon his

rest—a day, therefore, to be held in the light of a feast by all who revered his memory. St. David's services to South Wales were such as amply to justify the commanding position assigned to him among the saints of that region. It is not so clear why he should have been so readily accepted as the national protector in North Wales, a district which, so far as we know, never saw his face. Perhaps we should regard the conquest of the whole of Wales by a South-Welsh Saint as an early instance of that South-Welsh assertiveness which has filled the parish pulpits of Wales with Cardiganshire clergymen.

But what has St. David to do with the leek? That his diet was largely vegetable is quite certain. For centuries his successors in the see of Mynwy religiously abstained from meats; and we hear of one who broke through this ascetic habit suffering severely for it. He was slain by the "black Gentiles," the heathen Danes, and someone in Ireland came across his ghost, moaning pityfully, "Because I ate meat, I am become meat myself." Still, the vegetarian principles of the early Welsh monks supply no adequate explanation of the choice of the leek as the emblem specially to be connected with St. David. Why not the apple or the wheat-stalk or the cabbage?

At least three explanations are to be found in Welsh literature, having this peculiarity, that the more modern the explanation the further it carries us back in point of time. In the same way it has been observed by Welsh historians that the more recent an account of a historical event, the more copious and detailed is it, until, just as Rousseau was able to give his readers the exact terms of the social compact which founded civil society, so Ab Ithel, writing in 1860, is in a position to tell us that "the ancient

Britons do not seem to have paid any *very particular* attention to chronology previous to the age of Prydain ap Aedd Mawr, which is variously dated from the year 1780 to 480 before the nativity of Christ." Before I proceed to notice these explanations let me say that none of them can be met, as has sometimes been supposed, by asserting that the leek is of recent introduction into this island, is in fact of not more than three centuries' standing on our soil; for, in the section on Corn Damage in the Venetian or North-Welsh version of the Laws of Hywel the Good we read, in a passage that must have been written soon after 1200, that "kennyn" were among the crops which an owner was so securely to fence in that wandering cattle could not get at them, and for damage to which he was, therefore, not to be compensated. The word "ceninen" itself, which cannot be connected with the name of the leek in English, Latin, Greek or Irish, seems to show that we have to deal with no newcomer, but with one of the oldest items of the national diet.

The first explanation of the custom of wearing the leek boldly takes St. David himself into the battle-field, and avers that on one occasion the Saint led his fellow-countrymen on a first of March to battle against the Saxons, and bade them put leaks into their caps ere they plunged into the fray. The modernity of this story is proved by the very unnatural position it assigns to St. David, the man of peace, who had forsworn all worldly strife and tumult. It appears to me to be only a forcible attempt to connect the details of what is probably the genuine story with the hallowed name of Dewi Sant. Its main interest is, perhaps, that it imposed upon the bard Goronwy Owain, who in his "Cywydd ar Wyl Ddewi, 1755," fearlessly writes:—

Pan lew arweinlodd Dewi  
Ddewr blaid o'n bynafiaid ni  
I gyrch gnif, ac erch y gwnaeth  
Ar ei alon wroliaeth,  
Ni rodd, pan enillodd, nod  
Gnd cennin yn docynnod.

The second account connects the custom with a battle fought against the English by Cadwallon, during the struggle waged by that king against Northumbria. This, too, is said to have taken place on the first of March, and the notion of wearing the leek was adopted, we are told, in order that the Welsh might the more readily distinguish friends from foes. But nothing is said of Cadwallon's device in any of the old records of his career, not even in the highly imaginative pages of the genial Geoffrey of Monmouth. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that this, too, is an attempt to give widely prevalent Welsh custom the prestige of a greater antiquity than it could justly claim.

For the references to leek-wearing are, so far as I know, all comparatively modern, and the two oldest of which I know concur in ascribing the origin of the practice to a date in the fourteenth century. "In the year 1346," says a MS. in Iolo Morganwg's collection, "was fought the battle of Cressy, in which the Welsh won great renown for their valiant fighting under the Black Prince Edward. It was then that Captain Cadwgan Voel shouted to the Welsh and bade them put leaks in their headgear. The battle took place in a field of leaks; and when folk looked round them they were all Welsh save twenty-nine in that host, the English being in another spot where there was no fighting. And this was the first occasion of the wearing of the leek by Welshmen." My second authority, dating from about the same period, is the poet Shakespeare, who, in "King Henry V.," puts the same explanation into the mouth of Fluellen:

"Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-Uncle, Edward, the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their monmouth caps, which, your Majesty know, is to this hour an honorable badge of the service.

From several points of view this third explanation commends itself as the most likely to rest on a foundation of historical truth. It does not seek to carry the origin of the custom back to any suspiciously remote antiquity, nor is there any attempt to connect it with the 1st of March, which indubitably owes its importance to the fact of its being the day of St. David's death, and has probably only within recent times attracted around it an atmosphere of leeks. The facts as stated are also on the whole quite credible. We have it on the authority of Froissart that the infantry in the van of the English army, which, under the Black Prince, bore the brunt of the battle, consisted largely of Welsh troops, to the number of one thousand. We may perhaps be allowed to believe that more than twenty-nine Englishmen shared the laurels of the day, but otherwise the chronicler's statements seem to bear upon them the impress of truth.

It is to be regretted that fate has not assigned us as a nation a more delicate and pretic emblem. One certainly envies the people who may express their sentiments by means of a primrose, a violet, or a shamrock. But to all scoffers we may well address Gower's question—"Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun

upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour?"

### THE EARLY WELSH BAPTIST CHURCHES OF PENNA.

BY MR. DAVID JONES, PHILADELPHIA.

In the account of "Early Pennsylvania Baptists," by the Rev. Dr. Henson, he states that there was only one Baptist in Pennsylvania, and that was a little Welsh girl named Mary Davies, that came to America in 1682. I have made further searches and I find that her name was Sarah Davies, and she was the daughter of Rev. Peter Davies, pastor of the Welsh Baptist church at Doleu, Radnorshire, South Wales. In 1684 or 85 several members of that church, named, George, John and Jane Eaton, together with Samuel Jones, a minister at Doleu, emigrated to America and founded the Baptist church at Pennypeck, in 1688. They brought over with them a Welsh Bible, which was in the pulpit at the Pennypeck church for many years. This old Welsh Bible was printed in London in 1678, and can now be seen in the Library room at the Publication House, 1420 Chestnut St., Phila. An account of this church has been found in a history of the Baptist Association of Wales from 1650 to 1790, given of the Doleu Church which is as follows:

"Here it should be noted that about 1682 or 1684, some of the members of this church emigrated to Pennsylvania, and in January, 1687 or 1688, with a few more, formed the first Baptist church in that Province, of which one of them, Mr. Samuel Jones, in time, became minister. He was a very benevolent, active, solid man, and of great use to that church in its infancy. From that small company sprung two or three Baptist ministers in America, particularly that great

character of the late Rev. Isaac Eaton, M. A., whose name will be precious for ages. Indeed, many went from Wales to Pennsylvania, and a considerable number of the first constituents of the original churches beyond the Atlantic emigrated from the Principality."

In 1711, Rev. Abel Morgan, who was born at Allt Goch, Cardiganshire, South Wales, came to Philadelphia and preached for years at the Penny-peck church. He was a great man, an eloquent speaker, and a man of learning. He was the author of a Welsh Concordance, a valuable work on the Holy Scriptures, which was printed here in 1732, Hon. Horatio Gates Jones has now in his possession one of the books. Abel Morgan died here in 1722, his death was much regretted by all, and to this day his name is a household word in Wales and America among the Welsh people.

The second Welsh Baptist church was at the Welsh Tract in the state of Delaware. In the summer of 1702 there sailed from Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire, a small colony from the Counties of Cardigan, Pembroke, and Carmarthen. They arrived in Philadelphia in the fall of that year, and proceeded direct to the land that William Penn had granted to them. The Baptist called their chosen lot Welsh Tract, others called theirs Pencader, after a well-known place in Carmarthenshire. Among those who came over in the colony was Rev. Enoch Morgan, an older brother of Rev. Abel Morgan, and the church was organized shortly after they settled at the Welsh Tract.

In the grave-yard attached to the church will be found to-day a number of the old tombstones with their names and an epitaph, which had been translated from the Welsh and placed on the tombstone in 1707. It is as follows :

"Remember man as though standat by,  
As though art now, so once was I;  
As I am now so thou shalt be,  
Therefore prepare to follow me."

The third Welsh Baptist church was organized about the year 1714 at Dyffryn Mawr (Great Valley, Penn). A colony came from Dyffryn Mawr, in Wales, at that date and named it after their old home. The writer of this account is not familiar with the history of this old church, but has been informed by the late Samuel Jenkins that there was Welsh preaching at the church occasionally up to the year 1800.

## SOME LITERARY TREASURES.

BY MRS. J. MOSTYN JONES, OAK HILL, O.

The recent deaths of Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate of Old England, and of Whittier the Quaker poet of New England, and of other authors of note, revive in us the sense of gratitude which we feel is due to poets and authors generally who have been imbued with the art of perpetuating thought in prose and verse.

The general experience of man is the same in all ages—his love and hatred, his hopes and fears, his happiness and sorrows, his life and death; and they have and will be the theme and root ideas of all that ever has or will be said or written of him. But when these are melted in the individual crucible of the author, they are issued afresh and with additional value, having for their superscription the undeniable impress of genius. As such they are in circulation as current coin in literature with which we are better enabled to express our feelings and thoughts. And such is the structural grace, the colossal weight, the rugged grandeur of some, and the sublimity and peaceful beauty of others, that in contemplating them we become conscious of something greater and beyond what



we actually see, hear, or understand of them; elevating us to the ideal, the infinite element in material things, even to the presence of the infinite personality of the divine Being Himself.

The reading public of good education, with a taste for literature, have their favorite authors and books, and portions of prose and poetry which they treasure as though they were the reader's special property. With respect to poetry, the *London Spectator* remarks "That not one man in twenty of any literary pretensions ever reads any poetry at all." Although endorsing this, we may add that not one man in twenty of literary pretensions, but has more poetical selections in his memory than prose; for the rhythm and musical cadence of words which convey thought in poetry have a subtle charm on the feelings and insure an easy access and permanent place in the memory; but the mere stringing of words together "a word of sound to another word" does not give us poetry, for many prose writers have more poetry in their writings than what is found in the guise of much verse. Rhyme affects only the ear, and compared to living poetry is as a sounding symbol to real music. True poetry is that which awakens the emotions of the heart, elevates the soul and inspires the whole mind. It is not confined within the province of words, but we meet with it as we look over the expanse of great waters or towards the mountain's dizzy heights, as we gaze at a picture or statue, or stand in the aisle or cloisters of some of the old cathedrals and sacred edifices of the east. Many of these are in themselves a poem. We do not imply that all perceive it, for a man only understands what is akin to something already existing in himself.

At present it is not our object to

treat of the art of poetry, but to quote promiscuously as our memory serves us at this writing, and without grouping or careful arrangement a few favorite and familiar quotations from the poets. The quatrain (the stanza of four lines) is probably the most favored form of verse; as it suits the average memory better than the sonnet, &c.

In Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" are stanzas which are acknowledged to have some of the most beautiful combinations of ideas and sounds, sentiment and diction of anything that has ever been written in the English language, and the poem as a whole is inimitable. A few stanzas will suffice:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape o'er the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

As Gray is invariably linked with his "Elegy," so with the name of Tennyson is joined that of his "In Memoriam," a poem which takes its place in the foremost rank, serving as a model for most of the In Memoriams that have since been written, and is a source from which so many quotations are frequently made. Few among them being the following:

"That loss is common would not make  
My own less bitter, rather more;  
Too common! Never morning wore  
To evening, but some heart did break."

"Can calm despair and wild unrest  
Be tenants of a single breast,  
Or sorrow such a changling be?"

"And bore thee where I could not see  
Nor follow, though I walk in haste,  
And think, that somewhere in the waste  
The shawdow sets and waits for me."

And the more familiar stanza—

"I hold it true, what e'er befall;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all;"

In addition to the noble sentiment of worthy praise which pervades the poem, there are some beautiful and graphic descriptions; the one in Canto 67, describing Hallam's resting place is one of the favorites, and interesting to the writer as having herself looked on the mural tablet in that little gray stone church. "By that broad water of the west," (the river Severn, England) and glanced

"Along the letters of thy name,  
And o'er the number of thy years."

And could fancy how the "Tablet glimmers to the dawn" when "A lucid veil from coast to coast" (the Welsh and English coasts) "is drawn" over the scene; no words could be found to depict the feelings but those of Tennyson himself:

"And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me."

Which are from the little song, "Break, Break, Break on Thy Cold Stones, O Sea!" &c., which he composed when watching the ships and fishing boats from a spot near this historical church, ending it with another tribute to his friend, (Hallam):

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to thee."

"The Barefoot Boy," of Whittier is veritably a "One touch of nature, which makes the whole world a kin," the enumeration of the

"Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild flowers time and place,

Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood, &c."

is one of those pictures which seem to breathe with our own life.

On for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread—  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood  
On the door-step, gray and rude;  
O'er me like a regal tent  
Cloudy-robed, the sunset bent, &c.

This picture of perfect contentment reminds us of the "Adgofion Mebyd," by some of our Welsh bards, that of Hiraethog comes very near being so, had it not been for the incorrigible wanderer which he immortalises in the last lines of the quotation following:

"Awn i rodio hyfryd fryniau  
Hengynnefin praidd fy nhad,  
Lle bu *Tango'r* ci a minnau,  
R'ddau ddedyddaf yn y wlad;  
Mi ni wyddwn mwy na *Thango*  
Am ofidiau bywyd gau  
On' bai'r ddafad ungorn hono  
Buasem berffaith ddedydd ddau."

But seldom if ever has the happiness of childhood been described with such accuracy and condensed to such a small compass as by Derfel Hughes (Author of "Cyfammod Disigl,"

"Marblan, a bottwm, A nyth deryn bach."

The following, too, has a wealth of sentiment in a small space. It is a translation by Sir William Jones, from the Persian if rightly we place it.

"On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee  
smiled;

So live that sinking to thy last long sleep,  
Thou then may'st smile, while all around  
thee weep."

The youthful poet, Kirk White has left us in simple form some great Scriptural truths

"The good alone has joy sincere  
And the good alone are great.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The religious pathos for which the poetry of Frances R. Havergal is so much loved is felt in the following,

Working in life's spring-tide,  
 Watching summer's flower;  
 Reaping autumn's harvest;  
 Winter's promised dower!  
 Worker, Watcher, Reaper all shall surely be  
 Righteously rewarded when God's face they  
 see.

"The Christian Year," by Keble also has strongly impressed itself on the minds and hearts of English people of every creed, and quotations from his sacred lyrics are familiar as household words in Christian families. We must refrain from quoting only the following:

'Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be  
 When more of heaven in each we see.'

Sweet is the smile of home, the mutual look  
 When hearts are of each other sure;  
 Sweet all the joys which crowd the household  
 nook

The haunt of all affections pure."

Of the poets of the past centuries the cavalier poet, Lovelace, has bequeathed us some treasures. The stanza in his poem on going to the wars has since served many a good turn,

"Yet this inconsistency is such  
 As you, too, shall adore;  
 I could not love thee dear so much  
 Loved I not honor more."

and the one written from prison is equally and justly admired.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage;  
 Minds innocent and quiet take  
 That for an hermitage."

Shakespeare and Milton we must merely mention as the subject is an endless one; "Eve's Morning Song," though, must be suggested

"These are thy glorious works, parent of  
 good,  
 Almighty; Thine the universal fame, &c."

And the descriptiveness of pride in the sentiment attributed to Lucifer. "I'd rather rule in Hell than serve in Heaven." There are also miscellaneous poems by Portius, late Bishop of London, on "War." Barbauld on the "Omnipresence of God," &c., which

if not quite so familiar are nevertheless worthy of ranking high. Nor should we omit the somewhat brusque, but true description of real worth by Pope:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
 Act well your part,—there all the honor lies.  
 Fortune in men has some small difference  
 made,

One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,  
 The cobbler aproned and the monarch  
 crowned,

The friar hooded and the parson gowned;  
 What differs more you cry than crown or  
 cowl?

I'll tell you friend, a wise man and a fool,  
 You'll find if once the monarch acts the  
 monk,

Or cobbler like the parson will get drunk.  
 Worth makes the man and want of it the  
 fellow,

The rest is all but leather or prunello."

All these and other like quotations are as voices giving expressions to sentiments within the soul which a tithe of humanity could never have given utterance to themselves, but can echo them, and testify to their truthfulness and heave a sigh of relief often, for having found vent to their feelings in appropriate and expressive language.

The writer would wish to urge young readers to read more of the best poets and authors. Their ideas will affect his sense of the beautiful; their sublime truths will take hold of his intellect purifying the taste as well as developing the mind. And "Mind it is that makes the man."

## CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

BY MR. E. I. JONES, NEWARK, OHIO.

Socialism is dreaded and despised to-day, as abolitionism was thirty-five years ago; but the day is fast approaching when the one will be honored equal with the other. It is true many socialists of to-day are bad men—anarchists, atheists and bitter sceptics. But it is equally true that many of the best men on earth are so-

cialists. There are Roman Catholic socialists and Protestant socialists. In one thing all socialists agree—that the present social order cannot continue, that there must be a change. A little over a year ago in an association of university students in Germany this question was proposed for discussion, "Is social reformation necessary in order to prevent a social revolution?" And not one of the students would take the negative, or, in other words, among the brightest minds in Germany there is a deep conviction that there must be a social reformation or a social revolution. The cry of the poor and the needy will not always be forgotten. A prominent writer says: "Theological controversies over the authorship of the Pentateuchal books have their charms and interest for the various congeries of disputants. But for the toilers in our mines and factories, for the submerged tenth of our cities they are of minor, and of very minor importance." Canon Holland says: "Political problems are fast giving place to the industrial problem, which is proving more and more to be the question of the hour." Sir John Gorst, ex-member of the English Cabinet, said recently that nine-tenths of the English people were thinking of industrial and labor questions.

It is true with us that neither pulpit nor press seem to understand this almost universal cry; they talk piously about the sacred rights of property, but have but little to say about the rights of human beings made in the image of God. But the cry of the poor has reached the vatican, as seen by the Pope's encyclical letter. About fifteen years ago Dr. Stocker, a court preacher at Berlin, made an effort to establish a Christian socialistic party in Germany. Two years ago, "The Christian Social Union" was inaugurated in England under the auspices

of the established church. The branch in Oxford publishes "The Economic Review," a publication which advocates economic morals from a Christian point of view. "The Christian Social Union" in the United States, has been started under the leadership of Bishop Huntington. To claim that all these Christian leaders agree in all points, would be to claim what is not true. But they do agree on one point, and that is, that Christianity applied, would form the highest and purest socialism.

Let us now examine the principles laid down in the Bible upon which Christian Socialism must rest.

1. That God is the father of all men; that He made of one blood all nations of men. Acts 17:26. That Christ died for all. So we are one family by creation and by redemption. Made of one blood and redeemed by the precious blood of Christ.

2. That this one great family are made to help each other. So that "No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself." Rom. 14:7. "The strong are to bear the infirmities of the weak and not please themselves." Rom. 15:1. That we are to "Bear each others burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." Gal. 6:2. The spirit that says, "I will only take care of myself, am I my brother's keeper?" is the spirit of Cain, the first murderer. For one man to roll in wealth and allow his poor brother to die as a beggar at his gate, is a crime against God and against humanity. Hell must be the portion of such a man. Luke 16:19-31.

3. That in the Christian system there's no privileged class, no divine rights of kings or priests; but all men are brethren. Matt. 23:8-10. While men are to occupy different positions in society, yet they are members of the same body; and are to be in har-

mony and sympathy with each other. 1 Cor. 12:12-27.

4. That the earth with all its treasures is the Lord's and not the *land-lord's*. That this earth is given to man for his support. See Gen. 1:28-30. When God divided the land of Canaan between his people, he gave each man a portion, thereby teaching us that each man has a right to a foothold in this earth.

5. That the rich provisions stored in the earth are to be prepared for human wants by labor. This was the order before man sinned. Gen. 2-15. The law that commands rest on the seventh day equally commands work on six days. Ex. 20:8-10. The weak and helpless are to be supported by the strong. But all who are able, *are to work*—there is no exemption. "If any will not work, neither let him eat." 2 Thes. 3-10. No Rothchild, Astor, or Vanderbilt has any more right to be idle than the poorest man on earth. This labor may be mental or manual, but must be for the welfare of society.

6. That men are to enjoy the reward of their labor.

This reward should differ according to the value of the work. The president of the United States gets fifty thousand dollars a year. It is doubtful whether the labor of any other man in the land is worth more. When a man gets a million dollars a year, he gets nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars as the reward of other men's labor, to which he has no just right. If all men received the reward due their labor to-day, there would be but little suffering from want on the face of this earth. But the cruel barbarity of the ages still prevails—the strong oppressing the weak. Still many whited sepulchers in pretense make long prayers, while they devour widows' houses. Matt. 23-14. But these wrongs shall not always continue. God is not dead. His truth

must triumph. The great principles of his holy word will some day enter into the life of men. Then will come the reign of Christian socialism—the days of heaven upon earth.

## PATRIOTISM AND EDUCATION.

BY ANTHONY L. WILLIAMS, ESQ., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW WILKESBARRE, PA.

(The following speech was delivered by Mr. Williams at the Parsons Eisteddfod, Feb'y 22, 1892, and is well worthy of thoughtful attention.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—To some people, perhaps, the gathering together and holding of an Eisteddfod devoted to recitation, poetry and song, upon the anniversary of the birth of him who has been properly termed the Father of his country, may seem rather peculiar. This day, they will say, should be spent in recounting the deeds done in the early days when this people were struggling for their liberty. Their patriotism should be our theme and the memory of the patriots our inspiration. Our assembling in the manner we have does not prevent the turning of the attention to these matters in the midst of tuneful melodies. And while they delight our ears and make merry our hearts they can at the same time inspire within us thoughts of other days long gone by and acts of heroism in which our fore-fathers bore a noble part.

When the immortal Washington looked about him for supporters in the struggle for freedom, none responded more readily to the call than men whose fathers and grandfathers had breathed for centuries past the freedom inspiring air of Wales. And it is with pleasure that we can peruse the list of officers and privates, who fought in the glorious struggle for liberty, finding therein such names as Generals Anthony Wayne and Daniel Morgan; Colonels Humphreys and

Cadwallader and scores of others—Welsh by birth or descent.

When, in the midst of the struggle, the patriots decided that it was time to sever the allegiance to England, what do the pages of history disclose? That the man who first moved the resolution in favor of Independence—Richard Henry Lee; the author of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson; the chairman that reported it, Benjamin Harrison, were all of the Cambrian race.

Much reason have we then to celebrate a day, the observance of which tends to keep ever fresh in our memories the birth of Washington and the birth of our nation.

Boasting then as we do of an ancestry, who were always ready to fight for freedom—civil or religious—and whose sacrifices on more than one battle field, in Wales as well as in America, prove that our boasting is not vain, does not this carry with it duties, which it will be well for us to stop a moment to consider.

An illustrious ancestry is creditable to any family or nation, but carries with it certain responsibilities. If we cannot throw back greater glory on our ancestors than we have inherited, let us see to it that we cast no shadow upon what we have received.

It has been well said that to be born rich is an accident; to leave an honored name behind is the work of a lifetime. To accomplish the latter should be the aim of every true Welshman. And it is no small task so to do. Many men in their haste to gather riches do not scan very carefully the methods employed. Their motto is get rich, honorably if you can, but get rich. The heritage of a good name should count for more than stocks and bonds. The former is imperishable, the latter readily take wings and fly away.

Every young man and woman of

the present day should possess one species of capital—an education. Without it the road to success is difficult to ascend. Like the staff in the hands of a traveler, it will strengthen them in climbing the mountain of opposition and prevent their falling into the valley of discouragement. In this country of free schools and plenty of them there is little excuse for failing to secure this equipment. Parents owe it to their children to see that they do not grow up in ignorance and every young person owes it to himself or herself to devote to mental improvement as much time as can be found available, consistent with other duties. By available time is not meant leisure, for this latter term usually means time for doing nothing. In this busy age the man who has leisure at his command generally accomplishes nothing, either for the benefit of himself or the community. It is the busy man who always has time to do something more. Much can be done in an educational way by devoting some time each day, brief though the period may be, to the accomplishment of some well defined purpose. Have the object to be attained clearly in the mind and whether it be the mastery of some abstruse subject or the conquering of the three R's earnest endeavor and some sacrifice will result in efforts crowned with success. Napoleon's motto, "If you set out to take Vienna, take Vienna," is a good one to adopt in the battle for an education.

With your permission, while the question of education is before us, I would like to call attention to a thought, which at this time especially I do with much diffidence. And that is whether as a people we are not in danger of devoting too much time to the subject of music to the neglect of other important subjects. Far is it from my thought to depreciate the

value of a musical education. Its worth is too well understood for me to lessen it, even were that my object, but such it is not. The question I would have you consider, is, with the limited time at our disposal, how shall we best use it? I will attempt no discussion of it, but will leave it with you, trusting you will give it the attention it deserves.

On this day, hallowed by the memory of the part our forefathers took in the

formation of this government, we should resolve to uphold what is best in our institutions. As American citizens, proud of the country in which we live, our aim should be to raise the standard of citizenship. As Welsh Americans, remembering with pleasure the part taken by sons of Gwalia at the foundation of this government, let it be our object to carry to completion the work they so nobly began.

### CERDDI EIN TADAU.

#### MYNYDDOG.

Dyegwn oll yr hen ganiadau,  
Ganwyd gan ein teidiau mwyn,  
Pan yn arwain myrdd o gadau,  
Neu yn gwylio'r geifr a'r wyn.  
Canwn hwynt ar ben mynyddoedd,  
Lle cartrefa storm y nen;  
Nes bo'r adawin hyd ddyffrynoedd  
Tlysiion, gwyrdion, Cymru wen.

Trwy dreigliadau mil o oesau  
Canwyd hwy o bryd i bryd;  
Uwch ben cryd, ac uwchben beddau  
Cenedlaethau beilch y byd;  
Beidiwn ni yn awr a'n canu  
Ar bob bryn, ac yn mhob pant?  
A anghofiwn ni en dysgu  
Lawr i wyrion plant ein plant?

Pan aiff Cymro dros y tonau  
I estronol wlad ryw bryd;  
Gall gael clywed mwyn ganiadau  
Holl gerddorion blaena'r byd;  
Eto bydd pob teimlad tyner  
Farw yn ei wladgar fron;  
Cyn bydd farw'r cerddi seinber  
Ganai gynt yn Ngwalia lon?

Gall hen danau'r delyn dori  
Oll yn fil o ddarnau man;  
Gall y llaw fu'n chwareu arni  
Wywo yn seiniau mwyn y gan:  
Ond mae tant o fewn mynwesau'r  
Cymry dros y byd yn grwn,  
Ddeil i ganu'r hen ganiadau—  
Nis gall angau dori hwn!

Bhaid mai tonau nef-anedig  
Yw alawon "Gwlad y gan:  
Daeth eu seiniau bendigedig  
Lawr i ni o'r Wynfa lan;  
Bywyd sydd yn llon'd eu seiniau,  
Nefoedd sydd yn llon'd eu côl;  
Byw a fyddant trwy yr oesau,  
Nes yr ant i' r Nef yn ol.

### THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

#### (TRANSLATION.)

Let us sing the songs melodious,  
That our fathers sang of old,  
When they led their troops victorious,  
Or when watching by sheep-fold.  
Let us sing them on the mountains,  
Where the hoary storm-king dwells;  
Till the echoes swell the fountains  
Watering Cambria's verdant dells!

Of through thousand generations  
Have these charming songs been sung;  
At the birth and death of nations  
Have their stirring notes been rung;  
Shall we now refuse to sing them  
On each mount and on each mead?  
Down, shall we forget to ring them  
To our children's children's seed?

When a restless son of "Cymru"  
Migrates to some foreign clime:  
He may hear in that far country  
Music that is most sublime;  
Yet will die each tender feeling  
In his patriotic breast,  
Ere subside the sonnets thrilling,  
Once he sang in Wales with zest!

All to thousand fragments broken  
Cambria's harp-strings old may be;  
Mid its swelling sound, down-stricken  
May be him that tuned its key;  
But in every Welshman's bosom  
There's a chord that ever will  
Bear to sing those songs so glad some—  
Death that chord can never kill!

Heaven-born must be those melodious  
Strains that fill the "Land of Song,"  
Downward came their notes harmonious  
From the beatific throng!  
Life fills all their tuneful pages,  
Heavenly fervor in them burn,  
They will live through future ages  
Till to heaven they'll all return!

New York City.

AP DANIEL.

ERRATA.

See "Christmas Hymn" in "The CAMBRIAN for December 1892, page 368: Verse 1, line 4, instead of "To-day is Heaven and earth made one," read To-day are, &c. Verse 3, line 4, instead of "Peace on," &c., read "Peace in this sin-stained world abides," &c.

Verse 6, line 2, instead of — "That Christ should leave that home above," read throne, &c.

There are also several typo-errors in punctuation to be found in the verses which every intelligent reader will easily notice and kindly correct.

AP D.

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER.

BY REV. PETER GRAY EVANS, DODGEVILLE, WIS.

(After "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah" by Williams.)

Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,  
Wanderers on the mighty deep;  
From the storm and raging tempest  
Deign our floating bark to keep.  
Lord of heaven  
Bid the wind propitious blow.

Be our safe-guard through the night-watch  
And our guardian all the day;  
To our destined port in safety  
Give us fleet and gladsome way.  
Strong Deliverer  
Be thou still our strength and shield.

And when life's short voyage is over,  
In the haven of the blest  
May we, guided by Thy Spirit,  
Find an everlasting rest.  
Father hear us  
For the great Redeemer's sake,

Fourth stanza of W. Williams' original.

Musing on my habitation  
Musing on my heavenly home,  
Fills my heart with holy longing  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,  
Vanity is all I see,  
Lord, I long to be with thee.

BYDD DDA.

(Efelychiad.)

GAN MR. J. M. EVANS (MATHRAFAL), YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

Ni ddywed Duw, bydd brydferth, dewr neu ddoeth,

Na dim a ofer brisia dyn werth barha—  
Anrhydedd, gallu, neu ddysgidiaeth goeth,  
Clyw dyner lais dy Dad, fy mab, "Bydd dda."

Ymroddi wnawn i ddringo grisiau clod,  
Mawredd, gogoniant, a'u coronau; Ha!  
Dringwn i gwympo bron ar bwys ein nod,  
Gan ddiystyru ei gyngor Ef. "Bydd dda."

Dyben bodolaeth heb ei ddeall sydd  
Yn peri gofid poen, a bythol bla;  
Gwrando ei eiriau Ef, yn elw bydd,  
Fy mab, bydd *bwylog*, *ystyr*, O! "Bydd dda."

"Bydd dda," daioni Duw o'th amgylch sydd  
Yn darpar, tre'nau, er diwallu'r byd;  
Ufudd-dod iddo'r greadigaeth rydd,  
Ei air yw deddt yr holl elfenau i gyd.

"Bydd dda!" ymdora storm yr olaf ddydd  
Yn gawod danlyt i dditodi'r drwg;  
Tad pob daioni i ni'n dwr a fydd,  
Pan ffy yr awyr o flaen mellt ei wg.

Ar ol i amser dori'r olaf don  
Ar draethell deg drag'wyddot wlad yr ha';  
Caiff plant ufudd-dod hardd fynediad llon  
I'r pur drigfanau ato Ef—"Bydd dda!"

Y da sydd yn mwynhau y bwyd brau,  
Y gronyn ger yr anherfynol; a  
Bydd moroedd plaser bythol yn parhau  
Hyd dragwyddoldeb yn y cwmni da.

Da ydoedd bwriad cyntaf Duw yn oedfa dyn  
Pan grodd ar ei g. fer fydoedd, a  
Da fydd diwedd dedwydd goleu yn y glyn  
Y tragwyddol-ddydd gyda phob peth da.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE  
REV. DR. B. W. CHIDLAW.

BY THE REV. N. S. DICKEY, INDIANAPOLIS.  
(From the *Herald and Presbyter*, Oct. 13, 1892.)

My first acquaintance with Dr. Chidlaw was in 1848, when I was a student at Lane Seminary. Drs. Lyman Beecher, C. E. Stowe, and D. Howe Allen were the professors. They preached in turn every Sabbath morning to the students in the Seminary church. These Sabbath discourses were very highly prized. Dr. Allen especially was a favorite of many of the students. One Sabbath morning, when it was his hour to fill the pulpit, Rev. Mr. Chidlaw was in his place; disappointment was manifest on the faces of many of the students as he walked up the aisle and ascended the pulpit: "It's an outrage to put every man that comes along to



preach." We are here to hear the professors, not these itinerants." "Are we to have another bore?" were some of the expressions of dissatisfaction which fell from the lips of students as they sat together in the pews. Mr. Chidlaw preached a bright, pointed, eloquent, gospel sermon that moved and captivated all. "That was rich." "Good, good," said the fault-finders of the beginning at the close of the service.

I remember another manifestation of his ability to control and interest men. It was at a camp-meeting a few miles northwest of Madison, Ind., in the summer 1849, conducted by Rev. Mr. Vance, the earnest pastor of the Monroe Church. On the Sabbath multitudes congregated, and continued arrivals somewhat interrupted the services of the morning. After dinner the congregation was called to listen to sermons, first by Josiah Wood, of Illinois, to be followed by Rev. Mr. Chidlaw. A few hundred only, seated near the stand, heard Mr. Wood's good discourse. The masses of people were standing around in groups, talking and laughing and running about, heeding neither the earnest repeated invitations of Mr. Vance to come and hear, nor the tones of the speaker laboring hard to interest and benefit. When the sermon closed a short hymn was sung and Mr. Chidlaw rose to preach. Such confusion as reigned over that ground I had never seen at a Presbyterian camp-meeting, though I had attended many in early youth. The masses evidently had come for a good social time, and not to hear preaching. "What is the use of trying to preach to such a crowd? They don't want to hear. The old Presbyterian preachers were right in saying, 'They had outlived their usefulness, and had better be given up,'" were some of the thoughts that ran through my mind as I sat

looking on. In his stentorian voice, after standing and viewing the confusion for a minute, he called out so that he was heard above the noise and chatter: "I have something to say to each of you; tell that group of young men to listen; ask those walking about to stop a minute, I want them to hear." In a very short time all were giving attention, when he said: "I grew up in the woods, and helped my widowed mother to clear a farm, and have raised many a crop of corn. I always noticed, haven't you? that the outside rows never amounted to much; the shade, if near the timber, prevents vigorous growth, and the stalks and ears, if they have any, are small, and these are devoured by raccoons and opossums. This is true of morals and religion. Those who stand on the outside, or in the outer rows, don't get much good, and never amount to much. Now, I am going to preach you a gospel sermon, and I want you to get profit from it. Won't you come as near as you can, and don't stand on the outside row if you can help it." This, in purport, was spoken with such good humor and earnest sympathy that it acted like a charm. There was a rush for the seats, and when these were all filled, the people pressed up as close as they could get to the stand, the young men laughingly trying to crowd in, and not be in the outside row. When all had become comparatively still, Mr. Chidlaw preached with the Holy Spirit's presence and power a sermon which kept that vast audience still to its close, and was blessed to the edification, and it is believed to the salvation of many.

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Whoever is satisfied with what he does has reached his culminating point—he will progress no more. Man's destiny is to be not dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied.—*F. W. Robertson.*

## THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY MISS MARGARET H. WILLIAMS, PLYMOUTH, PA.

Again we are permitted to stand on the threshold of another year, which is full of possibilities. Happiness and unhappiness, prosperity and poverty, joy and sorrow, all will form important factors in the course of life which is before us, though we know not fully of what complexion it may be. How many were anxiously waiting to give 1893 a cordial welcome can never be ascertained, so vast is the number. To give it welcome implies there is gladness. Why does gladness form a prominent part of the realization that we are again starting out on another year's journey? Perhaps some welcome it as a mere change; others because so many hearts have been saddened by the old. What changes may be wrought in a year! Sorrow has been turned to gladness, gladness to sorrow, rich have become poor, and perhaps some poor outcast of the beginning of last year is now placed in comfortable circumstances; and some who lived in darkness have found God which is light and peace to their souls. Each person welcomes the new year from different points of view. Many resolutions have been made to be as easily broken, while others will be permanently kept. It is very important to start out right; yet, unless we resolve to keep right, of what value is the resolution? The beginning of a year and that of the life of a youth just blossoming into manhood or womanhood bear a striking resemblance. We all desire to start out to live a better and more nobler life each succeeding year. So should children be early encouraged, taught and urged to start out right in life. If the beginning is right and the right path be continued, how bright the ending will be!

When our life is really consecrated to deeds of kindness and to our Christian duties, it makes but little difference to us whether we are starting out on a new year or whether we are ending it. When people can be taught to anxiously seek for the salvation of their souls as ardently as they anticipate the dawning of a new year, this world would soon become Christianized.

At the beginning of life and in the dawn of the new year, all may seem bright and no real trouble is anticipated, and therefore we are liable to lay too little stress on the possibility of any such occurrence. The beginning may be marred, but we hope for a bright ending. Prayer is a key by which we can enter into close communion with God. By means of this key we can be strengthened to live nearer to God, and thus be enabled to look on the bright side of life. If when we start out to live a Christian life all does not prove as we expected, and we are continually tempted to return to the world, then must we employ the key of prayer in earnestness, fully expecting to have the prayer answered, and afterwards receive the power to overcome all obstacles.

In a Christian experience, the one who is continually undergoing some affliction or trial, and yet keeps clinging to God for his help, frequently enjoys a most glorious ending of his days. God will be with him even though on a bed of languishing, and divine grace through the trials and troubles he has encountered in life, will have fully prepared him for his home in heaven.

As we are starting out on another year's pilgrimage, let us take God as our Counsellor and Guide, and faithfully walk in his light and in his ways; then if we are permitted to live until another year dawns we shall certainly be able to testify that this has been a

most blessed year in our life. May closer home, but also more nearly like each succeeding year find us not only our Saviour.

## For the Young People.

### A LITTLE TALK ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

George Washington, I am sure, would be glad that our Government, in honoring his birthday, made it a legal holiday; a day when girls and boys can have release from the school room. We read that when he was a boy, he liked best of all to play soldier. Drills, parades, sham fights, were the games he played with his companions out of school hours, and they unanimously put him in command of any of their military exploits.

There must have been much of the commander about George Washington at that early age, as boys usually have quite a hard time selecting a commanding officer for their drills and parades. Every boy would like to be a captain and a drummer boy, at least that is what I think from what I have seen of boys trying to organize companies. It is so nice to be the head officer of any enterprise; grown up people are just as eager to get that place as you boys are. The boy soldiers on dress parade, wearing the paper caps some good grandmother or mother or sister has manufactured for them of home materials, feel just as important presenting their arms of old broom handles, as the soldiers of real life do.

Alfred Barnes, when he got on his regimentals, looked with pride at the strip of red cloth his good mother had sewed on the outside seam of his trousers, and said he was out of all patience with our Government for not fighting Chili when they had a chance.

Before we could put the other side of the question, he was whistling "Yankee Doodle," and with a bound had rushed out of the front door and taken his place behind the patriotic martial music of Claude Wilton's drum and little Ben Morris' toy bugle.

You, boys, all think it must be a grand thing to be a soldier; you would not care how soon war was declared, and each one of you thinks, perhaps, that he would be the happiest boy in the world if he could be a drummer boy in a regiment under marching orders. But just ask some of these old soldiers who fought in our Civil War to tell you just what war is.

When Washington had been in a slight skirmish in his early days of militaryship, he wrote to one of his brothers in these words: "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound." Horace Walpole relates that his words wandered as far as England and were repeated to King George II. His majesty quietly remarked: "He would not say that if he had been used to hear many." Years afterwards Washington was asked if he ever really wrote those words. He answered: "*If I ever wrote them, it was when I was young.*"

No doubt many a boy at the present day wishes he could be like George Washington. We all look at the hero after he has been covered with glory, but we lose sight of the hardships and struggles and sufferings that made him so. God raises up men to fill responsible positions in great emergencies. When George

Washington was a boy he was determined to go to sea. English ships of war were continually cruising along the Virginia coast. Every once in a while a ship would sail up the Potomac, and then all the boys got sea fever, hearing about wonderful voyages in unknown seas. George's eldest brother, Lawrence, who had been like a father to him encouraged the idea, but his mother was very much opposed to his going. Notwithstanding, a midshipman's commission was obtained for him, but his mother's heart failed her, and she utterly refused let George go.

Now see how the Lord overruled this desire of George Washington's. If his mother had let him go, he would have been obliged to take an oath of allegiance to the king of England, and he could not possibly have broken it even if in after years it had compelled him to lead British sailors, or soldiers in any struggle between England and her American colonies.

Little things like this turn the tide in our lives and in the affairs of men. After the battle of Long Island our army could not have retreated, but would have been obliged to surrender to the British, had it not been for the dense fog that settled over Washington's retreat and hid it from the enemy. It covered the Brooklyn shore, the forts, and the British lines, but on the New York side the air was clear and the ferried troops could form without confusion. And if you have read the main facts concerning the Revolutionary War, you will remember how the east wind came and protected the fort builders on Dorchester Heights.

Now, boys, you will probably never have to go to war. We older ones sincerely hope you will never have occasion to go, that is, to protect the rights of your beloved and glorious country. But there is a great war going on all the time between Right

and Wrong, and the enemy has carried it into every dominion on the face of the earth. Now don't my dear young friends, do as some folks do, skip this part of my talk about Washington, because you think it is moralizing or "talking religion." This is an important war which I speak of; it concerns the happiness and welfare of each one of you. You are each one called to be a soldier in the ranks of Right. You are to do the best you can with the military tactics the Lord has given you in His Word, to conquer the wrong. You can be as true to your fatherland above, and as brave to fight for it, as George Washington was in fighting for his country. The Lord has given some of you the spirit of commanders, and that is a great gift, if rightly used. Some of you are to do the work of private soldiers. The Lord will not lose sight of any act, no matter how small, that is done in His name for His cause. Your name may not be honored, or known on earth as a hero, or one worthy of mention, but the Great Captain of us all will write it upon His honor roll.

Enlist, now, boys, while you are full of fighting material and the strength and vigor of youth, and do all you can to make Christ's kingdom one of righteousness and peace,—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

### THE RESULTS OF PRAYER.

"Of all that I brought with me from the home of my childhood into the world," said a leading business man in the West, "the most valuable possession was the habit of kneeling to ask God's blessing night and morning. Often it was a mere mechanical form; at times when I was in desperate straits, my prayer was a single articulate groan for help. But it kept alive in me the idea that there was a power stronger than I, than money,

or business, or life itself. That idea saved me."

An African explorer, one of the first to venture into the Dark Continent, wrote "In all the dangers through which I passed in the long fever, and even in the criminal excesses to which I, a young man and far from home, was a half-consenting witness, one thread kept me from sinking and utter ruin. It was the knowledge that on the other side of the globe an old, grey-haired woman was praying for me. No man can go utterly to destruction as long as his mother keeps one hand on him and the other on God."

It is stated that John Wesley was first brought to the consideration of religious truth by the prayer of a poor servant for him. If this be true, that prayer was the lever which lifted not only one man's soul, but ultimately the whole Christian Church into life and activity.

In one of our sea-board cities is an immense building which is lighted by electricity. At the touch of a knob in a closet, the countless lamps and huge chandeliers flash into radiance, and all the vast audience halls glow with light. A sick child, the daughter of the janitor, usually presses the knob with her little finger, and is made happy by knowing that she has given light to thousands of people. The poor woman in her closet, the invalid on his bed of pain, praying for God's blessing on others put their hands in faith on that power that controls the world. They do not see the result; they may even die without knowing the light that they may have caused to shine in dark places; but they have the sure promise that the Infinite wisdom and pity heeds their summons, and does not turn away from their pleadings.—*Youths Companions.*

## SPURGEON ON THE NEW BIRTH.

Some dare to tell us that faith in Christ and the new birth are only the development of good things that lay hidden in us by nature, but in this, like their father, they speak of their own. Sirs, if an heir of wrath is left to be developed he will become more and more fit for the place prepared for the devil and his angels. You may take the unregenerate man and educate him to the highest, but he remains, and must forever remain, dead in sin, unless a higher power shall come in to save him from himself. Grace brings into the heart an entirely foreign element. It does not improve and perpetuate; it kills and makes alive. There is no continuity between the state of nature and the state of grace; the one is darkness and the other is light, the one is death and the other is life. Grace, when it enters the soul, is like a fire-brand dropped into the sea, where it would certainly be quenched were it not of such a miraculous quality that it baffles the water floods and sets up its reign of fire and light even in the depths.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to have been imposed upon. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are more often injured by their own suspicions than they would be by the perfidy of others.—*Burke.*

Lawsuits generally originate with the obstinate and the ignorant, but they do not end with them; and that lawyer was right who left all his money to the support of an asylum for fools and lunatics, saying that from such he got it, and to such he would bequeath it.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

Woman's tongue is her weapon, her sword, which she never permits to rest or rust.—*Mdme Necker*.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by an outward touch as the sunbeam.  
*Milton*.

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.—*Longfellow*.

Languages are the keys of science.—*Bruyere*.

Minds that have nothing to confer  
Find little to perceive.—*Byron*.

Fear is not a lasting teacher of duty.  
*Cicero*.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they  
have  
The worship of the world; but no repose.  
—*Shelley*.

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal*.

## Notes and Comments, &c.

BY CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

### OUR WELSH CHURCHES.

BY REV. R. T. ROBERTS, M.A., RACINE, WIS.

The first idea suggested by the term Welsh Churches is, that they are the churches which have their services conducted in the Welsh language. In religious creed and church polity they do not differ materially from other churches. The Welsh language is the great distinctive characteristic of our Welsh churches.

Since this is so, it is very evident that our Welsh churches will increase or decrease in proportion as those who speak the Welsh language will increase or decrease in number. The natural query which follows this is, does the number of Welsh people increase or diminish in our country? I have not the means by which I can answer this question. My personal opinion is, that there are, in our country to-day, as many people who speak the Welsh language as there were twenty and thirty years since. Granting this to be true, there is another fact which is as true, namely, that there are localities in our country in which the Welsh speaking people are

not so numerous as they were fifteen years since.

There are two things which should be noticed with reference to these localities, (a). They are, as a rule, in the rural districts, and (b), they are among the earlier settlements which were settled by the Welsh. In these localities we find that our Welsh churches are becoming weaker in proportion to the decrease in the number of those who speak the Welsh language. This only confirms our former statement, that the Welsh language is the distinctive characteristic of our Welsh churches.

The reasons given for the decrease of Welsh-speaking people in these localities are: (a) Removals by death. (b) Removals to other localities. (c) Many of the children do not speak the Welsh language. These reasons show that the decrease of the Welsh-speaking people in these localities can not be controlled by any ecclesiastical authorities or race tenacity.

In view of this the natural question which follows is: How can we make our churches most useful? What is the chief end for which our Welsh

churches exist? As has been remarked, their distinctive characteristic is, that their services are conducted in the Welsh language. Must our churches be limited to the Welsh language? If so, our Welsh people who do not speak the Welsh language must look elsewhere for a church home. The inevitable result of this will be, that our Welsh churches will die wherever and whenever the Welsh language ceases to be spoken. Need this be so? Is it impossible for us to adapt our Welsh churches to meet these conditions? Is it impossible for us to take care of our young people simply because they do not speak the Welsh language? Is it impossible for us to continue divine services in the sanctuaries built for our forefathers simply because we will not have our services conducted in the English language?

In order to adapt our Welsh churches to the needs of our Welsh people, in many localities in this country, we must have our ministers qualified to conduct religious services in the English language; we must remember that there is no room in our country for clannishness, and we must have more of the genuine Christlike missionary spirit.

## WALES AND ITS AFFAIRS.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

During the Christmas season, politics being at a low ebb, and personal animosities having been subdued by the influences of the festive season, Wales has distinguished herself in the athletic world, for her representatives have in an international match beaten, for the first time, a picked team of Englishmen. Football is an extremely popular sport, especially in South Wales. It is much to be feared that it is *too popular* and that our young men pay too much attention

and devote most of their energy to this game. Athletics beget a healthy, vigorous race of men, but it is sadly open to abuse, and there are tendencies observable in its popularity which point to a national danger. Still it is remarkable how Welshmen have been elated by their victory over England. The match was played at Cardiff, before 20,000 spectators, on a ground which had been specially preserved from the effects of long frost by burning hundreds of fires to keep it in condition, and covering it with tons of straw. What is curious about these matches is that Wales is conceded to be in football a separate country, and that Monmouthshire is included therein—a concession not readily accorded by many Englishmen in political matters.

The land question in Wales has been, during the past month, the most important political topic. Mr. Thomas Ellis, M. P., has been addressing his constituents at Harlech on this point. He declared that advances in rent, revaluations of estates, notice to quit, political evictions, and the *game* fetish had instilled a feeling of insecurity of tenure into the very being of the Welsh farmer, and had become ingrained into the traditions of the countryside. Under those conditions the best could not be made out of the land by any tenantry. This could only be done by the establishment of a Land Court, by organized agricultural instruction, and by a reform in the incidence of rates. A Land Court to fix fair rents and fair conditions of tenure and to assess compensation for improvements would be the starting point for a thorough land reform and for a better cultivation of the land.

It is understood that as a result of Welsh parliamentary influence the Gladstone government cannot resist appointing a special commission to enquire into the whole question of

the relations between landlord and tenant in Wales.

Prof. T. C. Edwards, of Bala, has been laid aside for some time by overwork and mental prostration.

Prof. Michael D. Jones, of Bangor Independent College, is slowly recovering from an illness which has compelled him to relinquish the pastorate of three churches, which he has held continuously since 1854. During his professional career 250 ministers have passed through his hands as students.

Wales cannot, it is stated, claim now to be a sea of song. The inevitable and omniscient statistician has stepped in! He declares that whereas the percentage of children who learn music by notes is in London 93 per cent., in Lancashire 77 per cent., and in Yorkshire 72 per cent., in Wales it is only 57 per cent. This is a statement which must be received with great caution. Statisticians are remarkable for their ingenuity, and their conclusions are not always proof of facts. Still it must be admitted that with all our pretensions to musical proficiency, Welsh people do not take advantage of the full and scientific methods of musical education now available in the principality.

In South Wales there is much public uncertainty as to the position which the vast army of miners are going to take up as to the wages question. There appear to be two parties in their midst, one which clamors for an amalgamation with the miners of England, another for retaining the separate Welsh jurisdiction and organization. The sliding scale of wages which for some few years has been, on the whole, satisfactorily arranged and worked by the representatives of the colliers and the masters sitting as a committee, must be given up if Wales submerges into England. As it affects the material prosperity of Wales, the whole question is one

which is watched with anxiety by thoughtful people. Talking of colliers, I saw the other day that one good wife, who lost her husband in the dreadful disaster at the Morfa colliery, some two years ago, still cherishes the hope that her husband will return. His body is still in the pit, never having been recovered. She, it is said, keeps the door open, a white cloth is on her table, and the open Bible on it.

The Liberal government are slowly remedying the abuses on the Magisterial Bench in Wales. They have made several new magistrates in Wales, one of whom R. Roberts is a working man at Carnarvon, a member of Dr. Aerber Evans' church.

Miss Olwen Rhys, daughter of Prof. John Rhys, of Oxford, has taken the gold medal for French, given by the French teachers in the United Kingdom. An elder sister, Miss Myfanwy Rhys, did the same some two years ago. Prof. Rhys is therefore transmitting his great intellectual powers to future generations of Welsh people.

Wales is represented on the Royal Commission to enquire into the state of the poor law by Lord Aberdare and Mr. Humphrey's Owen. Great regret is expressed that Mr. Alfred Thomas, M. P., an earnest student of the topic, was not selected. It is, however, impossible to satisfy everyone.

The new year has come in with great hopes for the people of Wales. The old year was a dismal year. Great losses were incurred by thousands of thrifty Welshmen, who invested their moneys in a great Building Society, called the "Liberator Building Society," which has recently come to grief with terrible loss to poor and humble investors. In Parliament, Wales however, hopes to obtain much progress and several reforms, and it is the earnest determination of her rep-



representatives that they shall be secured for the benefit of their countrymen.

*London, Jan. 10, 1893.*

### LITERARY NOTES.

"PRAYER-MEETING THEOLOGY" is the title of an interesting volume written by Rev. E. J. Morris, Wilkesbarre, Pa., and published recently by Messrs. E. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It is cast in the form of a dialogue between three religious friends, and discusses some of the most important theological questions of the day in an able and interesting manner. The perusal of the volume will give the reader a clear idea of several phases of thought which prevail in the Christian world of the present day.

The *Nonconformist Musical Journal* for December contains a four-part song, "Men of England," to commemorate the death of John Penry in 1593.

THE majority of the Calvinistic Methodist monthly meetings in North and South Wales have decided against starting a denominational newspaper. The Manchester monthly meeting voted in favor of the project.

SOME curious reminiscences of the attempted French invasion of England will be published by Mr. T. Fisher, Unwin in a volume to be called "The Fishguard Invasion by the French in 1797." They are in the form of a diary by the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, sometime Vicar of Llanfihangelpenybont, and are dedicated by permission to the Earl of Cawdor. This book will be illustrated from old prints.

THE Rev. E. Edwards, vicar of Trefeglwys, has issued a collection of harvest thanksgiving hymns under the title "Eymynau Diolchgarwch am y Cynhauf."

It is stated that the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis is translating Schiller's "William Tell" into Welsh. Judge Gwilym Williams, writing in the *Geninen* on the Welsh language, says he believes it has more vitality to-day than ever before.

PROF. ELLIS EDWARDS of Bala lectured on "Music in Nature" at the last meeting of the Liverpool Welsh National Society.

A RARE volume to be found only in the Astor Library of New York is Lloyd's "History of Columbia, Now Called Wales," published in 1654. It contains the legendary narrative of the expedition of Prince Madoc and a Welsh company that voyaged to America prior to Columbus, but never returned. Many foreigners have sent to this country for abstracts from this rare volume,

A SMALL commentary on the Galatians has just been issued by the Rev. A. J. Parry of Seion Baptist Chapel, Cefn and Rhosymedra.

"THE ANCIENT LAWS OF WALES," by the late Hubert Lewis, edited by J. E. Lloyd, M. A. (Elliot Stock). This is a new and cheaper edition of the elaborate work of Mr. Lewis, which in itself constitutes a complete history of the legal customs and rights of Wales from the earliest times. It traces the gradual development of laws which are now common to the whole of England and Wales, and it seeks to prove that the real basis of most of the law relating to land especially is derived from that which had gradually grown up in the new Principality. The work is somewhat voluminous but comprehensive, and although necessarily, from its subject perhaps rather dry reading, it possesses interest and value from the historical treatment it has received from the author.

### NOTES FROM WALES.

THE Queen, it is officially announced, has appointed Mr. Thomas Edward Ellis, one of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury to be fourth Charity Commissioner for England and Wales. The appointment is one for life. The fourth Commissioner takes no salary, but it is usual that he obtains the first vacancy in the paid offices. The salary of the third Commissioner is £1200, of the second Commissioner £1500, while the chief gets £2000, and is allowed a private secretary, for whom £100 a year is provided.

A NARROW gauge railway from Aberystwyth to the Devil's Bridge has been surveyed, and the necessary capital is arranged for.

UPWARDS of thirty tin-plate works in the Welsh trade, employing 6,000 operatives, having ceased work in consequence of the M'Kinley tariff, a conference of masters' and workmen's representatives is arranged to readjust the wages for the restarting of the mills.

WE regret to learn that Principal Edwards, of Bala, has been seriously ill. He was seized with illness after delivering his closing lecture for the term last Friday, and for some time his condition caused great anxiety. The latest reports state that there has been a marked improvement. Dr. Edward's medical attendants have enjoined perfect rest and quiet for a long time.

THE Rev. Michael D. Jones, of Bala, who is slowly recovering from a serious attack of illness, has resigned the pastorate of the Welsh Congregational churches of Bethel, Soar and Llandderfel, which he has held since 1854.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**—The *Leeds Mercury* says: "Some amusement has been occasioned by the action of Lord Stanley, of Alderly, in nominating a Calvinistic Methodist minister of some repute for a church living of which he happens to be patron, and when told that a Nonconformist minister was not eligible, replied, "So much the worse for the Church of England."

**MR. OWEN OWEN**, M. A., of Oswestry, has, in consequence of the pressure of other engagements, resigned his seat upon the Welsh Disestablishment Campaign Committee, and is succeeded by the Rev. Evan Jones of Carnarvon.

**GREAT** preparations are now going on at Carnarvon for the National Eisteddfod of 1894.

In the recent gale a curtain wall on the north side of Flint Castle was blown over, and many tons of masonry were dislodged.

In consequence of the great demand for slates during the past year, the North Wales quarry proprietors have declared increased prices from Monday. Stocks have been largely drawn upon during 1892, the production having been almost stationary. The Festiniog quarry owners have intimated to their workmen that fully qualified men will have their wages advanced 2s per week.

**MR. W. H. PREECE**, the well-known electrician, has succeeded in sending a telephonic message from the shore of the Bristol Channel, near Cardiff, to the island of Flatholm, three miles off, without the intervention of a connecting wire. This truly wonderful result seems to open out a great vista of future possibilities.

**THE REV. N. CYNHAFAL JONES**, D.D., Llanidloes, having been appointed to the editorship of the *Drysorfa*, the chief organ of the Calvinistic Methodists, has resigned his charge of the church at Llanidloes and moved to reside at Rhyl.

## PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

**THE** Gwilym Gwent Monumental Eisteddfod was held at Scranton, Pa., on Thanksgiving day, November 24th, for the purpose of raising funds to erect a monument over the remains of the deceased musical composer, which are buried in Hollenback Cemetery, Wilkes-Barre, on the banks of the Susquehanna river.

We were sorry to leave Philadelphia without visiting some other friends, but could not for want of time.

**THE C. M. Church** of Utica, N. Y., has extended a "call" to the Rev. Abraham Roberts, Liverpool to become its pastor. But he has declined.

**THE** Welsh friends of Philadelphia regretted very much the loss of Rev. Fred Evans, D.D., from among them, as he was a shining light in the city.

**HON. HUGH HUGHES**, Turin, N. Y., the republican candidate, was elected by a large majority the Assemblyman for Lewis County, N. Y., which shows that his sterling qualities and experience as a legislator were appreciated by the people in general.

**THE** sudden and unexpected death is announced of Professor T. D. Griffiths, St. Clears, Pennsylvania. The deceased gentleman was well-known on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. He lived half his time in the United States, and was perhaps as widely known as any Welshman on the continent. He was the compiler and musical editor of a tune-book, the *Cor-Drysor Americanaidd*, and the composer of a good many Welsh songs.

**HAMILTON COLLEGE** has been fortunate in securing Rev. M. Woolsey Stryker, D. D., as its president. The inauguration took place January 17th, when a large number of the alumni and friends of Hamilton were present to hear the inaugural address, and to manifest their interest in the welfare of their *alma mater*. Hamilton is the leading college in Central New York, and many of our young Welsh-Americans are among its graduates and students. Among the latter is our young friend, Mr. David Roberts, Fort Leyden, who is a young man of great promise.

We are glad to learn that Rev. E. M. Jones, formerly of Earlville, N. Y., but now of St. James, Minn., is quite successful in his new field of labor. Mr. Jones is a faithful pastor and an eloquent preacher of the gospel. He has been suppling the pulpits of the Welsh C. M. Churches, of Blue Earth Co., Minn., his visits proving mutually agreeable to himself and to the churches. We wish him every success.

**REV. RICHARD T. JONES** occupies an honorable position in the ministry of the Presbyterian church. He has been the means of organizing and building up a large and strong church which is flourishing and a centre of influence for good in that part of the city. The church edifice has been built during his pastorate and is a costly commodious and attractive structure. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are highly respected by the members of his church and congregation.

The quarterly meeting of the Welsh Congregational churches was held at Remsen, on Dec. 28th and 29th. The meetings were well attended. Excellent sermons were preached by Revs. Edward Davies, R. Gwesyn Jones, D.D., Utica, Hugh Williams, Floyd, David Pritchard Rome, W. D. Williams, Deerfield, N. Y., T. Tywynog Davies, Richville, N. Y., and Richard Hughes, Nelson, N. Y., and J. F. Davies, Plainfield.

#### UTICA KISTEDDOD.

The annual Welsh musical and literary festival was held in the City opera house Saturday evening, Dec. 31, and Monday, Jan. 2, under the auspices of the Cymreigyddion society. Excellent talent and an entertaining program rendered the event successful and interesting. Prizes amounting to \$425 were given to successful competitors. The presidents were W. B. Parry, G. Griffiths, J. C. Lewis; conductor, G. H. Humphrey; bard, Dewi Glan Dulas; artists, Miss Lizzie Parry James, Utica, soprano; Professor D. C. Thomas, Shamokin, Pa., tenor; Professor D. Gordon Thomas, Philadelphia, basso; T. A. Humphrey and J. A. Jones, harpists; Miss Jennie Williams, Whitesboro, pianist; Professor J. W. Parson Price, New York, Professor J. L. Davies, T. Solomon Griffiths, Utica, Rev. D. P. Griffiths, Remsen, orators.

#### TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF MARRIAGE AT REMSEN.

One of the most enjoyable events of the holiday season at Remsen was the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Roberts at their beautiful home on Monday evening December 26th, 1892. There were about sixty invited guests present. An excellent supper was served and the evening was spent in a very happy manner. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were presented with two handsome and valuable chairs and an artistic hat rack by the company as tokens of good will and friendliness and of the high esteem in which they are held by their friends and neighbors in the community. Rev. E. C. Evans in few appropriate remarks, on behalf of the company, congratulated the host and hostess upon the auspicious and happy completion of the first decade of their wedded life, and expressed the hope and prayer that they may hereafter enjoy among them many years of happiness and usefulness and that God's blessing rest upon them and their beloved children through life and evermore. These sentiments were heartily endorsed by all present. The company departed at a seasonable hour well pleased with the cordial and hospitable manner in which they had been entertained.

We are glad to find so many of our Welsh friends occupying positions of honor and responsibility in the industrial districts of Pennsylvania. Among these we may mention Mr. Thomas J. Price, superintendent of Mahoning Mills at Danville Pa., and Mr. Morris Williams Superintendent of Mines at Shamokin, Pa., also Mr. John L. Williams, superintendent for another company. Mr. Edward Rees, superintendent under the Reading Coal and Iron Co., at Centralia, Pa., also Mr. David Morris, superintendent for the same company at Minersville, Pa. Mr. Morris is a native of Aberdare, S. W. He came to America in May, 1869 and settled at Ashland, Girardville and now at Minersville. His eldest son, Joseph Morris, is studying medicine at Jefferson College, Pennsylvania.

On a late visit we were glad to find our friend, Mr. David A. Jones, Attorney at Law, Pottsville, Pa., busy as usual and prosperous in business. His family also are rising in honor around him. He has one son practicing medicine, Dr. W. Parry Jones, late of Chicago, now in Indiana. One daughter is married to Professor J. Price Jackson, who is an assistant professor in the electrical engineering department in the Pennsylvania State College, near Bellefonte, Pa., and a son of Prof. Josiah Jackson, professor of Mathematics in the same college. Another son of Mr. Jones, Howard, and a daughter, Miss Bessie, are pursuing their studies in the same college.

We greatly enjoyed a visit to our old college friend, Rev. J. Wynne Jones, and his beloved family at Baltimore, Md. Mr. Jones is the successful pastor of the Abbott Memorial Church and is doing excellent services for the Master in the city of Baltimore. He is well known among the rich and poor and he and his beloved wife are highly respected in the community for works of benevolence and devotion to their welfare temporally and spiritually.

REV. JOHN ISAAC HUGHES, formerly of Olyphant, Pa., and of Winfred, Dakota, has accepted the charge of the C. M. Churches in Macon Co., Mo., and is now living at Evelyn, Macon Co., Mo. We wish him every success and blessing in his new field of labor.

MR. AARON JONES, formerly of Bellevue, Scranton, Pa., is now located at Great Falls, Montana, and evidently is doing well and prosperous. We learn from the *Great Falls News* that he is president of the Stone-Cutter's union, and that he takes quite a prominent part in social affairs.

On a visit to Philadelphia lately we were glad to meet with several prominent Cambro-Americans whose names are well-known and

who occupy positions of trust and honor in the city. Among them we may mention Mr. David Jones, Wharton st., who is well and favorably known for many years through his articles on Welsh subjects in the press as well as for his generosity and kindly interest in the advancement of all Cambro-American movements.

THE Welsh colony at West Bangor, York Co., Pa., seems to be very prosperous within the last year, the C. M. Church has built an elegant new church edifice in a more convenient location. The church and congregation is continually increasing in numbers under the ministry of its able and faithful pastor, Rev. H. F. Williams, who, together with his beloved wife is highly esteemed in the community. The Welsh Congregational Church also, under the pastoral care of Rev. John Cadwallader, is preparing to build a new and enlarged church edifice in a better location. Mr. Cadwallader is an able preacher and a faithful pastor, and is held in the highest esteem by his people and in the community.

We were glad also to form the acquaintance of Hon. H. Gates Jones, President of the St. David's society, also Rowland Evans, Esq., and George Pearce, Esq., both of whom are of Welsh descent and are prominent and successful lawyers in the city, Mr. D. T. Davies, also, who is chief auditor in the Custom House, Mr. D. E. Davies who carries on a successful grocery business, Mr. F. R. Phillips, well known with the tin plate business, Mr. Thomas H. Griffiths, superintendent of the Merchant Company Tin Works, also Messrs. J. R. Lewis, John Davies, Wyalusing ave., E. Puntan Davies, J. E. Jones, Morgan Jones, J. C. Jones, and several others; The muse of song is ably represented by Profs. Owen Roberts, Harry E. Jones and D. Gordon Thomas.

DR. JAMES JONES LEVICK is a distinguished member of the medical profession. Dr. Jones is descended from an honorable Welsh quaker family who were among the early settlers of Gwynedd Township. He has visited Wales several times and takes a lively interest in the history of the early Welsh settlers of Philadelphia. We were glad also to renew old friendship with Mr. James F. Jones, Mining Engineer, who by experience, study and training has become an expert and authority on all matters pertaining to mines and mining. He is an enthusiastic Cambro-American, well versed in Welsh literature and history and an ardent supporter of the eisteddfod. We enjoyed the privilege of spending an evening with him in the elegant rooms of the Union League Club of which he is a member.

MR. G. T. MATTHEWS, tea merchant, New York, has been repairing and renovating his tea warehouse of late, both enlarging its capacity and improving its appearance. Mr. Matthews is an enterprising merchant, strictly honest and courteous in dealing with his customers, and well worthy of his continually increased trade and business.

THE Welsh C. M. Church lately organized in Philadelphia seems to be quite successful. The religious services are held for the present in a hall on 13th and Arch sts. There is a large number of Welsh people in the city who cannot enjoy religious services only in their own tongue and for these the Welsh church, we hope, will prove a great blessing. Messrs. John Lucas, formerly of Pottsville, and Morgan Jones have lately been elected deacons of the church. We were glad to find that Mr. Lucas is on the way of fully recovering from his recent severe illness. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas were lately on a visit to their daughter, Mrs. D. S. Williams, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

MR. T. SOLOMON GRIFFITHS PRESENTED WITH A CANE.

On being elected to be superintendent of the children's department of the Moriah Sabbath school, Mr. Griffiths was presented by the class of which he had been the teacher with a beautiful gold-headed ebony cane, properly inscribed, as a token of their respect and gratitude for his faithful service. Mr. Griffiths feelingly thanked the young men for this mark of affection, and expressed his gratification at being thought worth of such an honor.

## OBITUARIES.

THE LATE JOHN B. THOMAS ESQ.  
RACINE, WIS.

The removal through death of a man so prominent and so universally respected, deserves more than a passing notice. The many excellent traits of character of the late John B. Thomas were worthy of being placed on record and of being emulated by others. He was a man of very strong convictions, and he adhered to them with the greatest tenacity. His liberality towards every good and worthy cause, was highly commendable. And above all he was a most consistent and faithful Christian. He was brought up in the tenets of the Episcopal church, but in early manhood joined the Calvinistic, or Presbyterian Church of Wales, and adhered to it whenever he could conveniently attend its ministrations.

He was born in the parish of Llanbadarn-fawr, near Aberystwyth, South Wales, on

the 4th of March, 1813, and died at Racine, April 11th, 1892, in his 80th year. His parents were respectable people, and they gave him the best common school education that the locality afforded at that time. When he became old enough, he was apprenticed with one Richard Killer to learn the carpenters trade. Later on he worked his trade in several towns in South Wales. Subsequently he removed to Leamington in England, and afterwards to London, where he remained a number of years. Many young men removing from Wales to the large towns of England, and from parental and religious influences make a shipwreck of their religious profession, but Mr. Thomas retained his studious habits, and he was faithful to the moral and religious teachings that he had received in his youth. In 1844 he emigrated to the United States, and stayed in New York City for some time, and here he met Ann James, the only daughter of John James, formerly of Aberystwyth, and who soon afterwards removed to Racine with his family, where he lived many years, and was very prominent in the Welsh community there.

In 1846 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were married in Racine, and their married life was a most happy and blessed one. In 1847 they removed to Chicago, where Mr. Thomas followed his trade as carpenter and builder. Soon afterwards he invested in real estate in the western division of Chicago, and made some improvements thereon. He also made a purchase of some land in the north division of Chicago. After a time he disposed of his interest in the first named property, and had he retained it to a later date, it would have made him immensely wealthy, but he did retain the property in the north division and only sold it at a comparative recent date, and it brought him a handsome competency. In 1850 he was the means of bringing together the few Welsh people that lived in Chicago at that time, and they organized a Welsh Sabbath School, and from this small beginning evolved the numerous Welsh churches, and Welsh Missions that exist there now. Mr. Thomas designed the first frame building that the Welsh church built, and personally did a large share of the carpenters work; and it was characteristic of him, that whatever he undertook to do, he would not rest till he would carry it to completion. He was one of the strongest pillars, and the chief mainstay of the Welsh cause in Chicago for many years. In 1855 he bought a piece of land near North Point, about three miles from the city of Racine. It was a heavy timbered land at the time, but in a few years Mr. Thomas, with his untiring energy, had it cleared, and he made a perfect

garden of it. He was the first one in this part of the country to turn his attention to raising vegetables on a large scale, and to make shipments to the Chicago market, and in the meantime, this line of productions has grown to an immense business. It was Mr. Thomas's custom to turn over to the treasury of the Lord, the first returns from his shipments of his berries, and the writer is credulous enough to believe that providence smiled on him, and prospered the labor of his hands, because of his great liberality towards every good cause. Mr. Thomas was not only an indifatigable worker in matters pertaining to this world, but also in doing good to his fellow men, and in the furtherance of Christ's kingdom on earth. In 1868 he became deeply affected by the fact that so many children in the vicinity of North Point, were deprived of religious instruction, so he and his family resolved on starting a Sabbath School; and this was carried on successfully for twelve years. Most of the time it was held in their own house, and at other times in a schoolhouse in the neighborhood. Mr. Thomas and family exclusively comprised the officers and teachers of the school. Frequently the school would number forty and more. It should be mentioned that the population consisted entirely of Germans and Bohemians, and were mostly Catholics. The school met with some opposition, and many obstacles had to be overcome, but Mr. Thomas and family never wavered nor got discouraged, and in years afterwards they were rewarded by witnessing many of their Sunday School scholars joining some of the evangelical churches in the city.

Eight children were born to Mr and Mrs. Thomas, four died in early youth, and four survive, three, sons and one daughter, Eliza, wife of Arthur Jones, who is the private secretary Marshall Field Chicago and who lives at Evanston, Ill., John, Lincoln and George, living in Racine County, the two latter on the homestead at North Point.

Before the civil war Mr. Thomas was a strong anti-slavery man; and during the war he was a most loyal supporter of the government and did much towards the maintenance of the families of soldiers that went to the front. So great was his admiration of Abraham Lincoln that he named one of his sons after him. He also cherished a high regard for Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, and corresponded with him, to ascertain if he was of Welsh descent, and received a satisfactory reply from him, and he named another son after him.

Mr. Thomas was particularly fond of children, and delighted in talking to them and giving them a word of encouragement and

advice. He was a great reader, especially of religious and missionary periodicals, and he was in touch with every enterprise whose object was the advancement and bettering of mankind. The Home and Foreign Missionary Societies had no warmer friend nor a more liberal contributor.

The church of which he was a member lost a faithful and strong supporter, although, on account of his feeble state of health, he was unable to take a very active part as his wont, yet he had a warm heart toward every good movement and was an inspiration to all around him. He often said that he had never in his life enjoyed the stated means of grace as he had of late. The immediate cause of his death was a fall that he had, but his friends had noticed that he was failing very fast, and had he not met with the fall it was very evident that his life could not be very much prolonged. In 1888 he and his wife left the farm in charge of their two sons and went to Evanston, Ill., in order to be near their daughter. Two years later, the desire to be near old friends and to enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary in his native language assented itself, and Mr. Thomas bought a house on Villa st., so as to be near the church, and moved into it Sept. 1890. He appeared now to enjoy life so much and had every comfort that this world could afford him, but death came unexpected, and destroyed a happy home, and the devoted wife, and his companion for so many years, was left to mourn a most kind and affectionate husband, and the children a most tender and considerate father. Although he left his family well provided for, he left them also something that is infinitely better—a good name and a noble example.

His funeral took place at the Welsh Presbyterian church, where a large concourse of his old friends came together to pay their last tribute of respect to one they loved and honored so much. His pastor, the Rev. R. T. Roberts, M.A., delivered a most impressive discourse on the occasion.

Racine, Wis.

T. L. WILLIAMS.

WILLIE J. BOWEN.

Sorrow and gloom have invaded the household of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bowen, of Kemper Lane, Walnut Hills, by the sudden loss of their beloved and only son, Master Willie J. Bowen, aged seven years. His death occurred Friday morning, Sept. 30th, his funeral took place Sunday morning, October 2nd, Rev. John Hughes Griffiths officiating. A large number of friends came to pay their last tribute of respect on earth to that lovely and beautiful child; and the sympathy expressed in those numerous floral offerings spoke volumes. He was laid

to rest in Spring Grove Cemetery—one of the most desirable places on this earth for the mortal remains to be laid away for their last resting place. Those of us that tenderly bore his little casket felt that we were only laying that which was mortal of that dear child away; his little spirit had been taken away by an angel in the night. There was something so impressive, so pure in his very nature, that none knew him but to love him. He seemed as a bright rose only lent for a short time to the parents to rear and cherish, and then to be taken to adorn the paradise above, where only the sweetest and brightest flowers of earth are acceptable in His sight—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such a e the Kingdom of Heaven."

This visitation of Providence is indeed a very mysterious one to the parents; and God's ways are dark to them; but let them weep not, like those without hope looking forward to that happy re-union on that golden shore. Therefore, brother and sister, put your trust in God, humbly submitting, saying, "Thy will be done."

Sunday evening, Oct. 9th, a memorial service was held at College St. church, and the following program was prepared: Singing—"The Home Over There"—by the choir; Scripture reading by the pastor, J. H. Griffiths; after the prayer, Miss Gussie Lewis sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" with great tenderness and feeling. Remarks by the pastor. He chose for his text, "Suffer little children to come unto me," &c. His eulogy of little Willie was a grand effort. Following the remarks, Miss Annie Hughes sang that beautiful song, "Some Sweet Day, By and By." Her feelings were such that at times she was almost over come. The refrains—"Some Sweet Day, By and By"—were rendered very pathetically and feelingly. Miss Hughes deserves great credit for her able and conscientious work. Then came the reading of the following poem, composed for the occasion by Miss Sallie A. Lewis. Miss Lewis needs no praise at the hand of the writer, as her work is always in good taste.

#### LITTLE WILLIE.

ONLY AND BELOVED SON OF MR. AND MRS. EBENEZER BOWEN, CINCINNATI, O., who DIED  
SEPTEMBER 30, 1892.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Seven years ago a baby boy

In its little cradle lay,

That sweet bright face brought love and joy  
That made us glad all the day.

Somehow the angels found our treasure,  
They look for the best you know;  
Vainly we tried to keep our pleasure,  
But the Lord, he willed it so.

You know not the pain to part with joy,  
You know not the tears were shed  
When death carried out our only boy  
To lay in a dark cold bed.

It may be wrong to love so dearly,  
But who could forget that face  
Where only truth and beauty clearly,  
Made our boy a boy of grace.

When the bright ev'ning lamps are burning,  
When the toil of day is o'er,  
Then papa will be homeward turning,  
How sad to open the door.

Mamma'll miss the song and laughter,  
Miss the footstep in the hall,  
And the schoolroom will long hereafter  
Miss the answer, "perfect all."

When the roll in heaven is calling,  
Willie answers perfect there,  
For while on earth he knew not falling,  
It was perfect ev'rywhere.

He was a jewel we could not keep,  
A blessing briefly given;  
An angel spirit in flesh did creep,  
A little while from heaven.

Only a child, but lived not in vain,  
Memories sweet left behind,  
A heart and name that knew not a stain,  
With a thinking grasping mind.

The blossom fell from the tree of God,  
That we might know his power,  
For our idol returned to the sod  
In an unexpected hour.

We cannot see the veil of glory,  
But feel the radiance near,  
While Willie is telling the story  
That Jesus so longed to hear.

We should not weep for an angel sweet,  
Our darling is safe we know,  
We should not envy a joy complete,  
Nor wish for our love below.

We have two bright stars in heaven now,  
And our thoughts will upward fly,  
The angel will call we know not how,  
May we meet them by and by.

Also the following verses were composed  
by his Sunday School teacher, Mrs. S. P.  
Hart, Kemper Lane, Walnut Hills, Cin., O.,  
Oct. 15, 1892.

#### TO WILLIE J. BOWEN ON HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY IN HEAVEN.

You are seven years old to-day, Willie,  
Just seven years old to-day,  
Though we're on earth and you in heaven,  
You are seven years old, to-day.

Oh! what can the angels be saying, and  
What are they showing you dear?  
You must love them and trust in them ever—  
And then you will know no fear.

You may not come back to us, darling,  
But we'll soon be coming to you;  
One by one we'll surely be coming  
Coming and calling for you.

And now dear ministering spirits  
Who soar to the realms above,  
Oh! take to-day to my baby boy  
His mother's message of love,

We are sorry to record the death of Mr.  
Thomas Lewis, Columbus, O., which occurred  
on October 19th, 1892, through an accident.  
He was a man of excellent qualities and high-  
ly esteemed by all who knew him.

IN MEMORY OF MARGARET LYDIA JONES.  
Died at Brynmair, Gomer, Ohio, January 1st,  
1893, at 6:30 A.M., Lydia Jones, youngest  
daughter of the late Josiah Brynmair and  
sister of Mrs. Thomas H. Jones, Lima, Ohio.  
The funeral took place at 1 P.M., Tuesday.  
The services were held at the Gomer church.  
She was one of the sweetest Christian char-  
acters ever known. While she was yet young  
she began to serve the God of her Fathers,  
and continued faithful to the end. Her end  
was calm and peaceful, and one of her last  
sayings to her sister was, "Have you any mes-  
sage to father and mother?" It can truly be  
said of her:

"She did not die, she was too near an Angel;  
She changed one morning at break of day;  
And hand in hand, with some unseen Evangel,  
She went away.

"How blest the righteous when they die."

#### DEATH OF MR WILLIAM B. LEWIS.

More than sixty years ago Mr. William B.  
Lewis migrated from Merthyr Tydfil, South  
Wales to the United States. Fifty years ago  
he settled in Washington, D. C., and com-  
menced business as an auctioneer, a calling  
which he followed until about ten years ago,  
when he retired. Monday afternoon, Jan-  
uary 16th, he died at his residence, 910 10th  
st. Mr. Lewis, who was seventy-nine years  
of age, was a well known citizen, both in this  
community and in Baltimore. He was an  
active member of the Cambrian Society of  
this city, attending every meeting of the or-  
ganization. His funeral took place on Wed-  
nesday afternoon.

# THE CAMBRIAN,

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE WELSH-AMERICAN PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

REV. E. C. EVANS,

REMSSEN, N. Y.

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Yours very truly,

**G. T. MATTHEWS.**

# THE CAMBRIAN.

Now, go write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for all time to come for ever and ever

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Vol. XIII.

MARCH, 1893.

No. 3

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JOHN M. PUGH, ESQ.

EX-PROBATE JUDGE, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Among the various states of the union, Ohio undoubtedly holds the second place as regards the number of its Welsh population and the wealth and prosperity of its Welsh settlements. Most of them still live in those parts of the state, which were

settled by the early pioneer immigrants from Wales, and having inherited the sturdy qualities and cardinal virtues of their forefathers, a large number of them have become comparatively wealthy and prosperous and have attained to success and honor in

the various walks of life. Among these descendants of the early Welsh settlers of Ohio in the legal profession, Judge J. M. Pugh, whose portrait appears above, holds a prominent and an honorable place.

Mr. Pugh is the son of David Pugh, who came from Hay, Radnorshire, South Wales in 1801. He settled for one year at Baltimore, Md., and then in 1801 removed to what is now called Radnor, O., named by him after Radnor in Wales. At that time there was no white man within fifteen miles of him, and at first he had to make his bed on limbs of trees with blankets spread over them. While at Radnor he married a lady from Pennsylvania. He was a farmer by occupation. He spoke Welsh thoroughly. The late Dr. Chidlaw and his widowed mother lived also at that time in Radnor. In 1814, however, he moved to Truro Township, eight miles east of Columbus in Franklin Co., where he died, Oct. 24, 1858, aged 88 years, 8 months, and 15 days.

Judge J. M. Pugh was born November 7th, 1823 at Truro Township, O., where also he lived until he began to study law, Sept. 4th, 1848, at Columbus, O. He has made his home ever since in the latter place. Mr. Pugh had not thought of entering politics, but in 1851 he was nominated for township clerk and was elected by 600 majority. In 1853 he was elected auditor of the county for two terms of two years each. In 1863 he was elected Probate Judge and afterwards repeatedly for five terms of three years each, making altogether a period of 15 years. He was appointed a member of the Board of Trustees of the State Reform School for boys by Governors Hayes, Allen and Bishop, serving for five years. He was also appointed by Governor Hoadley a member of the Board of Trustees of the Intermediate Penitentiary, locat-

ed at Mansfield, Ohio, which is not yet completed. He is also a member of the Sinking Fund Board for the city of Columbus, which controls the bonds of the city, an office, however, which brings no remuneration.

After being relieved from his Judgeship, Judge Pugh has practiced law successfully, first with his son John C. L. Pugh and his nephew D. F. Pugh who is at present Judge of the Common Pleas Court, but now he has an office by himself, and carries on a large and successful law practice.

Though a zealous Democrat in politics, yet Judge Pugh, on account of his integrity and generosity is highly respected by his fellow-citizens in general, irrespective of party, as seen in the case of the Pugh Videttes, who form Company A., of the 14th regiment, and who adopted the name as a tribute of respect to Judge Pugh. He is an active member of the Broad St. Presbyterian Church and takes pride in his nationality as a thorough and enthusiastic Welshman. Judge Pugh was married in 1851 to Miss Martha F. Cook. Eight children were born to them. His wife died November 16th, 1881 and he was married the second time July 22, 1885, to Elizabeth M. Bradley of Steubenville, Ohio. Happily settled in his elegant home on Broad St., Columbus, Judge Pugh enjoys life well crowned with honor and blessing, a living example to the young and rising generation of those virtues and qualities which command success and honor.

#### THE AUTHOR OF THE WELSH NATIONAL ANTHEM,

"HEN WLAD FY NHADAU."

("The Land of my Fathers.")

BY R. JENKYN, (IWAN) IN "CYMRU"

Evan James, the author of the above well known song, was born at

Caerphilly, South Wales in 1809. His bardic name was "Ieuan ap Iago." While he was young his parents moved to reside at Bargoed, where they remained for many years. From there the young bard went to keep "The Ancient Druid Hotel" situated about midway on the highway between Argoed and Tredegar. He lived there for some time. Finally however, he moved to Heol y Felin, (Mill street), Pontypridd, where he lived the remainder of his life. The County Hotel now occupies the spot where his home and place of business stood. He died in 1888 and was buried in Carmel cemetery. His sons have erected a handsome monument on his grave to his memory.

Mr. James loved seclusion and very seldom went away from home. He was a weaver by occupation, and through perseverance he had greatly enlarged his business. When he did go away from home, it was generally to an Eisteddfod or to an Ivorite meeting; for above all else he was a Welshman, an Eisteddfodwr and an Ivorite. Although careless about his personal appearance, yet he was a respected and a welcome guest in every circle; for all knew his powers of argument and conversation.

He was noted as a bard in his time. He was called upon frequently to adjudicate in literary meetings, and his prizes and medals show that he was a dangerous competitor in Eisteddfodau. His medals and manuscripts are carefully preserved by his eldest son, James James, of Aberdare, author of the music of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau." Taliesin James, the Aberdare harpist is also a nephew of the poet. We may mention also that the late Mr. James James, Hazleton, Pa., the father of Mr. William P. James, Clerk of Court, Luzerne co., Pa., was a brother of our author.

Inscribed on the monument of the

author of the song are the following lines by his intimate friend, the late Ap Myfyr:

Yn y bedd isod mae un bydd oesau  
Yn uchel gaamawl ei haeddianawl ddoniau;  
Ein Ieuan ydoedd a'i fyw syniadau  
Unig-anedig; yn ei ganiadau  
Enaid-lwythog; a chan genedlaethau  
Egludir'n eu treigliadau—glod y gwr  
A fu yn awdwr 'Hen Wlad fy Nhadau."

He composed several other songs, but the Welsh national anthem is his chief composition. The words and the music were composed at the same time, the story of which is as follows. One Saturday evening the bard was observed to be in a deep meditative mood at his home on Heol y Felin; and on Sunday morning he sent to ask his son, who lived near, to come to see him with his harp in the evening. The son came while people were in church. When Mrs. James came home from the Baptist church, she reproved her son for bringing his harp on the Sabbath. Her son reminded her of David and his harp. They were, however, at work on the national anthem. Evan James, the father held a slate in his hand, while the son played with his fingers on the strings, so the words were carefully arranged for the music of the harp. On Monday morning the two last verses were finished; for only one verse was composed on the Sunday.

In our days many and various sentiments are associated with these words in the mind and heart of every Welshman, thoughts of home and youth and love and country; the history of many heroes who gave their lives in battle for Wales; the unsurpassed beauties of its vales and rivers; the rugged mountain heights which hide themselves in the clouds; the treachery of the invaders; the immortality of Cambria's muse of song and harp and the patriotic prayer that the language of Wales may

live—all this song, and spring up as sacred thoughts in the minds of our fellow-countrymen in every part of the world.

### THE WELSH IN AMERICA.

BY THOS. L. JAMES, EX-POSTMASTER GENERAL,  
NEW YORK.

ADDITIONAL FACTS FURNISHED BY GEN. JAMES—PROMINENT WELSH-AMERICANS NOT INCLUDED IN THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE—SOME LETTERS WHICH CONTAIN INFORMATION BEARING UPON THE SUBJECT—REMINISCENCES BY A VETERAN WELSHMAN.

Since my article was published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, I have been made painfully conscious of its many defects. First and foremost, I neglected to refer to Richard Francis, the honored father of Hon. John M. Francis, Troy, N. Y., and to state that the letter of introduction he bore, which gave him audience with Gen. Washington, was from no less a personage than the commoner, William Pitt, who ruled Great Britain for a quarter of a century. I failed to mention John T. Davies, an eminent merchant of this city, one of the ex-presidents of our Saint David's society, a man of the highest character, who has worked his way to his present enviable position by his untiring energy and spotless integrity; Hon. Richard J. Lewis, a leading member of the assembly of last year, and his successor, Hon. David Morgan Hildreth, sr., the genial proprietor of the Metropolitan hotel and the West End hotel, Long Branch; that glorious young Welsh-American, Howell C. Rees, who will be heard from in the future if his life be spared; Prof. Price of Columbia college; Hon. Henry M. Edwards of Scranton, Pa.; the late Daniel Jones, and his six-times millionaire son, David Jones the

great brewer; Rev. John Williams, pastor of the Oliver street Baptist church, and his famous son, William R. Williams, D.D., one of the most learned and eloquent of the Baptist pulpit orators; Rev. William Rowlands, a preacher of earnestness and power; William Roberts, the former pastor of the Thirteenth street church; also Thomas R. Morgans, Esq., Alliance, O., President of the Morgan Engineering Co.; Hon. Anthony Howells, Massillon, O., ex-senator and treasurer of the State of Ohio; W. J. Morgan, Esq., Cleveland, O., the lithographer, and who has one of the largest lithographing establishments in the world; Judge J. M. Jones, Cleveland, O., who is a brother of Senator J. P. Jones of Nevada; Reva. E. D. Morris, D.D., and W. H. Roberts, D.D., both professors in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, O.; also the late Professor Llywelyn J. Evans, D. D., of the same institution; Hon. Llywelyn Breese, ex-Secretary of State, Portage, Wis.; Hon. Arthur L. Thomas, Governor of Utah; the late Governor Bebb, of Ohio; Hon. Horatio Gates Jones; Mr. David Jones and Mr. J. F. Jones, Mining Engineer of Philadelphia; Hon. Daniel Edwards, Kingston, Pa.; and ex-Senator Morgan B. Williams, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Hon. D. M. Jones, Postmaster at Scranton; and Benjamin Hughes, Esq., General Superintendent of Mines under D. L. and W. R. R. Co.; Professor Ralph Thomas, of Colgate University; Col. Evan Morris, Girard, O., one of the Presidential electors for the State of Ohio; John R. Morris, Esq., Niles, O.; and John Jarrett, late U. S. Consul to Birmingham, Eng.; and Charles T. Jones, merchant, Broadway, New York, and a vast army of others, who have by their industry and ability made the Welsh name illustrious in the United States.

The *Utica Y Drych* of February

12 takes me thus gracefully to task :

Er crystal ydyw, drwg genym fod yr Anrh. Thos. L. James yn ei ysgrif ar y "Cymry yn y T. U.," wedi gadael allan enwau Cymry mor enwog a'r Llywodraethwr Humphrey, Kansas, y cyn Lyw. Evans, Colorado, ac eraill.

That sterling Cambrian, the late Mr. T. R. Hughes of Scranton, Pa., wrote : "Did you know that Daniel Webster had a Welsh mother, and that Beecher and Talmage are of Welsh descent?" I presume this will be as new to your readers as it is to me.

Rev. T. D. Jones, rector of Caerwent, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire, in a letter to Rev. D. Parker Morgan, rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, says : "If I were younger I should have tried for a holiday in America, to see my brother at Reading, and my nephews, who have an iron foundry in Nashville, Tenn. Their father introduced iron smelting into that state, and he cast the first cannon for the confederacy. His name was Samuel Emlyn Jones."

An enthusiastic Welshman, A. B. Betha, sends me the following letter from Birmingham, Ala. It is so full of information that I ask to have it published in full :

"I write to call your attention to a colony of Welshmen in South Carolina. Early in the last century there settled in a locality still known as 'Welsh Neck,' in and around Society Hill, Darlington county, S. C., some fifty families from Wales. Their descendants still live there and in the adjoining counties of Marion, Marlborough, Chesterfield and Sumter. They are the Evanses, of whom was Gen. George A. Evans, a graduate of West Point and a distinguished soldier in the late war ; the Morgans, one of whom, Col. George W. Morgan, now represents that district in congress ; the Lydes ; the Idrys, one of whom was recently elected to the United States senate in place of Wade Hamp-

ton ; the Rogerses ; the Ellerbees, one of whom, W. H. Ellerbee, was recently elected comptroller general of the state of South Carolina ; the Culps, the Cashes and others. You will find a sketch of this colony in 'Old Cheraw,' a book now out of print, a few copies of which can yet be had, written by Bishop Gregg of Texas, giving the history of all the families of prominence in eastern South Carolina."

William Griffith of Covington, Ky., in a charming epistle, takes issue with me, as follows :

"I have read your able article, 'The Welsh in the United States,' with great interest, and I may say amusement as well. I wish, however, to make a correction. You say that David R. Thomas of Pennsylvania made the first iron from anthracite coal in the United States. That is not so. I know all the parties interested, viz.: David Thomas of Cata-saqua, Pennsylvania ; Burd Patterson, Old Tom David, Old Ben Perry and Abraham Pott of Pottsville. The facts are as follows : Anthracite iron was first made in South Wales by Mr. Crane. It resulted from the invention of hot blast by Mr. Neilson. David R. Thomas was engaged at Mr. Crane's works in South Wales, and after having made iron from the anthracite coal of South Wales (called by us stone coal), he came to the United States and induced Philadelphia capitalists to invest in a furnace on the Lehigh. In the meanwhile Burd Patterson had built the Pioneer furnace at Pottsville and had failed to make iron from the coal, until Tom David and Ben Perry undertook to make the iron, and they were the first to make iron from the anthracite coal of the United States. This fact David R. Thomas himself admitted to me in 1864 or 1865. Burd Patterson (for whom and other coal and iron owners I was sent to Eng-

land, Scotland and Wales to examine and report on the improvements in iron and steel in 1866, with a letter to Dr. Bailey of Glasgow, Scotland, from the governor of Pennsylvania, A. Curtin,) told me the story of making anthracite iron in the United States by Old Tom David and Old Ben Perry. As I said, I knew them all personally. Tom David came from Beaufort, Monmouthshire, South Wales; Ben Perry came from the British Iron Works, Monmouth, South Wales. I say, 'Honor to whom honor is due.'

"It was John Hughes, John Jones and William Williams who built the locomotive for Trevethic at Pen y Daren Iron Works, Merthyr Tydfil. Trevethic was a Cornishman of Welsh descent. My father, a boy, rode on the train of trams that the engine took down to the basin with the iron in them. Old Evan Trevethic handled the throttle-valve, but they had no brakes and the engine could not be stopped after she started, and when they came to the tunnel the smoke-stack was too tall, but as it was built of brick, down it went on Trevethic's head, who still held his place, until the train got to the basin. There the engine went with force into the ditch and stuck there. The engine was built to win a wager made by Mr. Humphrey of Pen y Daren with Crawshay of Cyfarthfa, that he would take a load of iron by means of a locomotive to the basin, where the iron was loaded into boats. The engine had cogwheels to mesh in a tram rack. This tram rack was made of cast iron, and the weight of the iron, my father said, broke every plate, so that if the engine was all right, they would have to build a new track to bring her back, but, as Mr. Humphrey said, 'that was not the bet.' It was to take the iron to the basin, not to come back, and he won the thousand pounds. I have

seen myself an old Trevethic engine, with cogwheels, also the tram rack in operation.

"When I lived in New York, in 1853, and again during the war, Welshmen met for a social chat at St. David's hall, Canal street.

"Sir Humphrey Davy's invention of the safety lamp was the greatest invention for miners of coal that was ever made, and he was a Cornishman of Welsh descent. This one invention has saved hundreds of thousands of lives, and, in fact, intelligently handled, makes the miner's life safe.

"I fail to see, as you do, that we have no princes. I ask who was Llywellyn ap Griffith or Iestyn ap Gwrgant, Tywysog Morganwg. I remember seeing a coin of the last prince with my brother, who sold it to old Dr. Price of Pontypridd, Glamorgan-shire. The Welsh knew no more about election than the Scotch clans did.

"When a young man, I visited the exposition in London, in 1851, and went to a social gathering of Welshmen. One afternoon I heard a song sung. I can remember the following:

"When hump-back Richard wore the crown,  
As regent of this land,  
No threat could keep the tyrant down,  
No force his power withstand.

"Till Richmond to the Welsh appealed,  
Whose call they did obey,  
And conquered Dick on Bosworth's field,  
Upon St. David's day."

"In regard to the style of language Shakespeare makes Fluellen use, you say you never heard used by any of your countrymen. Well, sir, I have. I remember at Old Chester hearing a Welshman disputing as to the mode of killing a goose, and when the other party failed to kill a goose at once, he said: 'Didn't I told you that the goose wouldn't kill?' Now, these are facts of to-day, and what must be 300 years ago? Monmouthshire, my own coun-

ty, in the eastern part, is, I think, worse than any other county.

"Two hundred years ago there was no coal mine in Wales. Two hundred and fifty years ago a steam engine was built and operated at Raglan castle by the Marquis of Worcester. This was the first to do what was claimed for it."

I have also received the following:

"Utica, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1891.—

*My Dear Mr. James:* I was much interested in reading your article on 'The Welsh in America,' and as I am in direct line, eighth generation, from an own cousin of Oliver Cromwell (Robert Williams of Roxbury, 1537, from whom most of the New England Williams came), you see I have special pride in your glowing tribute to our noble ancestors, coming from the most beautiful part of all Great Britain. They were a noble race from a lovely country; and there they did more than any other nation to perpetuate religious liberty, good principles and love of freedom, the blessings of which in every avenue of our present civilization we are enjoying every day that we live.

Excuse my prolixity, but I could not help thanking you for the pleasure your article afforded me. Very sincerely yours,  
R. S. WILLIAMS."

The writer of the above letter is president of the Oneida National Bank of Utica, and the late S. Wells Williams of that city was his brother. His father, William Williams, was the first printer in Utica.

So I plead guilty to these sins of commission and omission, and urging my inability to compress a gallon measure into a pint cup, I throw myself upon the mercy of the court.

Seriously, though, if my very faulty article and the discussion it has evoked, shall induce some clever literary man to collect together the scattered facts and traditions regarding the

"Welsh in the United States," I will feel that my work has not been lost and that I have done something for the race to which we have the honor to belong.

## THE UNCHANGING CHRIST.\*

BY PRINCIPAL EDWARDS, D.D., BALA.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.—Hebrews xiii. 8.

It is generally considered that in the connection of this verse with the preceding and following ones, according to the general view, at least in our own country, it has been for a very long time, that the author uses the unchangeableness of Jesus Christ in contrast to the passing away of the martyrs mentioned in the previous verse. "Remember the end of their conversation." Remember your leaders "who have spoken unto you the word of God," who first preached the gospel to you—to these Hebrews—"whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation." And remember that the object of their faith is still living, and that He also was not only the Captain of your salvation, but the Captain of your faith. Partly that is the same, for the end of conversation is the same pass in the mountains, over the highlands of a glorious hope, and the same pass into the highlands of liberty and joy.

So Jesus Christ is still alive, as the object of your faith, as He was also the object of their faith. But recent commentators—I find Bishop Westcott among them—break off all connections between this verse and the previous one, and begin a new chapter at the eighth verse. And from there, at the ninth, "Jesus Christ yesterday and to-day the same, and

\*Sermon preached at the Central Hall, on Monday evening, Nov. 7th, in connection with the Congress of the Evangelical Free Churches, held at Manchester.



for ever. Therefore be not carried away, or aside, from that central faith in the one single object of faith; be not carried aside from that centre with various strange doctrines"—begin the new chapter. For my part I see no objection to combining the two views. He exhorts these Christian Hebrews to cling to Christ, the living Christ; not to lose Jesus Christ even for doctrines, however true those doctrines may be, much less to lose Him in false doctrines and private opinions which have not the warrant of Scripture. Jesus Christ the same Captain to-day; "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." As the living Head of His Church; so the permanent Church continues to live in the life of Christ. Doctrines may change, and therefore while doctrines pass away on the one hand, Christ remains. And He remains to us, with all the difference of doctrines which we must accept according to the tendency of the age in which we live. Just as He remained the same though He died, so He remains the same though doctrines change. For it is as true of true doctrines as it is of false, that they vary with varying ages. There is no complete system of theology. No one has found the whole truth. That is the explanation of our meeting in Congress. Every man is a fragment, but no man has the whole, and all of us put together have only fragments, and have not yet discovered that full-orbed system which contains the whole truth. But Jesus Christ is the same; and when we cannot understand or square one doctrine with another, and fail to make a complete system, we are unacquainted with each little system, yet Jesus Christ is the same always, because He is the full-orbed truth; because He is the Truth itself. Fragments will change because they are fragments; He can-

not change because He is not a fragment.

Again, doctrines, not varying, but "strange." Perhaps a better word would be foreign. Doctrines may be foreign, imported into the Church, not growing out of the native soil of Christianity, but coming in from abroad. Truths may be discovered by men who do not acquiesce in their existence, and perhaps there has been no age in which doctrines so many and so important have been discovered by men not Christians as in our own age. And we cannot afford to neglect any truth whoever discovers it. If it is true, Christianity possesses the power of assimilating and making part and parcel of itself new doctrines. It is the grand characteristic of Christian thinkers that they can turn a secondary truth about spiritual things into a Christian doctrine in such a way that the new doctrine will help them. And if Christianity has not the power of assimilation, that proves that it is already dead. Whatever is true may become Christian. It belongs to the God of truth; it ought to be at the service of Jesus Christ, who is the Truth.

And still, though doctrines may be assimilated, they pass away. For all these imported doctrines, however true and glorious they are, have their day, and very soon something new appears which is a greater truth, not because the other is false, but because the greater truth has swallowed that, and we do not require that other rudimentary form of truth any more. Therefore be not too much absorbed by intellectual doctrines; do not make your Christianity depend on certain systems or creeds, for at the best they are fragmentary, and very often they are not the natural growth of the Church itself. But as of Jesus Christ it would not be correct to say that He lives in His Church—indeed

it is not correct to say. The Church lives in Him. It would not be right to say that He is the growth of Christianity; Christianity is a growth out of Him. And therefore cling to Jesus Christ. Let martyrs pass away; let even doctrines pass away, but "Jesus Christ is the same," unchangeable. Unchangeable! He never passes away—"yesterday, to-day, and for ever." That, I think, is the connection of the verse.

But the words not only have a living connection with the context, but they may be regarded also as a good motto for the whole sum and substance of this great book. The object of the author seems to be to teach the unchangeableness of Jesus Christ. After perusal of it one feels despondent; it is a gloomy statement, and evidently there is an anti-Christian love. But separated from its object it almost reminds you sometimes of the Book of Ecclesiastes. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." He speaks of the powers of nature, as in the first chapter, simply to tell us that it passes away. And then he brings in the objective religion. To make the covenant stable; and then he shows that even that decays and comes to old age, and is ready to vanish away. And what can you have more than this fundamental loss of God's creation as the basis of your systems and hopes on the one hand, and that glorious revelation of God Himself as the covenant God of His chosen people on the other hand. And both pass away. No one, indeed, can come from without to destroy them. Hope was ready even before He came, before Christianity came, to vanish away; and Christianity came in due time, not too late, when humanity had lost all hope. For that was an age in which men were losing hope—the age in which Jesus Christ appeared. Men did not believe in anything beyond

the ken of their natural sight or the reach of their hands. They believed in nothing that was not material. And because they did not believe in any principle inherent in the material world, all was passing away. Men were losing hope—hope of humanity. And suicide was the fashion, even among philosophers. At first sight it seems as if that tendency was to take that, and pass it aside, but if with more careful study—that is, if you make a great effort to enter into the man's own life and spirit—it is otherwise. He does admit that heaven and earth shall pass away, but then they are only for a moment, and the abiding Person, the Son of God, does not pass away. Jesus Christ is the son of God, and therefore He has worn the powers of nature as a raiment. We may change our raiment. And so with the old religion. There are elements in it which have been taken up, or, as we said before, assumed—assimilated by Christianity so that, in a word, it is true that Christianity grows out of the old Testament. It is that the Old Testament is rudimentary Christianity, and the Old Testament saints had the same faith as the New Testament saints. They belong to us; they are our brothers; they are fellow-heathens; and Christianity lives on, carrying with it into the new life this principle that God revealed to the old. And therefore he gathers together in the verse which I have read all the things which cannot be shaken. We have, "Yet once more signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken . . . that the things which cannot be shaken may remain"—that, in fact and in name too, they pass away; they had a beginning and they must have an end. This creation will be removed as a thing that was made. "Wherefore we, receiving a Kingdom that cannot be removed . . .

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

(To be Continued.)

### A MODERN CHARGE TO A PASTOR.

MR. EDITOR:—The accompanying paper was picked up among the sweepings of our pastor's study (which joins the pulpit) after a minister's meeting. As our minister denies any ownership of it, and does not recognize the handwriting, I send it to you for publication, in hopes it may find its way back to its author. Our pastor thinks it must be the rough draft of an address not yet delivered. The sentiments and style, he says, are somewhat different from old-fashioned charges, but evidently suited to the times. I don't know exactly what he means by a charge.

"A charge to keep I have."

or is it what you put into a gun?

Yours to command, THE SEXTON.

"CHARGE TO THE PASTOR."

"*My Young Brother*—It has fallen to my lot, on this auspicious occasion, to present you some words of advice and counsel on entering upon the work of the ministry. The time was when such words as Paul addressed to Timothy and Titus were regarded as fitting advice to those who were to preach the gospel. But times have changed, and we must change with them.

"I. Remember that your time in the ministry will be short. What you do in the way of preaching and other labors must be accomplished before you are fifty years old. After that you will cease to be a young man, and no other church will care to secure your services, as you will be getting old. You may imagine that the rich experience, and the fruits of long labor and study, with the ripen-

ing piety, and the tender memories of scenes of of trial through which you and your people have passed together, will make you still a useful pastor, even though here and there gray hairs are upon you. But you will find yourself mistaken. The profession of the ministry is an exception to all other pursuits, where experience and wisdom are valuable. And as you find yourself approaching middle-life, even though your eye is not dim, nor your natural force abated, you must expect to receive very plain hints that your services are no longer acceptable to your congregation. Work, then, while the day lasts: and do what you can to fill up the fund for the support of aged and infirm ministers, by which, sooner or later, you must be supported, unless you are the fortunate son of a rich father or have married an heiress.

II. Study to show yourself a workman approved of the deacons and managers of the church. You are dependent upon them for your living, and you must seek to give good satisfaction to your employers, especially to such as have no connection with the church. The old notions of fidelity to truth and to conscience must give way before our modern and improved plans of so preaching that the financial affairs of the congregation shall be in a flourishing condition. The amount of your salary will depend upon the collections; and it is natural and proper that you should endeavor to please those who have this matter in hand and aid them in their arduous work, and that all thoughts of edifying the church should give way to that of having a full treasury.

"III. As this, then, is to be your great work, I propose to present a few hints that may aid you therein.

"1st. Secure, in the first place, the aid of the press. Get a few reporters to trumpet your praises and call you

an eloquent preacher, and the world will be sure to believe them, and run after you. If your means will not permit you to hire them, write the notices yourself, and have them inserted week after week. The thing will pay in the end, and you and your church will be brought before the public. Barnum tried this plan, and was eminently successful. There is nothing like advertising.

"2nd. Select for your themes of discussion such topics as will be sure to attract attention. Paul's determination not to know anything, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, would not draw him large audiences in these days. The old doctrines of justification by faith, of Divine sovereignty, &c., will not be popular themes. As you will have to select texts from the Bible, you must take such as will bear to be used in connection with the current topics of the day. It will be well to take up some course of subjects which will attract for their oddity. Most of these themes have been used several times already. There are a few more left, which I would advise you promptly to seize upon. A very profitable course of sermons might be made from the 'Fools of the Bible.' Another might be the 'Sensational preachers of the Bible;' such as the old serpent, with his first text, 'Thou shalt not surely die,' and Zedekiah with his horns of iron. Another capital series would be the 'Asses of the Bible,' including such texts as 'Saddle *me* (the ass), and they saddled *him*,' closing up with the text 'Am not I thine ass?'

"3d. Take advantage of all the events of the day to draw full houses, by preaching on whatever subjects seem to be attracting popular attention. If a prize-fight occurs, you can advertise that you will preach upon it in the evening, and be sure of a crowded church. So also you can use

to advantage boat club regattas, base ball contests, firemen's parades, new fashions in dress, and political factions. All these things, if well advertised, will be sure to take.

4th. Be funny. Cast aside all those antiquated notions of seriousness and solemnity which once prevailed in regard to the ministry. People go to church now to be amused. As they cannot go to negro minstrels and burlesque theaters on Sunday, they must find similar pleasures in the church. Get up a laugh, then, as often as your subject will allow. It will prepare the way for the serious part of your discourse, (if you have any,) or will relieve the mind after some affecting appeal to the heart and conscience. It is a very dry thing to sit all through a service and hear only solemn statements of old-fashioned doctrines. Turn sin into ridicule. It is a ridiculous thing, and ought to be shown up in its true colors. Don't be frightened if you succeed in getting occasionally a good round of applause. It will help to fill up the church, and to increase the collections and give you a large salary.

"You may also do a great deal of good by writing funny articles for the papers. It will increase your popularity. You may secure the same end also by giving funny lectures. Everybody loves a good hearty laugh; it aids digestion, and helps one to grow fat.

"5th. Be dramatic. A great many people have serious objections to the theatre; yet everybody knows how much a man can do who has dramatic power. Act out your sermons. Set the gospel before your hearers as a player does the character he assumes. Turn your pulpit into a stage, and allow yourself ample room for the exercise of your talent. You know how much of the success of some of our [popular lecturers depend upon

their ability as actors. They show you the drunkard and the gambler as he is, and everybody is pleased. Why not make use of this power in the pulpit?

Pantomime is a wonderful art, which will have eventually to be taught in our Seminaries, instead of theology and Hebrew. The advancing tide of popular religious sentiment will soon displace our antiquated Professors from their chairs, and put in their places men who can meet the demands of the age by teaching the art of burlesque, and the science of fun.

Learn, also, to train your voice and to deliver your sermon in a rhythmic tone of voice, like the old Welsh *hwyf*. It is not necessary to have with it the real original and old time inspiration from above; nor is it necessary to have great, weighty and burning thoughts in your sermon. You may give utterance to the commonest platitudes and the most stereotyped phrases; but if they are delivered with a rhythmic tone of voice and with an exertion that opens the pores of perspiration, the people will enjoy the rhythmic sounds though they be empty, and will regard you as one of the greatest living preachers.

"6th. Lastly, seek to impress upon your people the fact that the gospel has never been faithfully preached until you began the work. Turn the shafts of your ridicule upon all the old ministers who used to read to their hearers written sermons on the doctrines and duties of religion. But do it with the air and appearance of modesty and humility, even though you have none of these feelings; it will *appear* so much better and it will not, in the least, lessen your great superiority. They never preached about science and philosophy and temperance as you do; John Elias, Williams o'r Wern and

Christmas Evans were mere children compared with you. Beecher, and Humphrey, and Hewit played on penny whistles when contrasted with your brass trumpet. They never could give such rebukes to sin as you do. The thunders of Edwards and Tennant and Davies were as the purring of a juvenile cat compared with the loud braying of your voice when rebuking the wickedness of the age. Keep it before the people, then, my brother, that we have entered upon a new era, of which you are the master spirit. You will firmly believe it yourself, and, if you keep at it, you will make your people believe so, and then your success is certain. If your conscience should stand in the way of your work, and thoughts of the future meeting between you and your people arise to dim your ardor, put them aside, or be contented to drop out of sight—to fall behind the age—satisfied if at last you may hear from another voice than human lips, the plaudit, Well done!"

### SOME OF THE OLD WELSH PREACHERS.

BY REV. D. BURFORD HOOKE.

OWEN THOMAS, D.D.—JOHN THOMAS, D.D.—  
JOHN ELIAS.

(From the Sunday at Home for October, 1892.)

On page 505 of the present volume of the *Sunday at Home*, will be found a poem by Lewis Morris, entitled "At the Meeting Field." It will not be without interest to say that the "old man eloquent" to whom the poet refers was the Rev. Owen Thomas, D.D., whose name stands at the heading of this sketch. Since the first sketch was written Dr. Thomas has passed away, and now he has been followed by his younger brother, to whom reference was made in the same paper, the Rev. John Thomas, D.D. They were two of the foremost Welsh

preachers of this century, and with their decease one of the last links between the old and new generations has been broken. They were men of unrivalled power, and the Welsh pulpit and the Welsh people are poorer because they are gone, though Welsh life has been enobled because they lived.

Dr. Owen Thomas was born on December 16th, 1812, and thus was nearly nine years older than his brother, who was born on February 3rd, 1821. Holyhead was the birthplace of both, but owing to their parents removing in 1823 to Bangor the younger brother spent his boyhood in the cathedral city on the banks of the Menai.

The parents, though poor were among the salt of the earth. His mother was a "sweet singer of Israel," and at one time her hymns were very popular at Welsh gatherings; but they were never collected, and as they only appeared in fugitive form they passed away with her. The hymn book had not then come into general use in Welsh gatherings. She was a woman, it is said, of more than ordinary ability, and possessed a strong will. The father, who was deacon of a Calvinistic Methodist church, was a man of very devout and intense feeling; but he died comparatively young, so that the burden of the home life became very heavy. As the oldest son, Owen resolved that a share of the burden should rest upon him, and he became a worker in the stone quarries. Meanwhile he had given evidence of being the possessor of very marked ability.

When a mere child he was proficient both in reading and writing. As only a few persons could at that time write their own letters, young Owen soon became the general letter writer. Though this work brought him little remuneration, yet it proved to be ex-

cellent training. It is said that he insisted on those who sought his help stating the substance of what they wished to have communicated, and thus he retained the liberty of writing the letter in his own words. His mother, when living in Holyhead, journeyed to all parts of Anglesea to hear the great itinerant preachers of those days, taking her son with her. This, too, formed a useful educational process, for the men and their methods, as well as their messages were discussed, and so Owen, early in life, began to realize the greatness of the true preacher. He began to take down the outline of the sermons to which he listened. This habit he continued for many years and it used to be said that he was more particular, when a child, in writing down the sermons of others, than when he became a man in writing his own.

When his father died he was eighteen years of age, the oldest son of a family of eight children, so he had to work hard to support his widowed mother. Yet the cultivation of heart and mind went on. Whilst working in the Penrhyn Quarries his powers as a debater were tested. The dinner-hour was occupied with controversies on theological and ecclesiastical subjects. There is a story told that in one of these debates, Owen Thomas, who often took a leading part, pointed out the difference between natural and moral power, as it is explained; thus he gained a complete victory over his opponent. He rose at four every morning, winter and summer, devoting the hours before work to hard study. Some one gave him a copy of Jonathan Edwards on "The Will." This he read seven times, whilst pursuing his work as a mason! Mosheim's "Church History" he mastered one winter, in the early hours which preceded his daily work.

It soon became evident that God.

had a place for him in His service. The church to which he belonged recognized this, and called him to its ministry. Strange to say his first sermon was in the open air, and he became the prince of open air preachers. It was on the "meeting field" that he won his greatest victories, for over fifty years, he, like his brother, was a great *Cymanfa* preacher. The chapel which he attended was being rebuilt, and so the evening services were held in the open air, and there he preached his first sermon in 1834. The news of that sermon quickly spread; invitations to preach soon reached him from all parts of the district, and in 1838 he preached for the first time at a *Cymanfa* in Pembroke-shire. It may be of interest to note that at one of these gatherings, held in 1852, at Bangor, Charles Dickens was among the congregation. In writing an account of the service, the great novelist expressed his opinion that no other living orator could have kept together such a vast concourse of people on such a broiling hot day "as that Welsh preacher. And," said he, although I did not understand anything that was said, except the word 'Chalmers,' I could not tear myself away from the spot until the sermon was over." A great tribute this to Dr. Thomas's power as an orator.

In 1838 he entered Bala College, being one of its first students. From Bala he went to Edinburgh, there he came under the influence of Dr. Chalmers and of Sir William Hamilton. Want of funds alone prevented him taking his degree. An incident connected with his University life, and that of a fellow student, John Parry, is worthy of record. At the close of their first session, they found to their dismay that they had not sufficient money left to take them home. They however were able to pay their way to Glasgow, and there they resolved

to throw themselves on the good nature of the captain of the boat going to Liverpool. They told him that they were Welshmen preparing for the ministry, but their funds were so low they had not sufficient to pay their fares. They asked if he would allow them to go by his boat, and on its arrival in Liverpool, one of them would remain on board with the joint luggage as security while the other went to procure the needful money. The shrewd, but kind-hearted captain, a Scotchman, consented, conditional on their promising to "obey orders." The promise was given. By-and-by the dinner bell was rung, much as they would have liked, the young Welshmen could not respond to it. Soon the captain sent for them with a request to "obey orders," by joining him at dinner; this they gladly did, and at the meals which followed. When Liverpool was reached they promptly prepared to carry out their bargain, but the captain released them with, "Gentlemen, you can both go ashore, together with your luggage, for I think I can trust you to return with the money." When later they returned he refused to accept a panny-piece from them; with a kindly smile he said, "Good-bye, gentlemen, accept of my hospitality, and may God bless you both."

Dr. Thomas was ordained in 1844 at Bangor. His first pastorate was at Pwllheli, thence he removed to Newtown, and in 1851 to London. In that great city he did a lasting work among the Welsh inhabitants—a work, the abiding influence of which is felt to this day. To the end of his life he was known in many parts of the Principality as "Owen Thomas, London." The late Thomas Jones used to declare that there were only two preachers in London—Thomas Binney and Owen Thomas." When in London he occasionally preached in Eng-

lish, generally for Dr. James Hamilton, the then famous minister of Regent's Square Presbyterian Church. In 1865 he left London for Liverpool, became minister of what is locally known as "The Welsh Cathedral," in Princes Road Park Road. While he held those important pastorates outside of Wales, his intimate connection with the Principality remained. He attended nearly all the great association meetings, where his wise counsels were most helpful, and he was rarely absent from a *Cymunfa* platform.

He was a writer of the first rank. The Welsh language has no more charming biographies than his *Memoirs of John Jones, Talysarn*, and *Henry Rees*, while his *New Testament Commentaries* are invaluable. One of his essays in *Y Traethodydd* on "Lampeter Theology," at the time of the "Essays and Reviews" controversy attracted much attention, and the late Dr. Rowland Williams acknowledged that it was the only article on the subject, the writer of which clearly understood his position. He collected a magnificent library, one of the largest, it is said, which any minister ever possessed. He revelled in his books, yet he would leave his studies to preach to a few people in a mission room. He preached with all his soul the gospel of the grace of God. While the thoughtful and cultured were fascinated, yet "the common people heard him gladly." The Rev. Dr. Hughes, who had long and close friendship with him, said truly at his funeral that Dr. Thomas formed a right conception, a high ideal of what preaching should be and what it should aim at. In his earnest warning to the sinner to turn from the error of his ways, he was master of the assembly and unequaled in his personal appeal.

He died on August 2nd, 1891, from sheer exhaustion. The text of his

last sermon gives the key to his life: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." To him Christ was all in all.

Dr. John Thomas in early life came under the influence of Dr. Arthur Jones, and while his brother continued a member of the communion to which their parents belonged, he himself joined the Congregational body and became one of its most honored leaders. The necessities of the home compelled him to work so as to help his mother in meeting the claims of her family. He was so placed as to hear much that was said on both sides in theological disputes which just then were occupying the thoughts of Welshmen. This led him to read everything he could get bearing upon the points in dispute. In the end he left the denomination in which he had been trained. About the same time the temperance question was being pressed to the front, the first meeting ever held in Wales for the advocacy of total abstinence was held in Bangor May 4th, 1834. This young Thomas attended, and at the end affixed his name to the total abstinence pledge. The deed was characteristic of the man, for in those days few movements were more unpopular, especially in a city like Bangor, than the cause of temperance. But throughout his life Dr. Thomas never asked if a movement was popular; but always, "Is it right?" If he was convinced of its righteousness, at all cost he supported it. He used to urge the claims of such movements upon the Christian Church, maintaining, to quote his own words, that "no religious body can secure itself in the affections of a nation unless it takes interest in those questions which the people think belong to their political liberty and their social elevation." The pledge thus taken in boyhood was faithfully kept



to the very close of life. Dr. Thomas publicly acknowledged on several occasions that, under God, he owed everything in life to the simple act of signing the temperance pledge.

The church at Bangor, of which he was a member, soon recognized his ability. In 1839, when eighteen years old, he preached for the first time. Three years later (June 15th, 1842), he was ordained to the ministry and recognised as pastor of the church at Bwlchneydd, in Carmarthenshire. The intervening period was spent in preparation at Marton School, Salop, and at the Ffrwdvale Academy.

Like his brother, he soon became popular as a preacher, for in the year following his ordination he was a "*Pregethwr Cymanfa*"—an Association preacher—an honor never before or since bestowed on so young a man. But that position he held to the end. It is said that he preached at no less than 120 *Cymanfuoedd*; often twice or thrice; and generally in the open air—a service unique in the history of his denomination, equally only by the service which his brother rendered to Welsh Methodism. It was, however, but a small part of his labors in this direction. Altogether he preached not less than 13,000 times, being an average of 250 times a year, for fifty years. Of the nearly 1000 Welsh chapels belonging to the Congregational body, it is said that there is not one in which he had not preached.

The opinion which the old minister gave, as to modern ministers coaxing the people and not facing them as did the old prophets, who came direct from the mountains, with "Thus saith the Lord," cannot be applied to Dr. Thomas. He once declared that whilst it was true as to the fearless declaration of the old preachers, yet he could not admit that it was correct as to the

"coaxing" of the generation to which he belonged. His words uttered nearly twelve years ago in Mid-Wales deserved to be placed on record. "The old men," he said, "preached the truth as it is in Jesus without any hesitation, and they brought every truth to centre in His cross. Their hearts were burning with the love of Christ and a strong desire to save souls. The Word of God was in them as a burning fire shut up in their bones, and they could not stay. They felt that necessity was laid upon them and that woe would be to them if they preached not the Gospel. They cared nothing for their pay, because preaching was their meat and drink; and they would not be bribed to be silent." "It is all very well," he added, "that others think of paying a minister, but the true preacher forgets all such things because of the delight which he has in his work." In such words he truly described himself. He toiled most unselfishly, making no pecuniary gain, anxious only for the advancement of God's kingdom.

Like his brother he was called upon to fill the highest office in his denomination, first in Wales and then in England. Probably he achieved his greatest success as an orator in delivering his address from the chair of the Welsh Union. His subject was "Denominational Theology," and so powerfully did it impress his hearers, that, like the speaker, they lost themselves in the theme. Its effects have been described as "electrical," for when the speaker's voice was hushed, the audience gave vent to its feelings in a most remarkable manner, and it was only with great difficulty that the business of the Assembly could be resumed.

He was also a voluminous contributor to the vernacular press, and it would be impossible to make anything

like an adequate list of his writings. Among his works may be mentioned his "History of the Temperance Movement," several volumes of sermons, Memoirs of Rev. John Davies and Dr. Thomas Rees. With the latter he edited the "History of the Independent Churches of Wales," in four large volumes, to which he added a fifth a few months ago. For upwards of twenty-five years he edited *Y Tyst*, a weekly denominational paper, the first page of which was usually occupied with notes from his pen, signed, "Lladmerydd." These notes were regarded as among the best of their kind, they were written in chaste language, and in excellent spirit on all kinds of subjects. It was said of a well-known Welsh bishop, that in the town where he resided, prior to his appointment to the episcopacy, he weekly sought in its public reading room to see what "Lladmerydd" had written, regarding his notes as both interesting and valuable.

(To be concluded in next number.)

## HYMN TRANSLATION.

"Gwell ganddo nag halogi  
Cyflawnder pur y Tad, &c."

Christ, that eternal justice  
Might ever spotless be,  
Stained crimson with his life-blood  
The cross of Calvary;  
More wonderful, more costly,  
That justice should dispense  
Not vengeance, but forgiveness,  
For guilty man's offense.

Here, blessing upon blessing,  
And treasures without dross,  
Like ripened fruit are hanging  
In clusters on the cross;  
My soul, by them encompassed,  
Stands still and utters naught.  
As on the cross it gazes  
With healing virtues fraught.

I see 'n his life so perfect,  
The way to Heaven above,  
And in his death the ransom—  
His sacrifice of love;  
I see in his ascension

The many mansions fair—  
The table spread, the banquet,  
Awaiting for me there.  
*Philadelphia.* D. E. DAVIES.

## MR. SWINBURNE ON MUSIC.

The following lines have been written by Mr. Swinburne to be set to music for the opening of the new building of the Royal College of Music, which is intended to take place in the course of the coming summer:

## MUSIC: AN ODE.

Was it light that spake from the darkness,  
or music that shone from the word,  
When the night was enkindled with sound of  
the sun or the first-born bird?  
Souls enthralled and entrammelled in bondage  
of seasons that fall and rise,  
Bound fast round with the fetters of flesh  
and blinded with light that dies,  
Lived not surely till music spake, and the  
spirit of life was heard.

Music, sister of sunrise, and herald of life  
to be,  
Smiled as dawn on the spirit of man, and  
the thrall was free.  
Slave of nature and serf of time, the bondman  
of life and death,  
Dumb with passionless patience that breathed  
but forlorn and reluctant breath,  
Heard, beheld, and his soul made answer,  
and communed aloud with the sea.

Morning spake, and he heard: and the  
passionate silent noon  
Kept for him not silence: and soft from the  
mounting moon  
Fell the sound of her splendour, heard as  
dawns in the breathless night,  
Not of men but of birds whose note bade  
man's soul quicken and leap to light:  
And the song of it spake, and the light and the  
darkness of earth were as chords in tune.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

## THE CHURCH.

BY REV. MORIEN MON HUGHES, ARCADE, N. Y.

The holy church of God,  
With her foundations strong,  
Where God, the Judge of all is praised  
In an unending song.

I love thy Zion, Lord,  
How glorious to behold  
The Shepherd caring for his flock  
In this protected fold.

I love thy Zion, Lord,  
Let glory fill this place;  
Descend O Holy Ghost and shed  
The power of thy grace.

## CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the bound-  
less deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out the bourne of Time and  
Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

TENNYSON.

## THE TRUE PASTOR.

Give me the Priest these Graces shall possess;  
Of an Ambassador the just Address,  
A Father's Tenderness, a Shepherd's care,  
A Leader's courage, which the Cross can bear,  
A Ruler's arm, a Watchman's wakeful eye,  
A Pilot's skill the helm in storms to ply,  
A Fisher's patience and a Lab'rer's toil,  
A Guide's dexterity to disemboil,  
A Teacher's knowledge and a Saviour's love.  
Give me the Priest, a light upon a hill,  
Whose rays his whole circumference can fill;  
In God's own Word and sacred learning vers'd,  
Deep in the study of the heart immers'd,  
Who in such Souls can the Disease descry,  
And wisely fit restoratives apply.

BISHOP KEN.

LINCOLN'S IMMORTAL WORDS  
AT GETTYSBURGH.

COMMUNICATED BY "A HOLLAND PATENT  
FARMER."

Edmund Gosse, who is well known as the Professor of English Literature at Oxford University, said in conversation during his visit to New York, five years ago, that in his opinion if the English tongue should ever perish as a spoken language as completely as the Latin now is, classical students would still urge others to study English so that they might read in the original the briefest and finest

oration in any language viz—Lincoln's address. Here it is:

"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We all have met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who gave their lives that, that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion that we here may highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people shall not perish from the earth!

SOME ANCIENT INHABITANTS  
OF THE EARTH'S WATERS.

In "Extinct Monsters," a treatise on some of the larger forms of ancient animal life, the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson throws some new light on the reptiles which used to populate the

waste places of the earth before the flood. He also has a good deal to say in regard to ancient monsters.

During the Juvassic period it seems that Dinosaurs were the prevailing monsters. They were huge creatures. Most of them were from twenty to eighty feet in length but some of the family were not very much larger than a crow.

Another curious thing about them is that they all had such preposterously small heads. Their heads were so tiny, in fact, that it is thought that their lack of brain power was responsible for their final extinction. The wiles of animals with larger and more level heads proved too much for them. Their brute force was of no use to them when it came to a clash with the superior brain power of brutes of a lesser size.

Mr. Hutchinson insists that they died of over-specialization. They according to his theory, were literally improved off the face of the globe.

The Brontosaurus, another of the largest species of this extinct mammal, would have been an ugly customer to meet on a wayside road at night. He looked like a kangaroo which has overgrown itself six times.

All the mammals of this species of defunct monsters, were among the largest species of marine reptiles. They belonged to the order of Enaliosaurians of Conybeare. Their physical features, regarded from our latter day standpoint, are rather unique.

They had the muzzle of a dolphin, the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, the paddles of a whale, and the vertebræ of a fish.

Naturalists also declare that the fish lizard had lungs as well as gills, and therefore it is said to have formed the connecting link between reptiles and fishes. Whether this be true or not, it is known positively that the

fish lizard was to a certain extent at least amphibious.

Its body was fish-like in form, and its head was of an enormous size. Its neck was equally as wide as its head and breast.

The vertebræ had biconcave articular surfaces also like a fish, although some reptiles have the same peculiarity. The four paddles were comparatively small, like those of cataceans. In their number of gills, and in their constituent bones they resembled a fish more than a reptile.

The fish lizard's tail was long, becoming smaller toward the end, where it was bordered by a tegumentary fin. The tail was the fish lizard's propeller. It depended on it entirely for its locomotion. Its skin was scaleless, but very much wrinkled. Its skull was like that of a dolphin; its orbits were surrounded by numerous large sclerotic plates.

The nostrils were situated a short distance in front of the orbits. Its teeth were as sharp as a crocodile's. There were about fifty of them altogether.

The average length of the fish lizard was twenty-five feet. Some grew to a larger size, but others, when at full growth, only measured ten or fifteen feet. The fish lizard lived on a fish diet entirely, and was a terror to all the smaller fry of the funny tribes.

Even the immense cuttle fish of the secondary epoch did not escape them. Fish lizards always regarded a cuttle fish as a most toothsome luxury.

In one respect the fish lizard resembled the cat. It could see as well by night as by day. As it was an air breather, it is probable that it seized its prey near the surface of the water, and not in the depths of the ocean. The fish lizard has always been a bone of contention among naturalists.

Whether the sea serpent only exist-

ed before the Flood is an open question. During the last few centuries reports of its appearance have been frequently circulated, but not much stock has been taken in them.

Take it altogether, "Extinct Mon-

sters" proves extremely interesting reading and furthermore it makes one realize that there are some advantages in living in these latter days, when the size of both man and beast have been reduced to a comparative minimum.

## For the Young People.

### A SINGULAR COMBAT.

A resident in Texas tells of a remarkable fight, he witnessed between a large tarantula and a colony of red ants:—

In the afternoon of one day he encountered a large specimen of the tarantula, which abounds in Texas. He did not dare to touch or even go near the deadly insect, which was about five inches in length and of a rather greenish hue; but he got a long stick, one end of which he split, and, by a dexterous manipulation, secured the tarantula between the prongs, which, coming together, held it tight enough to prevent its escape but not enough to injure it.

He repaired with it to a hill of large red ants, which he had passed on his tramp a short time before. In the middle of the hill he deposited the tarantula, releasing it from its imprisonment.

It was rather a chilly day, and but few ants were out of their holes; but these few gathered around the stranger looked at it closely for a brief moment, and then one by one hurriedly entered the different small holes within which were their domiciles. The tarantula meanwhile was motionless, occasionally blinking its small, sharp eyes, but not deigning to glance upon the small insects.

But presently came forth the ants n a body. Although the tale-bearers

had entered the hill by different holes the warriors all issued from the same one. First came a large ant, and then the others, so closely upon the heels of each other that the line looked like a blood-red string.

The side of the tarantula was about four inches from where the ants issued from the cone, and they made straight for the enemy without loss of time.

The large one in the lead pounced upon one of the furry legs, and the others got their teeth in as near by as possible. There seemed to be an almost unending string of the ants, and in a minute and a half the entire body of their victim was covered with them.

After this the tarantula did not move a limb scarcely. At first it attempted to pull away the leg attacked by the ants, but finding it fastened, it shoved along with the disengaged legs, moving perhaps an inch and a half; but the remainder of its body was soon covered with the insects, which devoted part of their force to holding the victim in place.

The tarantula only killed three of the ants. These three ventured within reach of the jaws of the tarantula, which closed its mouth with a snap, ending their existence instantaneously.

In four minutes the tarantula was dead. There was not a sign of blood anywhere on its body, though in many places were evidence of the fray.

Near the head were scars showing where the ants had bitten deepest. Shortly after it closed its eyes and allowed its head to sag, many of the ants withdrew, but when there was a convulsive jerk of one leg, the ants ran up again, and this time remained till every sign of animation was gone.

Then the ants removed the corps. It was a heavy body to move, but they accomplished it. On the rather flat top of the hill the pull was hard and long, but on the incline it was easier.

Arrived at the foot, the ants deserted the corps and returned to their homes, some entering the holes, others resuming the work they had been interrupted at when the tarantula came among them

### FLAGS THAT HAVE FLOATED OVER AMERICAN SOIL.

Columbus ploughed with his ship the roaring deep, and stepping ashore from his boat, flying to the spicy breezes of the West Indies the royal banner of Spain. Its romantic career upon the western world was well sustained by Ponce de Leon and Cortez. This flag first sailed upon the Mississippi, saw the dark shadows of Brazil's primeval forests, and floated over the oldest town in the United States—St. Augustine. But John Cabot was the first discoverer of our own shores, and the royal George of "merrie England" had precedence of all others in the now United States territory. Then followed the lilies of the house of Bourbon floating over Lake Champlain, the upper reaches of the Mississippi, and upon the walls of Port Royal and Quebec. Sir Henry Hudson brought the ensign of Holland to the Rhine of America, and in 1614 this flag was hoisted over the infant city of New York.

Previous to the Revolution the English banner held sway, although the sturdy colonists insisted upon a special one for their mercantile marine. And when that agitation first commenced, the respect they left for the mother-land was evidenced upon their ensigns. But as the contest deepened into war, the banners of the various States became more expressed and pronounced.

The word "liberty" found a conspicuous place upon most of them. A green pine tree was the favorite emblem of Massachusetts, to which her State cruisers added a rattlesnake, erect, about to strike, and beneath the significant motto; "Don't tread on me!"

Our first distinctly national flag was composed of the old colors, red, white and blue, and had stripes as now, with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George in the corner. This was first hoisted in 1776. But the happy suggestion of stars as a foreground was already mooted in the lines written in 1774 and published in the *Massachusetts Spy*;

"The American ensign now sparkles a star which shall shortly flame wide through the skies."

And on June 14, 1777, the American Congress declared for "Old Glory" to be composed of 13 stripes, alternate red and white, with 13 white stars on a blue field. This symbol has since been the recognized standard. It forms a happy conclusion to relate that the flag of Fort McHenry, which inspired Francis Scott Key to write "Star-Spangled Banner," is in possession of Mr. Eben Appleton, of Yonkers, N. Y., a grandson of Col. Armstead, the gallant defender of that fort.

Cheerfulness is an excellent working quality, imparting great elasticity to the character.—Smiles.

### HOW MR. SANKEY COMPOSED A TUNE.

Mr. Sankey has been interviewed upon the effectiveness of his hymns. At the head of the list he places "Ninety and Nine," next "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by," and "Nothing but Leaves." Of the origin of the first mentioned, he says: "I well remember how I came to compose the music to the words. It was done on the spur of a great and exalted feeling. When I was going from Edinburgh to Glasgow I picked up a paper in the train and came across the words. They at once struck me as being full of feeling, so I hid the paper away in my pocket. The words rang in my ears. At Glasgow we had a glorious meeting. Mr. Moody preached from the twenty-third Psalm. He touched the hearts of the people. When he was about to close his sermon I did not know what to sing. I wanted to select something appropriate to the sermon, but I found nothing suitable. Those grand words, full of poetry—simple, yet beautiful—'He maketh me to lie down into green pastures; He

leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake'—as Mr. Moody closed with them, acted as an inspiration. I hastily pulled the crumpled newspaper from my pocket, and sang the words of the 'Ninety and Nine' to music that came to me then and there. I did not know how the accompaniment would go. The feeling of the moment carried me through, and I afterwards wrote the music."

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried.

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.—Shakespeare.

Of absolute originality we will not speak till authors are raised by some Deucalion and Pyrrha process; and even then our faith would be small, for writers who have no past are pretty sure of having no future.—Lowell.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

## Notes and Comments, &c.

BY CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

### WALES AND ITS AFFAIRS.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

I am writing this upon the eve of a political event which must rank in history as one of the greatest epochs in the history of Great Britain, for within 24 hours, Mr. Gladstone will be introducing his measure for the better government of Ireland. That he is, despite his 83 years, in splendid form is quite clear from the remarkable way in which he has been leading the House of Commons, in rounding

his adversaries, and winning new triumphs in his display of eloquence and fertility of debating powers. A fortnight ago he was present at a "Grand Night dinner" at the ancient and historical Hall at Gray's Inn. The Treasurer of that historical home of lawyers is an excellent Welshman, Mr. Walter Jeremy, who has signalled his year of office by inviting most of his prominent Welsh compatriots to the splendid functions which are regularly held in the law terms. Although I had seen and heard Glad-

stone, I had never before attained an opportunity of seeing him under such advantageous circumstances, and therefore I availed myself of the privilege in common with a crowded assembly of my learned brethren, who gave the greatest of living Englishmen a reception that deeply impressed their principal guest. What struck me in his personality was his grace of bearing his wonderful eyes and the lion-like appearance of his well known face. There were many Welshmen present, both as distinguished guests and as members of Gray's Inn, and most of them will ever remember that memorable night.

In the Queen's speech in Parliament the Government have stated that it is intended to introduce a bill suspending all further ecclesiastical appointments in Wales as a preliminary to disestablishment. This measure, although regarded as an important step, is not altogether satisfactory to the Welsh representatives, who have met frequently and are pressing that the claims of Wales should be dealt with next in order after the Home Bill. The Welsh members, led by that brilliant advocate of religious equality. Mr. Lloyd George, M. P., have determined to deal jointly and speedily with this most important question upon which our countrymen unmistakably pronounced at the last general election. The introduction of a Suspensory Bill is no doubt intended to gain time, but there can be no doubt that, if the Home Rule Bill, when disclosed, will be satisfactory, the Welsh members will be, and even now are, in a position to press their claims with success and vigor.

I have received the January number of a smart Welsh monthly, well known in the principality as the "*Cenad Hedd*." It is ably edited by Rev. J. Bowen Jones, B.A., of Brecon, whose portrait adorns this number,

and who was for many years the editor of a Welsh quarterly the "*Beirniad*," to which the most prominent and able Welshmen of the past 30 years contributed. The latter periodical shared the fate of most quarterly magazines, but the present monthly is one which should be widely circulated amongst all Welsh speaking people in your country.

Principal Edwards, of Bala, is improving in health.

Dr. Cynonfardd Edwards' intended return to America will be an important loss to Welsh students. He is the first Welsh Welshman to reach the position of professor of Elocution.

Cardiff University College has earned the proud distinction of having a larger number of degrees conferred upon its students by the University of London than any other college in the United Kingdom, no small credit to our people. At the last examination 20 degrees were taken by its students. Aberystwyth College comes next with 19, and Mason College, Birmingham, is placed third in the list with 16.

Mr. Acland, the Minister of Education in the present radical government is a good friend to Wales. A deputation attended him to-day in support of a memorial in favor of the reading of Welsh in all educational schools. It is urged (1) the use of bilingual reading books throughout the school course; (2) the teaching of English in association with Welsh; (3) devotion of special attention to the geography, history, and literature of Wales, and to the subject of Welsh industries. Mr. Acland gave the most favorable reception to these requests.

A "Labor Church" has been formed at Cardiff, the first of its kind in the principality.

Tin plate operations have been suspended in the Llanelly district. Upwards of 100 mills in the Welsh tin-



plate trade are stopped, and numbers of tinplate workers are emigrating to America, where new works, we understand, are being erected by Welsh owners. It ought to be determined in the States by Welshmen to preserve their nationality and the love of Wales as far as possible, and we are hoping that Welshmen are doing what they can to promote this object.

Several new works of interest will shortly be issued from the Welsh press, including sermons by the Rev. William Evans, of Aberaeron, B. Davies, Trelech, and the late Dr. John Thomas. Dr. Cynddylan Jones is to write a memoir of Edward Mathews. Ewenny and Dr. Saunder's sermons will be edited by his son.

I find that a prominent Welsh Member of Parliament writes the following as to the ministerial program of Mr. Gladstone, and as it is authoritative and represents the actual state of feeling very accurately, he says: "It is regarded as being thorough and useful. There prevailed no inconsiderable suspicion in the minds of the Welsh party about the place given to Disestablishment, and they were not slow in giving due expression to this feeling in proper circles. I have good grounds for thinking that things are better than they appear on the surface, and that Wales will have no reason to complain when the Government develop their plans further in the near future. At present it is a fact that the most effectual way to help Wales and the Ministry is by silence. It may be that circumstances may occur which will cause us to modify our opinions on the matter."

*London, February 11, 1893.*

## LANGUAGE AND RELIGION.

BY REV. R. G. JONES, D D., UTICA.

The mother tongue is very dear to every man, however well versed

he may be in other languages. Verses from the Bible, pieces of poetry and pet phrases learned in childhood rise unbidden in the mother tongue before the mind that has not, perhaps, uttered a word of the old language for many years. How much dearer then, must the language be to him who has never learned any other. All his thinking has been done in the mother tongue. Every word that he has ever uttered intelligibly has been in the mother tongue.

Many English people in America wonder that the Welsh persevere under such difficulties to maintain Welsh churches, and they often say, Why not disband and join English churches? Have patience my friends with us. You are reaping a rich harvest from our labors. Our sons and daughters, by scores and hundreds, come over to you continually, pretty well acquainted with the Bible and the duties of the Christian religion. I doubt whether the extinction of the Welsh churches in America would be a real gain to scriptural knowledge and the spiritual fervor of the American churches.

But my message is rather to the Welsh churches at present. The English is gaining ground very fast; the old Welsh members dying, the young people speaking English, many selling out to strangers who speak only English. It is hard for the few that remain to give up their church, built and maintained by the Welsh for generations. It is hard to turn it over to the English. But, my friends, consider. These English are your own children, who, by your example, or negligence, have learnt only English. Or those English are your neighbors, whom it is your duty to love as yourselves. You feel the need of the means of grace in the language you understand. It is your duty to provide for them also in their language. If your

neighbors were perishing for lack of food, clothing or firing, you would not ask what language they spoke or what nation they belonged to, but you would at once do all you could to meet their want.

But there you are, a little handful of Welsh Christians in a large church built by your fathers, your neighbors perishing for lack of knowledge, your neighbors without any convenience to worship God, and you with plenty of room for all and a gospel large enough for all, shutting the door against them because they do not understand Welsh.

Remember the spiritual need of your neighbors is greater and more dangerous than hunger or cold. They need life. It is your duty to use means to inform them of their need and how it may be satisfied. Invite them to your church, have English preaching for them when not provided elsewhere. Let them have classes in your Sunday school, and if any wish, let them take part in your prayer meetings. No language should by any means hinder any to get eternal life. The Master commanded to preach the gospel among all nations. It is important to do this in the language they understand. Much more does the obligation appear when your own children are the needy persons. Inasmuch as you teach your children to speak English in daily conversation, it is a sin against their souls and against God not to provide the means of grace for them in the language they understand. If you wanted them to understand Welsh preaching you ought to have taught them to speak Welsh at home. Inasmuch as you did not do it you must now provide English for them in church, your own or some other in the neighborhood. If there is another English church close by and you prefer to leave your children and relatives go

there, it may be well. But if you want to have them with you and have the church to live when you are dead, why not yield now and provide the means of grace for them in the language they understand best?

In most places it could well be done by having a Welsh sermon in the morning, when the older people are able to go out. Have the Sunday school and weekly meetings mixed, all speaking with tongues as on the day of Pentecost as the Spirit gives them utterance, and an English sermon Sunday evening, when the young people can come and hear it. It may not be pleasant at first, but the thought that you are depriving yourselves for the sake of saving your children and friends would soon bring comfort and joy even if you listened occasionally to a sermon or prayer you did not understand.

### THE EISTEDDFOD.

BY REV. FRED EVANS, D.D., (EDNYFED,) MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"I can never pronounce that word," are words we frequently hear from our English friends. As a rule they call it *Iceteddfod*, with the accent on the last syllable. Let me settle this point once and forever. Take the following word, *Icetethfod*. Let *Ice* be *ice*, sound *th* like *th* in *that*, *vod* is too easy to give any directions concerning it, let the accent fall on the second syllable, *teth*, and you have succeeded to do justice to *Eisteddfod*. All nations know that this is a purely Welsh institutions. Of late, there has been a tendency among the Germans and English to introduce into their festivals some of the features of this Cymric congress.

I. IT IS A VENERABLE INSTITUTION.

Yea, an honorable one, and not honorable merely because it is old. Sin is old but not venerable. The devil

is old enough to be one of the most venerable and honorable of beings. Lying is old enough to be white, but it is as black as ever. That a thing is old is not against it. We admire the *old* sun, and we are in love with the *old* moon. We are never tired of the *old* ocean, and we cling to the *old* Bible. The *old* arm chair has as many attractions now as in the days of Eliza Cook, and the water is as refreshing as ever in the *old* oaken bucket. The Eisteddfod is old and honorable and honored, and because of the love of the Welsh towards it, it has remained amidst a thousand changes, and here are no signs of its sudden death. Its home among the Welsh and their descendants for a long time to come is a certainty. We have no desire to make it older than it is. We have no record of an Eisteddfod held the same as the confusion of Babel. As far as I know it was not held immediately after the return from the captivity. We have no reliable account of David playing a solo on the harp on an Eisteddfod day. No one can prove that Carabi's sons ever competed as a male party. We do not care to strain our eyes and imagine that we see through the mist of antiquity. We prefer to travel calmly back for a few generations, and read the record in a clear light. It is evident that for some centuries it has followed the footsteps of the Cymru, and has for a long time poured its music into the ear of Gwalia's child, and its poetry into the heart of the brave Welshman. The influence of this Cambrian Olympiad has been of the healthiest kind. Carnhuanawc in his speech at the Brecon Eisteddfod said: "Long may it (Icethvod) continue to flourish among us, and the Cambro-Briton to rejoice under the shadow of its branches! We should be ungrateful indeed, if we did not acknowledge the privileges we enjoy. For while

other countries are involved in tumult and misery; and while many less fortunate districts, even in the British Islands, are all but menacing rebellion, and utterly insensible to any motives, except those which incite to the most turbulent and unsocial habits; the happy natives of the Principality are composing odes for Eisteddfodau, and offering medals for the cultivation of the harp, and long may they continue so peaceably employed; if not among the surest evidences of internal peace and comparative prosperity. Then let the bards chant their odes, and the datganiaid (singers sing their penillion (stanzas), and let the harpers harp their bardic and antique strains. I would say earthly happy are the people that are in such circumstances.

'Plethiadau tannau tynion—y Delyn  
I'r dilesg feddylion;  
Odlau saint yw odlais hon,  
Llais yn fawl llys nefolion.'

To all this we say, Amen. And if it is going to produce such blessed and glorious results in the future, then we say to the venerable Eisteddfod, "Abide with us."

II, IT IS A CHANGEABLE INSTITUTION. Those words, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end," were not spoken of the Cambrian feast. During these centuries it has undergone many changes, some for its good, and some for its ill. At one time it was pre-eminently a school, but is not so now. There are some things attached to it now, which are like barnacles that adhere to a boat; they impede its progress. There were some things peculiar too many years ago, but we see them no more, and of this we are sad. A great deal of nonsense has been spoken and written about the chairing (cadeirio) of the successful bard, and some declare because of the absence of a little paganism, that the *cadeirio* is like

creation at one time, "without form and void." The production may be superior to many productions by the chaired bards of the past, for we do not believe that Welsh brains are deteriorating, but inasmuch as the B. B. D's. are away, the honors are away too. The drapery may be a little changed but the garment is the same. From being a purely literary gathering, it has become to a very great extent a musical festival. It has its faults, we shall dwell upon these sometime in the future. "With all thy faults I love thee still."

The Eisteddfod of to-day has many pleasant and a few unpleasant features. It is pleasant for the Welsh and their descendants to meet on a festival day, and to see such mottoes as the following on the walls of the hall, "Calon wrth galon" (Heart joined heart); "Heb Dduw heb ddim, a Duw a digon," (Without God without anything, with God with everything); "Goreu arf, arf dyg." (The best weapon, the weapon of learning); "Oes y Byd i'r Iaith Gymraeg," (The world's to the Welsh language.) The very sight of these, and others that might be mentioned, has an inspiring effect upon the Welsh heart and mind. Friends and neighbors at one time in Wales but now widely scattered in this large country have an opportunity to meet. David and John, Jane and Mary, Griffith and Tom, Margaret and Betty, live over again, on the day of the Eisteddfod, the happy life they lived together in Merthyr and Dowlais, Aberdare and Swansea, Carnarvon and Bangor. The natives of the various counties in North and South Wales have a glorious time as they compare notes. Their love for music is gratified, and when they join to sing, "The Land of my Fathers," the tears flow freely, and in the glistening tear we clearly see the Welshman's love for his coun-

try, language and nation, and they can sing it infinitely better here than their brethren in old Gwalia. It is really a feast to the mind and heart, and when we dwell upon these pleasant features we are ready to exclaim, "Long live the Eisteddfod."

### NOTES FROM WALES.

THE tutors and students of the North Wales Congregational College, Bangor, have presented Dr. Herber Evans, their new Principal, with an address upon his acceptance of the Principalship.

THE Rev. R. Thomas of Landore has accepted the pastorate of the Welsh Tabernacle, Liverpool, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Thomas, D.D.

THOMAS MORGAN died at Cwmbran, Monmouthshire, lately, at the age, it is stated, of 107.

THE Ven. Archdeacon Howell has been invited to become the first president of the Chester Welsh National Society.

It is expected that Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard will spend four days in Wales in connection with temperance work about the end of March.

MR. W. H. PREESE, as president of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, in the course of his inaugural address to that body gave an interesting sketch of the progress of the various branches of electrical industry. He expressed an opinion that the cost of the production of electrical energy was rapidly declining, and that electric lighting in particular would eventually be cheap beyond the dreams of the gasman.

On the beach at Rhyl, about a mile to the eastward, a submerged forest has suddenly made its appearance. There is a large number of perfect tree trunks, in a good state of preservation, and some are octagonal in shape. Folklore asserts that this is part of an old forest known as "Coed Mawr y Rhyl." The borough surveyor (Mr. Robert Hughes) has prepared plans of the singular discovery.

MR. MORGAN OWEN, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, has been invited to speak at the World's Educational Congress in Chicago next July.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to inaugurate a fund of £150,000 for Congregational Church extension in the larger towns of England and Wales.

THE Rev. W. O. Jones has accepted the pastorate of the Welsh Presbyterian Church, Chatham street, Liverpool.

It is stated that the Baptist College established at Haverfordwest in 1839 will shortly be removed to Aberystwyth, so that the students may take their arts course at the University College. Dr. Davies will resign his post as principal, and the question of a successor is much discussed in denominational circles, the following being mentioned as suitable candidates:—Rev. Owen Davies, C. Davies, H. Cernyw Williams, Abel J. Parry, D. Davies, James Owens, J. A. Morris, Prof. J. M. Davies, M. A., and Prof. S. Morris, M. A. It has been decided to remove the Pontypool College to Cardiff. A fund for the development of this institution is being formed under the superintendence of Principal Edwards, D.D., to which Mr. Alderman R. Cory has, promised £1,000 and Mr. A. Thomas £500.

At a meeting of the local Committee of the Carmarthen Presbyterian College last week, it was resolved, "That this Committee, representing the interests of many hundreds of independent congregations in North and South Wales, protests against the narrow constitution of the Shrewsbury University Conference, and declares that no University scheme will be satisfactory which does not recognize the claims of the theological colleges, elementary teachers, and private students."

In its review of land sales for the past year the *Estate Gazette* says Shropshire shows a great falling off compared with previous years, the prices averaging from £24 to £30 an acre, and in Wales the sales have been far below previous years in number, but the prices were better than in 1891. The result of recorded sales in nine of the counties of Wales is:—Acreage 3,273, realized £9,680, average per acre (about) £27.

MISS MINNIE ELLIS, the youngest sister of Mr. T. E. Ellis, M. P., has been appointed by the Council of the University College of Aberystwyth, as lecturer on cookery.

THE coal trade crisis in South Wales has assumed a position of increased gravity owing to the determination of the Coal Owners' Association to issue a month's notice terminating contracts with their workmen. About 90,000 men are affected.

THE Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., of Bootle, has been called to the pastorate of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Swansea.

DR. WILLIAM PRICE, of Llantrisant, Glamorganshire, Wales, died recently at the age of 92 years, and his remains at his own request were cremated. He called himself the High Priest of the Sun, and imitated in his dress what he supposed to be the druidical costume of the olden time.

## PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

OUR hearty thanks are due to the officers of the St. David Societies of New York, Pittsburg and the Cambro-American Society of Wilkes Barre for kind and cordial invitations to attend their annual banquets on the first of March.—Ed.

WE are sorry that we have been compelled by want of space to omit from this number several personal and miscellaneous notes, which we reserve for the next month.—Ed.

WE have sent the books and premium pictures to those entitled to them. If any one has failed to receive them properly, we shall be obliged, if they will kindly notify us by mail.—Ed.

A LITERARY meeting was held lately at Plainfield, N. Y., which proved quite successful and enjoyable. Rev. J. F. Davies was chairman and Hon. Lewis D. Edwards, Waterville,—one of Oneida county's most successful lawyers—was conductor of the meeting.

MR. RICHARD GRIFFITHS, Fair Haven, Vt., was surprised lately by his friends and honored with a present of an elegant arm chair on the occasion of the anniversary of his birth.

MR. JOHN LLOYD THOMAS, New York, delivered lately an excellent address on "License," at Odd Fellow's Temple, Utica, N. Y.

REV. J. L. DAVIES, late of Scranton, Pa., and formerly of Youngstown, has accepted a call to take charge of the church at Akron, Ohio.

THE new Baptist Church at Remsen was formally opened on February 13 and 14 by religious services and preaching by several Welsh and English ministers. The church is an elegant building, modern in style, and has cost between \$4,000 and \$5,000. The pastor, Rev. D. P. Griffiths, and the church is to be congratulated also for having paid for the church on its opening.

REV. J. MOSTYN JONES, Oak Hill, Ohio, has been supplying the pulpit of the C. M. Church of Pittsburg, Pa., for a few Sabbaths where he was highly appreciated.

MR. HERBERT Y. REES, of Wilkes Barre, Pa., is a candidate for the office of Auditor for Luzerne county for the next term. We hope he will be well supported and be elected by a large majority.

GENERAL regret has been felt throughout the country on account of the death of Mr. James G. Blaine, who was no doubt, one of the leading statesmen in the history of this country.

It is not unusual to meet such cases. We know of some Italians, Jews and colored people who speak and read Welsh readily, which shows that language of itself is no criterion of nationality.

REV. JAMES JOHN, late of Alliance, O., has accepted the charge of the Welsh Congregational Churches of Akron and Tomastown, O. He lives in the latter place. Mr. John is an able and eloquent preacher and we wish him every success in his new field of labor.

On February 7th the friends of Mr. Evan W. Roberts, Bangor, Pa., gave him a surprise party, the occasion being the celebration of his 50th birth-day. Mr. Roberts is one of the earliest Welsh settlers in Bangor and has been for many years prominent and foremost in every good work in Welsh social and religious circles. Mr. Roberts was presented with an elegant arm chair, and a pair of gold spectacles, and Mrs. Roberts with a china tea set and a valuable lamp, as memorials of the occasion and as a token of the esteem and affection in which they are held by their friends and neighbors in the community.

We are sorry to record the death of Mr. Edward Francis, of New York city. Mr. Francis was a son of the late Mr. E. Francis of The Wern, Wrexham; he left the old country about 40 years ago, and has resided in America since.

A meeting was held on December 19, 1892 at Nanticoke, Pa., to present Rev. J. P. Harris with a testimonial as a token of esteem and appreciation of his ministerial and literary labors. Rev. Charles Jones was chairman. Mr. William L. Myles spoke of the excellence of his literary and poetical works and handed over to the funds \$50 on behalf of Daniel J. Edwards, Esq., Kingston, Pa. Finally Benjamin Hughes, Esq., Scranton, Pa., in a few appropriate words presented Mr. Harris with a purse of \$514.00 which was gratefully acknowledged.

ANOTHER notable death was that of ex-President Hayes, which took place at his home in Freemont, Ohio. He was born in 1822 and entered upon the practice of the law, but on the outbreak of the Civil War he became a volunteer, and did distinguished service. In 1876 he was elected President of the United States, being succeeded in 1881 by Garfield.

We were glad to see in the report of the Banquet of Princeton Alumni Association of Maryland, which was held lately at Baltimore, that our friend Rev. J. Wynne Jones was appointed vice president for the year 1893. He knows well how to give the Princeton "Tigah."

#### WELSH FOREIGNERS

MICHAEL KILROY, 1,218 Gulnotte avenue, Kansas City, in renewing his subscription for the Drych, writes in excellent Welsh: "Inclosed find \$2 for Y Drych, and thanks for such a paper, I am very fond of reading it, though a genuine Irishman."

THE C. M. Church, of Racine, Wis., unanimously decided lately to advance the salary of their faithful pastor, the Rev. R. T. Roberts, M. A., as a mark of appreciation of his services.

REV. JOHN B. DAVIES, St. Mary's, Ohio, pastor of the Congregational Church, received handsome and valuable Christmas gifts from the members of the church as a mark of their esteem and appreciation.

REV. DAVID EDWARDS, late of Cornlea, Neb., is now settled at Lake Crystal, Minn., where he has been called to take charge of the C. M. Churches of Jerusalem, Salem and Lake Crystal. We wish him every success and blessing in his new field of labor.

MR. LEWIS N. JONES, Prospect, N. Y., is well known and highly respected in social and religious circles throughout Oneida county, but it is not so well known as it should be that he is a dealer in monuments and headstones of marble and granite, also in coping and posts, etc. The above will be furnished in any style at reasonable rates. He will be glad to have his friends apply to him at Prospect for anything in his line of business.

MR. THOMAS OLIVER, of Washington, D. C., writes that the Cambrian Society of Washington are going to have a first-class banquet on the first of March at the National Hotel, the singing to be in charge of Prof. Stevens (Gwilym Brycheiniog). "We expect, he says, to shake the old walls of the National with Welsh songs and speaking, winding up with "Hen Wlad fy Whadaw."

Mr. Oliver is a native of Llanfair Caereinion, Montgomeryshire, Wales. He is 67 years of age and has been in America nearly 50 years but he still speaks Welsh fluently and is an enthusiastic Cymro.

MR. ROBERT MORRIS, one of the best known and most popular salesmen of Fair Haven, Vt., is enjoying a two months vacation visiting Wales the land of his birth.

A serious fire occurred at Fair Haven, Vt., on January 24th, by which the stores of Messrs. R. E. Lloyd and William E. Lloyd and other property were destroyed. The buildings were partly insured.

REV. R. E. WILLIAMS, Slatington, Pa., has been supplying the pulpit of the C. M. Church at Plymouth, for several Sabbaths lately. Mr. Williams is an earnest preacher and a faithful pastor and the church under his care is quite prosperous, a good number having been added to its membership in course of the year.

REV. THOMAS HUGHES, D.D., Shelbyville, Ind., has accepted a call to take charge of the Presbyterian Church at Piqua, O. The church has 800 members and pays a salary of \$3,000. Mr. Hughes is the son of Hon. T. L. Hughes, Oak Hill, O.

A TESTIMONIAL TO REV. RICHARD HUGHES, LONG CREEK, IOWA.

A large number of friends will be sorry to learn of the great affliction which has befallen Rev. Richard Hughes, Cotter, or Long Creek, Iowa, by the total loss of sight in one eye and the great danger of losing the other and thus being deprived entirely of his sight. He has for some time been disabled and has suffered several painful operations. In view of all this, his friends have arranged to present him with a testimonial, as a mark of sympathy with him in his afflictions and also as a token of esteem and appreciation of his great labors in the service of the Master. It is requested that friends who are willing to help on the movement will send their contributions by the first of May to Mr. John G.

Jones, Wales, P. O. Montgomery County, Iowa, or to Mr. Thomas D. Roberts, Randolph, Wisconsin.

William J. Jones, Middle Granville, N. Y., by the Rev. Edward Roberts, Mr. Owen E. Jones, New York, and Miss Mary E. Jones, Middle Granville, N. Y.

### MARRIED.

JONES—JONES—Sept. 14, 1892, at Blaenycac, Wis., at the home of the bride, by Rev. J. R. Daniel, Mr. William W. Jones, Scott, Columbia Co., Wis., and Miss Jane D. Jones, the eldest daughter of Rev. David B. Jones, Lake Emily, Wis.

WILLIAMS—LEWIS—October 12th, 1892, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. D. Trevor Lewis, Ben Avon, Allegheny, Pa., by Rev. W. R. Mackay, Pittsburgh, Pa., Mr. Sylvanus J. Williams, New York City, and Miss Margaret Lewis, daughter of the late Mr. William Lewis, Spuyten Duyvil, New York. Mr. Williams is a member of the firm D. M. Williams & Co., located on 3rd Ave. and 125th St., N. Y., and which is among the largest and most successful Dry Goods concerns in the city. The CAMBRIAN joins with their many friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Williams a long and happy wedded life.

JONES—STONE—Nov. 10, 1892, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Philip James, Trenton Falls, N. Y., by the Rev. E. C. Evans, M. A., Remsen, N. Y., Mr. Robert W. Jones and Miss Jessie V. Stone, both of Trenton Falls, N. Y.

THOMAS—WILLIAMS—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Ann Williams, December 28, 1892, by Rev. J. F. Davies, Mr. Owen E. Thomas, of New Hartford, and Miss Libbie C. Williams, of Plainfield, N. Y.

HUGHES—GRIFFITHS—January 1, 1893, at the residence of Mr. George Roberts, South Delta, Md., by Rev. H. Foulkes Williams, Mr. Owen Hughes, South Delta, Md., and Miss Lizzie Griffiths, New York.

THOMAS—EVANS—January 2, 1893, at the home of the bride on Hyde Park Ave., Scranton, Pa., by Rev. W. S. Jones, Mr. Morgan Thomas, merchant, Scranton, Pa. and Miss Miriam Evans.

ANDERSON—OWENS—At the Bristol House in Remsen, January 2, 1893, by Rev. B. De Forest Snyder, Mr. Cydnor T. Anderson, of Eagleport, O., and Miss Kittie E. Owens, of Remsen, N. Y.

HUGHES—PARRY—February 2, 1893, by Rev. R. Gwesyn Jones, D.D., at his residence, 50 Spring St., Utica, N. Y., Mr. William H. Hughes and Miss Libbie J. Parry, both of Utica, N. Y.

JONES—JONES—January 25, 1893, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs.

### DIED.

GRIFFITHS.—May 25th, 1892, at her home on Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O., after about four weeks suffering from nervous prostration, Mrs. Mary R. Griffiths, aged 75 years. Mrs. Griffiths was born February 15th, 1817, and was the daughter of Evan and Elizabeth Edwards, Cwm-Llina, Cemmaes, Montgomeryshire, N. W. Her parents being religious she received excellent religious training at her home, and at the early age of eight years united with the Congregational church of Sana, which was under the charge of Rev. Mr. Morgan.

Mrs. Griffiths was married in Wales, to Mr. Samuel Griffiths, a native of the same locality. They came to America about 1842, and settled at Cincinnati where they made their home. For many years they kept the Loring House where Mr. Griffiths died in 1877. Soon afterwards Mrs. Griffiths moved to Walnut Hills, to take charge of Lane Seminary Boarding House, which she conducted quite successfully and very satisfactory to the students and boarders, by all of whom she was held in the highest esteem for her kindness and solicitude for their welfare. For the last 23 years she had been an active and prominent member of the C. M. church in the city, and took great interest in promoting its welfare and prosperity contributing liberally through her life and at her death bequeathing \$500 to the church to aid in building a new church edifice. One son, Mr. William Griffiths, survives to mourn the loss of a loving and devoted mother, also a niece, Mrs. Robert Owens, and a large circle of other relatives and friends. The funeral took place May 27th, the services being held in Lane Seminary chapel, where Revs. E. D. Morris, D.D., Wm. H. Roberts, D.D., J. Hughes Griffiths and others officiated. The remains were conveyed for burial in Spring Grove Cemetery. Mrs. Griffiths was endowed with excellent qualities of mind and heart, intelligent, enterprising and liberal in her personal affairs; kind, sociable and generous in her social relations and in her religious life devout, faithful and active in Christian work and service.

HUGHES.—November 4th, 1892, at her home in Shenandoah, Pa., aged 52 years, 4 months and 14 days, Mrs. Ann D. Hughes, the beloved wife of Mr. John D. Hughes, after a lingering illness and suffering from the grip for many months. Mrs. Hughes



was a daughter of David and Elizabeth Jones, Penygelly, Adwy Clawdd, near Wrexham, N. W. She was married in 1859 to Mr. John D. Hughes, a native of the same locality, where they continued to reside until March, 1870, when Mr. Hughes emigrated to America and in 1872 he was followed by his wife and family. They settled in Shenandoah, Pa., where they have as a family continued to make their home with the exception of three years; when they resided at Richland, New Jersey. Returning thence with her family in November, 1891, for the sake of her health, she failed to recover and gradually weakened until her death. She is survived by her husband and six children, four sons and two daughters, who deeply mourn the loss of a beloved wife and a careful and devoted mother. Mrs. Hughes had many excellent traits of character. She was distinguished for her good common sense, her benevolence, her respect for religious ordinances, her devotion to the welfare of her family, her social disposition and by the respect in which she was held by a large circle of friends and relatives. The funeral took place November 6th, when a large number assembled together as a token of respect to her memory and of sympathy with the family in their bereavement. The services were conducted at the house and at the M. E. Church by Rev. William Powick. The remains were interred in the Odd Fellows cemetery of Shenandoah.

**BRESE.**—Dec. 15, 1892, in Venedocia, O., Mr. Morris Breese. About Nov. 23, 1892, our friend left Racine, Wis., for Venedocia, O., where he anticipated the pleasure of visiting with some of his friends. It seems that he was taken ill soon after he left Chicago and when he arrived at Venedocia, he was very sick. He realized at once the danger and secured the best medical aid that was possible. After a painful sickness for three weeks death came to his relief. Everything that medical science and human kindness could do was done for him. His remains arrived at Racine, Wis., Dec. 16, 1892, in charge of Joseph Breese, his nephew, who had been called there and Wm. Jones, one of Racine's young men, was at Venedocia when Mr. Breese arrived there and was with him during his illness. The funeral services were held in the Welsh Pres. church on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 17. The large audience present was deeply moved. Mr. Breese had lived in Racine and vicinity for many years. He was a loyal citizen, a kind neighbor, a true friend, and a conscientious Christian. He will be greatly missed by his many friends, and especially by the Welsh Pres. church of which he was a faithful member and reliable supporter.

**MORRIS.**—Mr. Evan Morris was born in Philadelphia 75 years ago, his father, William Morris, was born in 1773 at Coed y Cwm, parish of Llandewydd, Cardiganshire, South Wales, about the year 1800 he came to Philadelphia and carried on the jewelry business, in 1803 he was married here to Miss Elizabeth Morris, from Montgomeryshire North Wales. They had four children, two sons and two daughters. Mr. E. Morris was the youngest of the family and he was the last of the family on this earth. In early life he started the business of hat manufacturing at Sixth & Market Sta., and being a skillful man in the business he soon made it a success, and employed a large number of men and was always kind to them. He was upright in his ways, honest in his dealings, his word was his bond, social in his intercourse. He was for 35 years a member of the Welsh society, and was always ready to help the poor Welsh that would come to Philadelphia. He was one of those that did not care for his left hand to know what his right hand had done, he gave a great deal to charitable institutions. His business had so increased that he had to move his factory to Lavont St., many years ago where he had better facilities. About a year ago he retired from business, after accumulating a large fortune. He was for many years one of the managers of the House of Refuge at Glen Mills, Chester co., Pa. Every summer the family was at their cottage at Cape May and there he would attend to the wants of the Mission that the Episcopal church from here had there. During his stay with his family at Cape May, on the first of June, 1892, he sailed for Europe with his wife and two daughters and traveled extensively through Switzerland, Italy, Germany and France; on October 27th he left Paris for London, and he was taken sick at the Hotel with heart affection, and everything that medical skill could do to restore him was of no avail, on the 2nd of November he died, the day the family was to sail for home. The body was embalmed and placed in a metal casket and brought over in the steamship Minnesota, and arrived at this port Nov. 30th. The funeral services were held on the morning of Dec. 2nd, at his residence 2014 Chestnut St., by Dr. Blanchard of the Episcopal church and Dr. Macintosh of the second Presbyterian church which was very impressive. The remains were taken to rest at the West Laurel Hill Cemetery. In saying adieu to my dear old friend I would say in the language of the poet Tennyson:

"Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning at the bar,  
When I put out to sea."

# THE CAMBRIAN,

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE WELSH-AMERICAN PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

REV. E. C. EVANS,

REMSSEN, N. Y.

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# THE CAMBRIAN.

Now go write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for all time to come for ever and ever

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REV. HORATIO GATES JONES, D.D.

THE FOUNDER AND FIRST PASTOR OF THE LOWER MERION BAPTIST CHURCH, MONTGOMERY CO., PA.

Rev. Horatio Gates Jones, D. D., a son of the Rev. David Jones, A. M., the founder and first pastor of the of the Great Valley Baptist Church, Lower Merion Baptist Church, was who was a chaplain in the Revolution-

ary War from its beginning to its close. Rev. David Jones was descended from the ancient and honorable family of Morgan ap Rhydderch, who was born in 1625 in the parish of Llanwenog, Cardiganshire, S. W. An elder brother, Rhys ap Rhydderch, was a military officer in the army of Oliver Cromwell. This latter gentleman, Rhys ap Rhydderch, came to this country in 1701, with his family and about twenty other families from the counties of Cardigan, Pembroke and Carmarthen, and settled near Philadelphia. They sailed in the spring from Milford Haven in the ship William and Mary, and they arrived at Philadelphia in the summer. Rev. Enoch Morgan, the author of the Welsh Concordance published in Philadelphia in 1730, was one of the company. Nearly a year afterward they went to settle in the Welsh Tract in the State of Delaware. At the time they acquired the land from William Penn. it was intended to establish a Welsh settlement; but it retained its Welsh character only for about 75 years. A Welsh church was built in the Welsh Tract by the Baptists, which was the first Welsh church built in America by the denomination. Rhys ap Rhydderch died in 1707, at the Welsh Tract, at the age of 87 years.

Rev. David Jones's grandmother was Esther, a daughter of Morgan ap Rhydderch, who emigrated from Llanwenog Parish to the Welsh Tract in 1710. The son of the above, Rev. Horatio Gates Jones, the subject of this sketch, and father of the late well known Horatio Gates Jones, Esq., of Philadelphia, was born in Tredyffrin Township, Chester County, Pa., Feb. 11, 1777, and was educated at Dr. Allison's Academy in Bordentown, N. J., and worked on his father's farm in Easton Township. He was baptized June 25,

1798, at the Great Valley Church, by Rev. John Boggs, who was co-pastor of the Great Valley Baptist Church with the Rev. David Jones. He studied divinity with his father, and was licensed to preach Sept. 26, 1801, but had preached about one year prior to that date. Having received a call to the Baptist Church at Salem, N. J., he was there ordained Feb. 13, 1802, and remained until April, 1805, when he resigned, the climate not agreeing with his health. He then removed to Roxborough, Philadelphia Co., and began his labors as a preacher in Lower Merion and other places.

In 1829 he was chosen President of the Board of Trustees of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, and so continued until the day of his death, Dec. 12, 1853.

He filled various offices of trust and honor in Roxborough, and was an active promoter of ministerial education and one of the prime movers in Haddington College, which was finally established at Germantown.

In 1812 he received the degree of A. M. from Brown University, and in 1851 the University of Lewisburgh, Pa., conferred on him their first degree of D.D. Although fond of literature he wrote but little for the press. His most extensive work was "A History of the Philadelphia Baptist Association," which appeared in *The World*, a religious newspaper published in Philadelphia.

Dr. Jones died at Roxborough, Dec. 11, 1853, and was buried in the Roxborough Baptist grave-yard, but is now in the Leverington Cemetery, near the old grave-yard. A tablet to his memory was placed in the eastern wall of the Merion Church the year after his death.

"It is with great regret that we have learned, just before going to press, of the death of Mr. Horatio Gates Jones, Phila., which occurred on March 14th, 1893. He

was the son of the above Rev. Horatio Gates Jones, and widely known and highly respected among the Welsh-American people throughout the country. His death is deeply mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends. In a future number we expect to furnish the readers of *THE CAMBRIAN* with a portrait of him, with a brief sketch of his life.—*Ed.*

## SOME OF THE OLD WELSH PREACHERS.

BY REV. D. BURFORD HOOKE.

OWEN THOMAS, D. D.—JOHN THOMAS, D. D.—  
JOHN ELIAS, ANGLESEA.

(Continued from page 51.)

To do justice to Dr. John Thomas's character some reference should be made to his position as a political leader. Men might differ from him, but his leadership they readily acknowledged. But his politics he subordinated to that which is far higher and more important. The writer well remembers him saying in the presence of several members of Parliament, that Welsh Non-conformists "existed not for political, but for religious purposes—not as a political but as a religious power. That power had made Wales what it was, and that power alone could help it in the future."

A few months ago the jubilee of his ministry was celebrated. Men of all denominations gathered, and abundant proof was borne that he had not lived in vain. Though allowed to attend the celebration he was forbidden to take part, one of his sons, therefore, read the reply which he had prepared. One sentence which he had penned referred to the thousands whom he had received into Christian fellowship, and in it there occurred these words, "with this hand," instinctively as the sentence was read he raised the thin worn hand, which so many of his church members had grasped in that solemn moment of

their spiritual history, and as they realized that perhaps they might never more grasp it, they bowed their heads and wept. It was a pathetic incident in a memorable gathering. Dr. Herber Evans has more than once referred to that hand-grasp which welcomed him to Christian fellowship, when a stranger in Liverpool. Now that hand, which was so often uplifted on behalf of truth and righteousness—that hand which penned so much that sought to elevate and bless mankind—that hand which pointed men to the Cross as the answer to their sin and sorrow—is still in death.

Dr. Thomas died on July 14, at Colwyn Bay, among the hills of his native land and in sight of the sea he so much loved. The name of the house in which he passed away was "Uwch-y-don," which signifies "above the wave," a fitting omen of his triumph as he passed to the other shore. Both brothers were buried in the city where they so long lived and labored. In life and in death they were not divided:

Two hands upon the breast the work is over—

The warfare o'er;  
And they who have toiled and striven in faith,  
Shall fight no more.

Two hands upon the breast the work is over;  
And then the promised rest

Which yet remaineth for the Lord's own people  
Who have His name confessed

Two hands upon the breast, the work is over;  
And then that shore,

Where we shall meet the loved ones whom  
God took before.

These imperfect references to Welsh preachers cannot better end than with the mention of the name of John Elias, who for many years occupied a foremost place among the preachers at the great open-air services. His greatest victory was won at Rhuddlan, a quiet village, beauti-

fully situated under the shadow of a magnificent castle at the entrance to the Vale of Clwyd. At the beginning of the present century a large fair was held there on the Lord's day. When he was only twenty-eight years of age, John Elias went, unarmed to put it down. Standing on a horse block near the "New Inn," he began to preach to the accompaniment of harps and fiddles. These, however, ceased. His burning words, founded on the fourth commandment, soon arrested the farmers and their servants. The fear of God fell upon the crowd, the people listened and trembled as if Sinai itself with all its thunder had suddenly burst upon them. It is said that one man who had purchased a sickle let it fall to the ground thinking the arm which held it had withered, and was afraid to pick it up lest the same thing should happen to the other. He lost his sickle, but he found salvation. The Sabbath fair has not been held from that day to this at Rhuddlan. The then vicar of the parish confessed of John Elias, "that man by one sermon has done more than I have been able to do all my life."

The wage paid to men then hired as farm servants was settled at the Cross—a stone erection with which a good deal of sanctity was connected, for it is said that when King Edward visited Rhuddlan he received the regalia of Wales which included a part of the veritable Cross of Calvary. This, with great solemnity, he placed on the altar of Westminster Abbey. In this and other ways a good deal of superstition gathered round the Cross at Rhuddlan, it was more than a symbol, it became almost a witness. In harvest time the weekly wage was declared each Sunday at the Cross, and it became the settled wage for that week throughout the district. No one disputed "the wages of the Cross."

Under its shadow bargains were made and as its form rested on those who there entered upon agreements, it was felt to have made the agreements, binding. No promise made at the Cross could be denied. Superstitious it may have been, but release could only be secured from a promise thus made by the oath of two men nearest to himself in worth, taken in the church wherein would be found "his sacramental bread and water." To break a bargain made at the Cross was said to break the Cross itself."

Of the old Welsh preachers it may truthfully be said that they took their oath at the Cross. Its shadow rested upon them, and on them it was binding. Despite their differences— theological, intellectual, ecclesiastical,—there they were one. Their oath was truly sacramental—never to desert their leader, never to abandon His cause. They were faithful unto death, and theirs has long since been the crown which fadeth not away.

Within the radius of that same Cross we stand. On us its shadow rests. To the same Leader we are pledged—may our fidelity be as theirs.

O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

#### PROFESSOR RHYS ON "SACRED WELLS IN WALES."

The first lecture of the session was given lately at a joint meeting of the Folk Lore and Cymrodorion Societies, under the presidency of Mr. D. Brynmor Jones, M. P. Prof. Rhys of Oxford was the lecturer, and the attendance included Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, president of the Folk Lore Society, and Mrs. Gomme, Mr. Standish O'Grady, the well-known Irish Mythologist, Dr. Loe, Mr. Henry Owen, F.S.A., author of "Gerald the Welshman," and editor of "Owen's Pembrokeshire," Mr. Alfred Nutt, author of "Studies in the Legend of the

Holy Grail," Mr. Edgerton Phillimore, editor of "Y Cymmrodor," Mr. Joseph Jacobs, editor of "Folk Lore," Dr. Isambard Owen, M.A., Mr. C. Maynard Owen, Mr. T. Merchant Williams, Dr. T. R. Sydenham Jones, the Rev. Robert Gwynne, M.A., Mr. W. Prydderch Williams, Mr. Tom Parry, Professor of Agriculture at the University College, Aberystwyth, Mr. T. R. Jones, formerly of Llanfyllin, Mr. T. E. Morris, Mr. E. Vincent Evans, Secretary to the Society of Cymmrodorion, and many other members of the two Societies.

Mr. Brynmor Jones, in opening the proceedings, regarded the meeting as a matter of congratulation to both of the Societies interested. Though with somewhat different aims, both the Cymmrodorion and the Folk Lore Societies had many points of contact in the work they were called upon to do. As a Cymmrodor he could not but recognize the valuable work that Society had done and was doing in elucidating the history of Wales; as a Folk Loreist he felt that in the social and national life of Wales there was rich material for the purposes of his brothers of the Folk Lore Society. The moral of which observation was, that it was the duty of the members of the one Society to be also members of the other. Prof. Rhys, he observed, needed no introduction. His name was ever a guarantee of sound scientific work, and of accurate scholarship. It was possible that he had not discovered "the Elixir of life" in any of the sacred wells of Wales, but the result of his researches were sure to be instructive to all those who listened to them with a serious purpose. On rising to read his paper, Professor Rhys remarked that he would be quite satisfied if at the bottom of his wells he had found not the Elixir of life but a modicum of truth. The first part of the paper dealt with the

curious habit of tying rags and bits of clothing to the branches of trees growing near holy wells of Wales. Some time previously the Professor had stated he knew nothing of the custom; he had since discovered that he spoke in ignorance, for he has obtained information in proof of it. The first item was a communication from Mr. J. H. Davies of Lincoln College, Oxford, relating to a Glamorgan holy well situated near the pathway leading from Coy church to Bridgend. There the custom is for people suffering from any malady to dip a rag in the water and to bathe the affected part of the body, after which the rag is placed on a tree close to the well. The well is called Ffynon Cae Moch. Another version (supplied by Mr. T. Howell of Pencoes) states that the rag is not put in the water at all, but is tied on the tree "for luck." Mr. J. Jones of Jesus College, a native of the Rhondda Valley, was the Professor's authority for a different custom in connection with Ffynnon Penrhys in that district, where the person who wishes his health benefited is to wash in the water of the well and throw a pin into it afterwards, and also concerning a well at Llancarfan, some five or six miles from Cowbridge, where the custom prevails of tying rags to the branches of a tree growing close at hand. A similar custom is related in connection with Ffynnon Marcros, some eight or nine miles from Bridgend. It will be observed that the three wells mentioned as associated with the custom of tying rags on a tree close by, are in the same district, viz., in that part of Glamorgan lying to the south of the Great Western Railway as one travels to Milford Haven. There is no reason, however, to think that the custom was peculiar to that part of the Principality.

In 1887 the late Mrs. Silvan Evans,



wife of Canon Silvan Evans of Llanwrin, who always took a keen interest in Welsh antiquities and folk-lore, told the Professor how she had some twenty years previously visited Ffynnon Elian, near Abergelle, in Denbighshire, and how her attention was directed to some bushes near the well, which once had been covered with bits of rags left by those who frequented the well. An old woman of 70, who was her informant, stated that the rags used to be tied to the bushes by means of wool (not woollen yarn, but wool in its natural state.) Mrs. Evans also noticed corks with pins stuck in them, floating in the well, and her informant remembered many more in years gone by, for Elian's well was once in great repute as a "ffynnon reibio," or a well to which people resorted for the kindly purpose of bewitching those whom they hated. Prof. Rhys, however, inferred from what Mrs. Evans was told of the rags that Elian's well was used, not only by the malicious, but also by the sick and suffering. It would appear, then, that the habit of tying rags on bushes or trees near sacred wells has only ceased in that part of Denbighshire within this century. It is very possible that it continued in North Wales more recently than this instance would lead one to suppose, and the lecturer would not be in the least surprised to learn that it is still practiced in out of the way places in Gwynedd, just as it is found to be in Glamorgan. We want more facts. Prof. Rhys could not say whether it was customary in the cases referred to not only to tie rags to the well-tree, but also to throw pins or other small objects into the well, but he adhered to the view that the distinction was probably an ancient one between two orders of things. In other words, he believed that the rag was regarded as the vehicle of the disease of which

the ailing visitor wished to be rid, and that the button, coin, or pin deposited by him in the well or a receptacle near the well, was alone the suffering. This view had been directly traversed by Mr. Gomme, the President of the Folk Lore Society, but on the whole it seemed to him (Prof. Rhys) easier to explain the facts, taken all in all, on the supposition he had advanced. On this point, however, he wished to ask whether the disease is ever regarded as attaching to a head, button, or coin, as it is to the rag on the tree. He asked this for the sake of information, for unlike some of his journalistic friends he did not imagine that once one made a suggestion one was bound to fight for it tooth and nail; that would be, he took it, to entirely misunderstand the whole spirit of modern research. He at any rate would be sorry to have to maintain all the positions he had once taken up, but on the other hand the conjectures of some men who are seldom quite right, have perhaps done more to advance science than the facts of some other men who have never grievously blundered in their lives. The great majority of the Welsh wells he had heard of seemed simply to have pins thrown into them mostly in order to get rid of warts from the patients' hands. Ffynnon Gwynwy, near Llangelynin, on the river Conway, appears to be of this sort, for it formerly used to be well stocked with crooked pins, which nobody would touch lest he might have from them the warts supposed to attach to them. There was also a well of some repute at Cae Garw, in the parish of Pistyll, near the foot of Carnguwch in Lleyr or West Carnarvonshire. The water possessed virtues to cure one of rheumatism and warts, but in order to be rid of the latter it was requisite to throw a pin into the well for each individual wart. For these items of

information and others, Prof. Rhys acknowledged his indebtedness to Mr. John Jones (Myrddin Fardd), Ōhwilog, an enthusiastic collector of Welsh antiquities, whether manuscripts or unwritten folk-lore. In certain manuscripts that came before the Professor's notice in a competition at the London Eisteddfod, the writers in several instances mentioned the prevalent belief that every well with healing properties must have its outlet towards the south, and if one wished to get rid of warts, it was necessary (in one instance) to gather wool on the way, prick each wart with a pin, rub it well with the wool, bend the pin, and throw it into the well, and afterwards place the wool on the first white thorn one could find. In connection with Ffynnon Cefn Lleithfan, on the eastern slope of Mynydd y Rhiw, in the parish of Bryn croes, in the west of Lleyln, it was necessary both when going and returning to be careful not to utter a word to anybody, or to turn to look back. At the well one was to bathe the warts with a rag or clout with grease on it, which was afterwards carefully concealed beneath the stone at the mouth of the well. In the cliffs at the west end of Lleyln is a wishing well called Ffynnon Fair. To obtain one's wish one must descend the steps to the well, and walk up with the mouth full of the water. According to Myrddin Fardd, there also used to be a well near Criccieth Church, known as Ffynnon y Saint, and it was the custom to throw keys or pins into it on the morning of Easter Sunday, in order to propitiate St. Catherine, who was the patron saint of the well. He (Prof. Rhys) would be glad to know exactly what this meant. Certain wells in that part of Gwynedd the lecturer grouped together, and described as "oracular." One of these was the big well in the

parish of Llanbedrog, where the devotee was required to kneel and avow his faith in the well before proceeding to ascertain the name of the thief who had stolen from him, which he did by throwing a piece of bread into the well, naming suspected persons, until the bit of bread sank, then the thief was identified. Another well of the same kind was Ffynnon Saethon, in Llanfihangel Bachellaeth, also in Lleyln, where it was customary for lovers to throw pins into the well, probably blackthorn pins, as we are told that if they sank in the water the lover was not sincere in his or her love. At Ffynnon Gybi, in the parish of Llangybi, lovers' intentions were made known by spreading a handkerchief on the water, and if the water pushed the handkerchief to the south *W. i'r de* they knew everything was right, in *W. o dde*, but if the water shifted the handkerchief northwards they concluded the contrary. A reference to this custom is made in severe terms by Dafydd Ddu Eryri, (d. 1822) in "*Corph y Gaingc.*"

Ambell ddyn, wgaelddyn a gyrech,  
I bant goris Moel Bentyrch;  
Mewn gobaith mai hen Gybi,  
Glodfawr sydd yn llwyddo'r lli,'

A well bearing the remarkable name of Ffynnon Gwynedd is situated near Mynydd Mawr, in the parish of Abererch, and used to be consulted in the same way for a different purpose. When it was desired to discover whether an ailing person would recover, a garment of his would be thrown into the well, and according to the side on which it would sink it was known whether he would live or die.

The next class dealt with consisted of what might be called magic wells, of which few are mentioned in connection with Wales, but the legends about them are very curious. Ffynnon Grasi occupies (according to Myrdd-

in Fardd) a few square feet of the south-east corner of the lake of Glasfryn Uchaf, in the parish of Llangybi. It appears that it was walled in, and that the stone forming its eastern side has several holes in it which were intended to let water enter the well, and not to issue from it. It had a door or cover on its surface, and it was necessary to keep the door shut, except when water was being drawn. Through somebody's negligence, however, it was once left open, the consequence was that the water of the well flowed out, and formed the Glasfryn pool, which is so considerable as to be navigable for small boats. Though the name of the well must be comparatively modern, the story, as a whole, does not appear to be at all modern, but very decidedly the contrary. For the next legend of this kind Professor Rhys was indebted to Rev. John Fisher, B.D., Newtown, Mont., who, in spite of his name, is a genuine Welshman, and what is more, a Welsh scholar. Mr. Fisher related the legend of Llyn Llech Owen on Mynydd Mawr in the ecclesiastical parish of Gors Las, and the civil parish of Llanarthney, Carmarthenshire, on the authority of his grandfather, Rees Thomas, of Cil Coll, Llandebyie. A man named Owen on Mynydd Mawr, had a well covered with a large flag stone (loc. *fflagan*), which he was always careful to re-place over its mouth after it was used. One day after watering his horse he forgot to re-place the stone. After proceeding some distance he looked back, and to his astonishment saw that the well had burst out, and was overflowing the land. He suddenly bethought him that he should ride back, and encompass the overflow of the water as fast as he could, and it was the horse's track in galloping round the water that put a stop to its further overflowing. It is fully believed that

had he not galloped round the flood in the way he did that the well would have inundated the whole district. The lake thus formed was called Llyn Llech Owen. The Rev. D. Harwood Hughes, B.A., vicar of Gors Las, gave Mr. Fisher a somewhat different version as prevalent in his parish. The Owen of the legend was said to be Owen Glyndwr. He, passing through these parts one evening, found a well, and having watered his horse thereat placed a stone over it in order to find it again the next morning. He then went to lodge the night at Dyllgoed Farm close by. In the morning, before proceeding on his journey, he took his horse to the well to give him water, but to his surprise he found the well had become a lake. Professor Rhys could make nothing of the latter story, but he thought the euhemerized version was itself evidence corroborative of Mr. Fisher's older version. This, as Mr. Fisher himself suggested, provokes comparison with the Irish legend of the formation of Lough Neagh, which is discussed by Professor Rhys in his "Arthurian Legends," p. 361, in connection with the Welsh story of Llyn Llŷon. The next legend of the kind was that of Cantre'r Gwaelod. In dealing with this the lecturer pointed out that the older form of the story places the blame of the inundation not on Seithenyn but on a woman, a pretty sure sign of antiquity. The legend is to be found in a short poem in the Black Book of Carmarthen, consisting of eight triplets, to which is added a triplet from the Englynion of the Graves. The second and third triplets run thus:

Boed emendiceid y moruain  
ae helygyaud guydi cvin.  
finaun wenestir mor terruin.

Accursed be the maiden  
Who after supping let in—  
The well-servant of the high sea.

Boed emendiceid y vachteith  
ae golligant gwydi gweith.  
finaun-wenestir mor diffeith.

Accursed be the spinster  
Who after the battle let it in—  
The well-servant of the dreary sea.

Professor Rhys could not decide what may be precisely the meaning of the notion of a well with a woman set carefully to see that the door of the well is kept shut. It would occur, however, to everybody to compare the well which Undine wished to have kept shut on account of its affording a ready access from her subterranean country to the castle of her refactory knight. And in the case of the Glasfryn lake the walling and cover were to keep the spring from overflowing were according to the story not watertight. This suggests the idea that the cover was to prevent the passage of some such fullgrown fairies as those with which legend seems to have once peopled all the pools and tarns of Wales. But in the next place is the maiden in charge of the well, to be regarded as priestess of the well? This idea of a priesthood is not wholly unknown in connection with wells in Wales, [see Lewis' Topographical Dictionary of Wales (1833,) s. v. Llandrilo: Rees Welsh Saints (1836) "St. Eilian;" and Foulkes Enwogion Cymru, p. v. Eilian.] There is very little doubt that the owner or the guardian of the well was so to say the representative of its ancient priesthood. In conclusion the lecturer related an instance which came under his notice only last summer. In quest of old inscriptions he visited Llandeilo Llwydiarth, near Maenclochog in the northern part of Pembrokeshire. This is one of the many churches bearing the name of St. Teilo in South Wales, the building is in ruins but the churchyard is still used and it contains two of the most ancient non-Roman inscriptions in the Principality. Enquiring for

Llandeilo now one is directed to the farmhouse close by. The landlady's family have been there for many generations, though they have not long been proprietors of the land. Above the house is St. Teilo's Well, considered to have the property of curing the whooping cough. The water must be lifted out of the well and given to the patient to drink by somebody born in the house, or as the son put it, by the heir. It is given in a skull—St. Teilo's skull—which Teilo the Professor's craniological knowledge was unable to determine. The thing, however, to be noticed is that here we have an instance of a well of which was probably sacred before the time of St. Teilo, in fact one would possibly be right in supposing that the sanctity of the well and its immediate surroundings was one of the causes of the site being chosen by a Christian missionary. The well of paganism was annexed by the saint which established a belief ascribing him the skull used in the well ritual. The landlady and her family, whose name by the way was the odd one of Melchior, it is true do not believe in the efficacy of the well or take gifts from those who visit it, but continue out of kindness to hand the skull full of water to those who persist in believing in it. In other words the faith in the well continues intact when the walls of the church have fallen into decay, such is the great persistence of some ancient beliefs, and in this particular instance we have a succession which seems to point unmistakably to an ancient priesthood of the well.

The Professor's interesting paper was listened to with the greatest attention, and he received at its conclusion most cordial applause. In the discussion that followed, Mr. Gomme, president of the Folk Lores Society, maintained the theory that the rags

and the pins left by the devotees at the well represented one and the same thing, the devotee's offering. He laid considerable importance on the point of silence and not looking backwards in certain tales, and would be glad of more information on those points. The gallop of a horse stopping the overflow of water reminded him of the ancient measurements of grants of land "As far as a horse could gallop." Mr. Standish O'Grady, author of "Silva Gaedelica," Mr. Joseph Jacobs, Mr. T. E. Morris, and Dr. Lowe also discussed points raised by the lecturer, Mr. Morris adding a well at Llanfaglan, near Carnarvon, to the number already mentioned.

### SHAKESPEARE AND THE WELSH.

A local magazine, "The Nelson," calls attention to a newly published volume entitled "Shakespeare's True Life." The author, Major Walter, announces a discovery of interest as tending to explain how the great poet acquired his close and accurate knowledge of Wales and the Welsh. For instance, in connection with the parish register in Holy Trinity Church, at Stratford, we are told, "the church register discloses sundry Ap Williams, Ap Edwards, Hugh ap Shon, Ap Roberts, Ap Howell, Evan Meredith, Evan Rice, and other undoubted Cymric worthies as fellow-townsmen of the poet. He had, therefore, from infancy, ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the dialect as well as the character of the Welsh people; and so Sir Hugh Evans, in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' is accounted for." A correspondent writes: "In the year 1640, the first volume of William Shakespeare's works was published, and on the frontispiece the following old Welsh proverb is to be found, 'Heb Dduw heb ddim.'"

### THE UNCHANGING CHRIST.

BY PRINCIPAL EDWARDS, D.D., BALA.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.—Hebrews xiii. 8.

(Continued from page 74.)

Let us return for a moment to the exposition of the text—"Jesus Christ"—the human name. Therefore he speaks about the unchangeableness of man, not the unchangeableness of God. And at the end of the verse, too, the same thing: "Jesus . . . yesterday and to-day the same." I do not think he would have said that of "the Lord." *The Lord* has no "yesterday." If he spoke about the immobility of the Son of God and the Divine person, which he does in the first chapter, he would have said, perhaps something to this effect: "The Son of God is unchangeable," or, "God is immutable." But here it is: "*Jesus Christ* is unchangeable, yesterday and to-day the same." For God has no yesterday, but Jesus Christ has a yesterday, and after that came the night of death. And after that night of death He rose, with a new name which is the Christly name, going on from century to century, until, far away in the future, Jesus to-day passing away also, will come the "forever." And to it there will be no end. Jesus had a yesterday, and we know what He was yesterday; He is the same to-day. The yesterday of Jesus will explain His character to-day, and that Man Jesus of Nazareth is immutable. All our hopes depend upon the unchangeable purpose of the Man. There is one Man who, if He changed His mind, all Christianity would collapse—Jesus Christ the Man, therefore, and that is true of the condition which is taught, which is that the Man Jesus is unchangeable, like God, and that the unchangeableness of the Man Jesus has made Him worthy to

be God, as He undoubtedly is. Therefore two remarks suggest themselves to my mind from the text. One is that the circumstances of the life of Jesus Christ on earth developed a strong unchanging character. And the second is that the unchangeableness which grew in Him, in the changes of His earthly life, have formed a power which underlies all activity in the carrying on of His work on earth. Yesterday He became unchangeable, and therefore is unchangeable to-day; therefore will be unchangeable forever. For we must remember that Jesus grew. He developed a certain human character. He was not everything, any more than God is everything. He was not an infinite vague personality, without individuality; He was not a general principle, but a man. And every man becomes a man, gains or loses by all the circumstances of life. Jesus grew from small beginnings to a great and a new life, of love, of humanity. Some have been in danger, but that cloud is passing away; but some previous theologians have been, in our country, in danger of falling into the old Unitarian heresy, not realising that Jesus is a human soul, but speaking as if He assumed a human body, and took His place as a perfect man, not admitting any growth in humanity, as a Saviour, but thinking that whatever He did on the Cross He could have done when tempted of Satan in the wilderness. But I profoundly believe in that reformed doctrine that Jesus Christ grew. There was a time when He could not have done what He afterwards did. And He proves it in accomplishing the great end of His life. And in passing from life to death there comes that great development of character which grew in Him through all the changes of life, in all its changes unchangeable. One has said, "All is mutable save mutability."

Everything changes except the fact that everything changes. But about Jesus, in all the changes of His life, and He had many and great ones; He remained unchanged; truly continuous, in every circumstance developing the same character with which He started until He became the "strong Son of God," and equally strong Son of Man, the immortal Saviour, who never repented of anything He ever did. We do; we would alter, and make our past different. How often do we look back and say, "If only I could begin again, I should make a better thing of life than I have done, but I made a mistake." Many a man has to deplore a fatal mistake in life; he took a wrong turn, and he can never retrace his steps. And we are continually bemoaning our mistakes. Oh, that we could begin again!

You never find that in Jesus Christ. Not one sentence of the kind ever crossed his lips. He did not want to begin again. He had done right in every circumstance; He had conquered in every trial; won the victory in every temptation; and instead of making mistakes, instead of blundering as we do, all through life, He seemed to have a clear vision of that future that lay before Him and a thorough understanding of every duty connected with the glorious work; so that to-day was the preparation for His to-morrow. Like that garment of His, His life was seamless. We read, often, in the "lives of Jesus Christ," of divisions. But divisions of that life of His are all artificial, and in proportion as they are artificial they are untrue. There is nothing of the kind in the actual life of Jesus. You cannot say where a new epoch in His life begins. I mean in His own personal life. New circumstances come, and new duties. He enters upon them with a strength acquired by His previous life; and all His life through is.

of one piece, without a beginning and without an end. Not drawing back, but slowly accelerating His pace, He became stronger every day, until at last He comes face to face with Death, and is strong enough to conquer it.

I am told that the great rivers of our own and every country have to wind round the mountains in order to slacken their pace. And if any river, however small, were allowed to run straight on towards the sea, without turning round this hill and winding around that meadow, it would acquire such strength that it would carry all before it and rush with headlong impetuosity into the bosom of the ocean. That is how our life winds. Like the journeying of the Israelites, which took forty years to do what ought to have been done in a few days, so our lives are. But not so the life of Jesus. And therefore it was not necessary to continue the life a little longer on earth. Oh, no! the course was perfectly straight, and His pace was becoming quicker and quicker year by year, day by day, until at last He rushed through Death—and Death actually died when He came face to face with the dead Jesus.

Therefore has he acquired that strength in His changes, even in the great change of death. You may be perfectly sure He will never change again. I am perfectly sure of that, whatever doubts and misgivings I may have about theology and religion, I am perfectly sure that Jesus will never change any more. It is in life that we change; it is the grand difficulty of living well that makes us cowards; and especially that terrible change of death. Then a man is divided into two parts—one rotting in the grave, another part a naked spirit before its God. In that intermediate state, about which so little is told us, but which, even granting that it is a conscious awaking of the spirit, still

nothing is said of any heroic deed accomplished in that state. The dead seem to be resting in the Lord; and looking back with thankfulness upon their conflicts on earth, and looking forward with patience for the resurrection of the body; they rest in God. But Jesus Christ does not rest in God in that sense. He does not sleep. He is not dead. He could not be holden of death. He broke the bands asunder; and on the third day at dawn, if not before, He broke the grave and rose the ever-living Jesus Christ. The Man is there still, and is actually all one with the very same Jesus who said, "Peace be unto you." The Jesus who bled on the accursed tree, and rescued the thief that was hanging with Him; the Jesus who did those wonderful works of miracle, and spoke those marvellous parables. The Jesus who loves humanity, and loves sinners, the Jesus who was willing to die for them, on the third day when He rose. The same Jesus, the very same. If we want to know what way the King governs the Church of to-day, let us read the gospels.

That is one reason why I am thankful for the Gospels, not simply that I might have a perfect example of human life on earth, but also in order to understand what the Christ I am trying to serve once was. For no doubt His life on earth was a preparation for His life in Heaven. He was preparing Himself for being the King of His Church. It was a discipline without which He could not have been the absolute Monarch of the redeemed.

Tertullian says, in several passages, that the appearances of the Angel of the Covenant in the New Testament were intended as reversions of Jesus Christ. Beautiful is the expression. A genius must have said that. What is the Old Testament history, the author asks? Is there a person of Jesus Christ, as it were, learning to

become incarnate, trying incarnation as far as he could without committing Himself entirely to it, making experiments in incarnation until at last He found that He could do it, and committed Himself to humanity, and became for ever the Incarnate God. If that is true, and I have no doubt it is, how much more true is it for us to say to-night that His life here on earth was also a reversion. It was a grand event, a splendid work, a glorious performance, that life and that death; but it had also its eyes upon the future, and the reversion of His Kingdom in Heaven. When He was suffering here on earth, He was preparing Himself to be a King and a Saviour. He would not be fit to be the King of the Christian Church if He does not know what temptation is and trial is; not worthy to be our Lord. But it pleased our Lord to learn to sympathise by the pangs which He suffered, and now "He is able to succour them that are tempted."

Yes! my friends, let us remember that the Church is governed by an absolute Monarch. It is not governed by principles or theories, but by the energy of one Man, by the resolution of Jesus. He has got His purposes and plans for His servants, but it all depends upon Him whether this succeeds or that fails. It is not a democracy; it is not an oligarchy; the Christian Church is not to be governed by a majority; the Christian Church will not do its work on earth in committees; the Christian Church is something greater than all officials, from the Pope down to the lowest Puritan in the land.

And therefore we are here to-day to assert the grand truth that we are all the servants of the absolute Monarch Jesus Christ. We are here to-day to listen, if we may, wistfully, to His command, and in utter subjection

to His will. Let us come with the most profound spirit of meekness and prayer, and say, "We want to know, blessed Jesus, what Thou wouldst have us do, and then we will do it, whatever it may cost. We will send out missionaries because Thou hast commanded; not knowing how they are going to win the world; for Thou commandest it. Ready to work, to live, to do, to suffer, and to be everything, and to be anything. We wait in doubt and perplexity sometimes. Put an end to it, blessed Lord, only let us know that Thou art our King to the very bottom of our being, and to the uttermost part of the earth."

And what we want dear friends, to begin the Congress with, is silent obedience in prayerfulness, to know the will of the Master, the absolute Monarch of our souls and consciences, and wills, who has bought us with His own most precious blood; to Whom we have entirely consecrated our personality for ever. For He is the same for ever. For ever! for ever! He may have changes in Heaven; I doubt it not. I have no hesitation in thinking that our great Saviour is becoming a better Saviour, every day growing, growing to the power of a heavenly discipline as the Son of God, understanding God's will better from age to age. And yet in all these changes of heaven itself, the same Lord, having the same omnipotent power to rule over human souls; for ever the same. I do not think that this "for ever" is needed for this argument of the writer's. I may be wrong, but that is my opinion. It is simply thrown in superfluously. No doubt you will have observed the form of the verse. It looks unnatural to put in this "for ever." I would have said this, and no doubt he would have said it if he were only a poor logician: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday." Well! I did not observe.



that before this moment. It is not the same in the original as it is in the Authorised Version ; it is not the same in Welsh either. For it happens that that translation is very like the Revised Version in everything in which the Revised Version is an improvement. (Laughter.) "Jesus Christ yesterday and to-day the same." Well that is all.

You do not want to say any more. And then we have and "for ever." That is not wanted surely ! What he wanted to prove is that Jesus Christ is the same to-day which He was yesterday. But, then, this chapter was not written in cold blood. The man was at white heat when he wrote the thirteenth, twelfth, and eleventh chapters. In the first chapter, I admit, it is very cold. It is freezing. It is so cold, that it requires a little effort to read through the earlier chapters very often—it is so freezingly logical. But as he goes on he warms up to his subject, and by the time he comes to his tenth and eleventh chapters he begins to burn, and the fire has kindled within him ; and when he comes to this chapter he is hot, what the Welsh call *hwyl* ! (Applause from the Welshmen.)

And after closing his argument with the words, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday and to-day," he seems like another being ; to look at the grand vision of the Church spreading before him, he burns with enthusiasm for his Master and thrills with the love of Jesus ; he cries out loudly "and for ever." Whatever thrones may rise and whatever kingdoms fall ; whatever men may be martyred, and turned into lamps to light the garden of some Nero in Rome ; whatever others may be burned in the Smithfield of London ; with the eye of imagination he sees them all, with the inspiration of faith he sees the Reformation ; he sees the Puritans

rising to live out that solid body of theology which still lives. He sees the Methodists of our Whitfield and Wesley, preaching the evangel to the profligate eighteenth century. And he sees more. He sees that Jesus is with *us*, to day. And therefore he cries out, "And for ever, and for ever." Whatever changes may come, whatever new forms of doctrine you may have to adopt in order to meet the dangers of every new heresy. "For heresies come, and heresies go, but Jesus goes on for ever." And whatever changes you may meet in your struggle against heathenism, Jesus is the same permanent element of Christianity. And when you and I are all gone and passed away, and new preachers stand in this place, and new hearers in those seats, Jesus will still govern His Church, asserting Himself, making His impress upon a new generation. And when men can explain that, and give an account of Jesus, then I shall be ready to begin to despair for Christianity. But this is the riddle and the enigma. This is the one difficulty of infidelity, and that difficulty of infidelity is the one great triumph of the Christian Church, that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A SABBATH MORNING SERMON.

BY MR. D. E. DAVIES, PHILADELPHIA.

To most of the toiling masses no word sounds sweeter than Sunday. It means to them release from, often, wearisome avocations—a change of thought and of feeling. Once in seven days they find themselves released, unharnessed as it were, from their load, and stand liberated on God's free earth, having the inward consciousness, of being able to vie with any, of whatever class, the privilege of being men, before their mak-

er. This has engendered in the minds of most people, hallowed associations of the Sabbath, and it has become enshrined in their hearts, as a day of sacred rest. This is more true of rural communities, in countries that observe; the Sabbath there nature itself seems as if lulled to rest, and the quiet of Sunday morning has become proverbial.

To no country can these statements be so fitly applied as to rural Wales. In some districts not even the clang of the church bell breaks upon the quiet. On a fine summer Sunday morning, the scene is not one that can be easily forgotten, and undoubtedly, sons of Gwalia, wherever they may wander, carry with them to the end of their days, vivid and pleasant recollections of the Sabbath morning of their early days.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, what has been said of the country, could also be applied to most of the Welsh towns. In many of them, of late, improved facilities of traffic and travel, as well as the influx of a foreign element, have done much to effect a change; but it will be many years before the outside influences, even in the towns, will entirely eliminate the established character of the Welsh Sabbath day.

It is well on to thirty years ago, our mind reverts to one of the prettiest towns on the Welsh coast—favored by nature—improved and adorned by art, it stands at about the centre of the concave of the largest of Welsh bays. It is flanked on each side by a high hill—its ancient castle stands a guard toward the sea, while back of it opens a lovely and fertile valley, ending many miles inland, in the wild and picturesque gorges, of one of the highest mountain ranges of Wales. At the time referred to it was, and undoubtedly is yet, the great fortress of Welsh Nonconformity; here, pre-

eminently, could be enjoyed the unique and perfected eloquence of the foremost preachers of the day, and here many of the beneficent undertakings that have since taken palpable shape, were discussed, and had their beginning. In this town, all the great Nonconformist bodies, as well as the Established Church, were fully represented; but, in point of number, influence and the number and size of its places of worship, one of them was greatly in advance.

To one of the chapels of this denomination, for a short time, by his leave, we will take the reader. It is a gray, raw Sunday morning, in what may be styled late winter, or spring; a morning on which one feels that it would be a relief were it a little colder, even below the freezing point would have been a decided improvement. As it was, the cold penetrated the bones and marrow, and seemed a sufficient reason, if such can be found, for a "Sunday morning at home." Notwithstanding the bleakness of the day, the large, plain, old-fashioned dissenting chapel was filled to overflowing on the particular Sunday morning of which we speak. The outside chill had penetrated into the chapel also, and during the simple preliminary exercises, many a shivering form looked towards the old-fashioned oaken pulpit where the power that had drawn so many from their homes, on this unpropitious morning, was sitting.

It will be hardly necessary to say that the pulpit was filled this Sunday morning by one of the most eloquent and beloved preachers of the denomination. "To be a great preacher in a nation of great preachers, is to be great indeed," and such was this man. As he arose in the pulpit, the great audience, notwithstanding its uncomfortable surroundings, was on the

tiptoe of expectation, and it was not to be disappointed.

Before he had uttered a syllable the sympathy of the people was with him; how could it be otherwise? For, as the prophet refers to his Master, before them stood revealed "Gwr gofidus, a chynefin a dolor." But, his weakness, was his strength. As he spoke his face fairly glowed, and his voice, possibly abnormally strengthened by his bodily infirmities, was simply overpowering in the warmth and pathos of its tones. He reads, in a far-reaching voice, an old text, upon which the changes have been rung by the silver-tongued of Wales, for many a year, "A bydd llawenydd, &c." His treatment of the subject is masterly, and full of interest. From the first he holds the audience spell-bound. The Welshman is fond of the supernatural and mysterious; his taste is to be gratified this morning.

The preacher commences his discourse by saying: "It is very little we know of the spiritual world; most of our ideas concerning it are mere conjectures. The Holy Spirit has not deemed expedient to discover to us in Holy Writ, what is going on in the regions beyond the veil. However, in one or two places in the Scripture, the Spirit has deigned to lift the veil just a little, so that we might catch a glimpse of what is going on beyond. The text is one of these places." The peculiar fitness of these opening remarks to all, the interest grew apace; many in the audience almost fancied that they saw rays of sunlight streaming through a rift in the leaden sky as the preacher vividly described the Holy Spirit lifting the veil. Then he goes on, his voice waxing warmer, he himself remaining imperturbable. "The joy referred to here is not the joy upon the reaching of his final home, of the perfected saint. There is such a joy, but it is not the joy of

the text. There was joy at the father's house upon the return of the prodigal from the far country; there was feasting and dancing and great joy. But this is not the joy of the text." In this connection he strikingly referred to an industry of the town which was within a stone's throw of the house of worship, a ship-building yard, from which staunch ships have gone forth to sail distant seas.

"Hark! What is that shout of joy from the assembled multitude? Has the noble ship, upon which so much thought and labor have been expended, so much hammering done, and that has had so many men at work upon it for so long, slid gracefully from the stocks and ridden safely to deep water?" "No, not that, that is not the cause of the shouts of joy." "What then, pray?" "It has just begun to move. Dechreu siglo." "But as certain as she has begun to move she will ride triumphantly anon. So the joy of the text. 'There is joy in the presence of the angel of God for one sinner that repenteth,' is the joy of the Triune God in the presence of the holy angels at the first sign of repentance in the sinner's heart. The 'Dechreu siglo,' the first welling up of a tear for his sins, the first side-glance towards his forsaken home, the prodigal's first thought of his father's house; his first glimpse of the faintest glimmer of the dawn. But as sure as the glimmer appears, the day in its effulgence will follow anon. The ship that has begun to move will soon be afloat in its own element, and will reach the desired haven in safety."

This is but a faint and faulty representation of the impressions of this sermon, left ineffaced upon the folds of our memory after the lapse of years. We can testify that the interest was intense and steadily maintained throughout a long sermon unto the end.

The preacher is no more. He was taken away comparatively early from the exercise of the divine calling, which he had so eminently graced. His memory still remains green and fragrant in Wales. There are in that country and scattered around the world thousands who revere his name. His words and his earnestness have left indelible imprints on many hearts. It has been said that the old style of preaching is dying out in Wales, has to die; that the old "hwyl" has outlived its usefulness. The style of this man's preaching will never die out; it will be found appreciated in every country and in every tongue as long as true eloquence, heartfelt earnestness and fervent delivery is regarded on the earth and wherever man or minister is found, among whatever nation, in whatever land, having received the "eneiniad" he also will have appreciation by high and low. We will now take leave of the reader with stating that the town was A—th, and the preacher the lamented and highly gifted Rev. Edward Morgan, Dyffryn.

#### WE MAY NOT GO BACK AGAIN.

BY WILDA.

"Existence forever goes onward." Time once gone can never be recalled. We learn to realize this fact, little by little, as the years roll on, and we climb from valley to mountain top and thence from peak to peak, as we pursue the course of life's journey.

The grandmother sitting in her easy chair by the fireside, or at her favorite window watching the happy hearted lassies as they join in their sports or carol songs of lightsome mirth as they skip joyously over the lawn in childish play, or walk arm in arm among the trees and flowers, disclosing to each others hidden secrets of their girlish hearts and lives,

thinks of the time in the happy long ago, when she, like they, thought little of the flight of time and ever and anon looked out into a great future where she was to learn the whole of life's story; questioning, as she looked, whether the scenes would be checkered ones, or the pages dark or bright. She has passed through those scenes now and closed the book, for the lessons are well nigh learned. She may not go back into youth again. There flows no fountain for her in which she may bathe and bring back the golden ringlets in place of the snowy locks and call to life again the dimples nestling in the once rosy cheeks. The step once buoyant has grown feeble and slow, and, reluctantly though it may be, she treads the down hill road into the shadows, leaving the sunny side of life forever in the past.

The grandsire watches, with pride, the boys of the home as they glide down the snowy slope with cheeks aglow and eyes bright, or sit by the fireside whilst he causes their faces to light up as he relates to them the story of some hard fought battle or difficult victory. He looks into their boyish countenances and in imagination goes back again to the fields over which he strayed, a barefoot boy, and waded in the babbling brook, or drove the cows home, whilst he whistled dreamily some well worn air, and built castles to be occupied by him when he should become what he so ardently longed to be, a man. But he comes back to the present, and though he is willing to wait patiently until the sunset and the falling of the twilight shadows, he can but "Look with regret at the pathway no mortal may travel again."

Then there are those of less mature years than these aged ones, who, having passed the point at which "The brook and river meet," have left their

toy-boat sleeping dreamily on the ripples, whilst they have launched out into the billowy ocean, braving storm and danger, almost out of sight of their fairy bark, lost in the din and rush of the tempests of life, heedless of the ebb and flow of its tide, until one day, as they pause briefly, they catch a glimpse of a group of happy children with faces free from furrows of care and the stains of sin, and like a flood the past sweeps over them, and for the moment their hearts are filled with a "nameless longing," but they are caught up again in the whirl of worldly cares and pleasures, and as the picture of youth fades away in the distance, we hear them say :

"We are better and are wiser,  
Under manhood's sterner reign,  
Still we feel that something sweeter  
Followed youth with flying feet,  
And will never come again;"

They go on and on, no time for rest; think, hope, toil, this is the meaning of life; but as we catch a last echo from their longings wafted on the winds of the present sweeping over the past we hear these words :

"But when youth the dream departs,  
It takes something from our hearts,  
And it never comes again."

The house, the days, the years glide noiselessly on, stealing from us with each beat of the pulse a little more of the wine of youth and vigor, leaving us a little older, a little wiser, a little nearer the close of life, and we trust a little nearer heaven.

### JESUS AT NAZARETH.

[From an article on Galilee by Prof. G. A. Smith in the "Expositor" for March.]

Equally rich was the present life on which the eyes of the boy Jesus looked out. Across Esdraelon, opposite to Nazareth, there emerged from the Samaritan hills the road from Jerusalem, thronged annually with pilgrims, and the road from Egypt with its

merchants going up and down. The Midianite caravans could be watched for miles coming up from the fords of Jordan; and, as we have seen, the caravans from Damascus wound round the foot of the hill on which Nazareth stands. Or if the village boys climbed the northern edge of their home, there was another road almost within sight, where the companies were still more brilliant—that direct highway between Acre and the Decapolis, along which legions marched, and princes swept with their retinues, and all sorts of travelers from all countries went to and fro. The Roman ranks, the Roman eagles, the wealth of noblemen's litters and equippages cannot have been strange to the eyes of the boys of Nazareth, especially after their twelfth year, when they went up to Jerusalem, or visited with their fathers famous Rabbis, who came down from Jerusalem, peripatetic among the provinces. Nor can it have been the eye only which was stirred. For all the rumor of the Empire entered Palestine close to Nazareth—the news from Rome, about the Emperor's health, about the changing influence of the great statesmen, about the prospects at court of Herod, or of the Jews; about Cæsar's last order concerning the tribute, or whether the policy of the Procurator would be sustained. Many Galilean families must have had relatives in Rome; Jews would come back to this countryside to tell of the life of the world's capital. Moreover, the scandals of the Herods buzzed up and down these roads; pedlars carried them, and the peripatetic Rabbis would moralise upon them. And the customs, too, of the neighboring Gentiles—their loose living, their sensuous worship, their absorption in business, the hopelessness of the inscriptions on their tombs, multitudes of which were readable (as some are still) on the

roads around Galilee—all this would furnish endless talk in Nazareth, both among men and boys. Here, then, He grew up and suffered temptation, who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. The perfect example of His purity and patience was achieved—not easily as behind a wide fence which shut the world out—but amid rumor and scandal and every provocation to unlawful curiosity and premature ambition. A vision of all the kingdoms of the world was as possible from Nazareth as from the Mount of Temptation. The pressure and problems of the world outside God's people must have been felt by the youth of Nazareth as by few others; yet the scenes of prophetic missions to it—Elijah's and Elisha's—were also within sight. But the chief lesson which Nazareth has for us is the possibility of a pure home and a spotless youth in the very face of the evil world.

FORSAKEN FOR ME.

Ps. 22:1. Matt. 27:46.

BY REV. LUTHER REES, PARIS, TEXAS.  
My God! my God! the Saviour cried,  
Upon the cursed tree,  
Why hast Thou Father, left my side,  
And thus forsaken me?

From Herod's hands—all blood defiled  
With cruel butchery,  
Who sought to kill me when a child,  
Thou didst deliver me.

Thou, in the Garden's darkest hour,  
When human help had gone,  
Didst rescue from the tempter's power  
Thy well beloved Son.

Beneath the bigot's hate and frown,  
The taunting, scourging vile.  
Neath purple robe and thorny crown,  
I always caught Thy smile.

But here beneath this weight of woe—  
All their iniquity—  
A load of sin none else can know,  
Thou art so far from me.

Must I the wine-press tread alone  
In this the darkest hour?  
Wilt Thou desert Thine only Son?  
Wilt Thou withhold Thy power?

The utmost farthing I will pay,  
And all Thy wrath receive,  
And every sin I'll bear away,  
For those who but believe.

'Tis done! 'tis done! the debt is paid,  
The guilty are set free,  
Full satisfaction has been made.  
And now Thy face I see.

I LOVE TO SING OF HEAVEN.

"I love to sing of heaven,"  
The glorious home above,  
"My Father's house" in glory,  
A mansion full of love;  
Jerusalem a city  
All jubilant with song,  
The song of the victorious,  
O blessed, happy throng.

"I love to sing of heaven,"  
A place without a woe,  
No sickness and bereavements,  
Where tears never flow,  
No anxious care or sorrow,  
No deep despair at last,  
Where joys supreme are given,  
Fears and dangers past.

"I love to sing of heaven,"  
Name ever sweet to me,  
O fair and golden city,  
What bliss to enter thee,  
Where we can see forever  
The Lord and sing his praise,  
In robes white resplendent  
We'll worship face to face.

MORRIS MON HUGHES.

TRUE NOBILITY.

(An Eisteddfod Poem.)

BY GEORGE GORONWY, (SHENKYN SHADRACH.)

So goes the world from Adam down,  
The victors smile, the vanquished frown;  
How few alas of Adam's race  
Can face defeat with manly grace.

Defeat makes cowards shy and grave;  
Defeat makes bolder still the brave;  
Who kneels to truth is great and wise,  
A knight of Honor he shall rise.

The noble mind like gems are rare,  
The common weeds grow everywhere;  
The roses grow but here and there—  
The curve adorns the lilly fair.

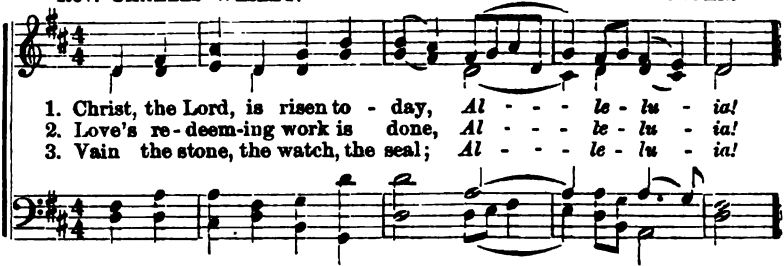
My soul be thou a nimble youth,  
And learn to bend with grace to truth;  
Give thou to her thyself—thy all,  
Be thou a hero—rise or fall.

Willcesbarre, Pa.

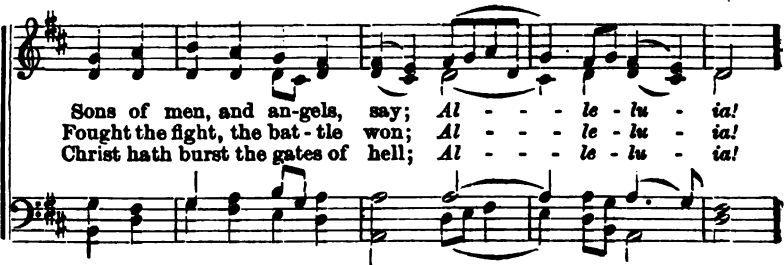
# Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

J. MORGAN.



1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 2. Love's re - deem-ing work is done, Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Sons of men, and an-gels, say; Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Fought the fight, the bat-tle won; Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Raise your joys and tri-umphs high! Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Lo, our Sun's e-clipse is o'er; Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Death in vain for-bids his rise; Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Sing, ye heav'ns! and earth, re-ply! Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Lo, he sets in blood no more; Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Christ hath o-pened par-a-dise. Al - - - le - lu - ia!

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 4. Lives again our glorious King;<br>"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"<br>Once he died our souls to save;<br>"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?" | 5. Soar we now where Christ has led,<br>Following our exalted Head;<br>Made like him, like him we rise;<br>Ours the cross, the grave, the skies! |
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## YOUNG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

A competence is vital to content.  
 Friendship's the wine of life.  
 Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids.  
 Joy flies monopolists; it calls for two.  
 All littleness is an approach to woe.  
 Peace begins just where ambition ends.  
 One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.  
 Nature's first wish is endless happiness.  
 'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.  
 Man wants but little, nor that little long.  
 And all may do what has by man been done.  
 I've been so long remembered, I'm forgot.  
 Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.  
 It naught avails thee where, but what thou  
 art.  
 And when he falls, write *Vici* on his shield.  
 Heaven but persuades, almighty man de-  
 ceives.  
 Too low they build who build beneath the  
 stars.  
 He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.  
 Men may live fools, but fools they cannot  
 die.  
 Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad?  
 That life is long which answers life's great  
 end.  
 How blessings brighten as they take their  
 flight!  
 Man's greatest strength is shown in standing  
 still.  
 All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond is  
 substance.  
 Hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf a  
 moment trembles.

The caves  
 Where infant tempests wait their growing  
 wings.  
 Not deeply to discern, not much to know,  
 Mankind was born to wonder and adore.  
 How like a widow in her weeds the Night,  
 Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits.  
 Death! great proprietor of all, 'tis thine  
 To tread out empire and to quench the stars.  
 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
 And ask them what report they bore to hea-  
 ven.  
 The ball strikes one. We take no note of  
 time  
 But from its loss; to give it then a tongue  
 Is wise in man.  
 Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne,  
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
 Her leaden scentre o'er a slumbering world.  
 There's not a day but, to the man of thought,  
 Betrays some secret that throws new re-  
 proach  
 On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.  
 The chamber where the good man meets his  
 fate  
 Is privileged beyond the common walk  
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.  
 Beware what earth calls happiness; beware  
 All joys but joys that never can expire.  
 Who builds on less than an immortal base.  
 Found as he seems, condemns his joys to  
 death.

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 For the Young People.
 

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## THE WORLD BENEATH THE OCEAN.

The depths of the sea have always fascinated the human imagination. Three-quarters of the earth's surface are covered with water, and it is only natural that man, who has found the dry land so rich in wonder belonging to all the kingdoms of nature, should desire to know what is hidden under the broad bosom of the ocean. The temptation presented by the pearl fisheries, and by the wish to recover sunken treasures, has resulted in our acquiring considerable knowledge of the sea bottom in certain localities near shore.

Some interesting facts have been brought to the attention of men of science by M. H. Fol, of the biological laboratory at Nice. Mr. Fol has for several years been exploring the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea along the shore near Nice, in the search for marine animals.

During his explorations in diving dress he has carefully studied the effect of sunlight under water, and has found that the illumination of the sea is probably much less than has generally been supposed.

The world under the ocean is not only a world of mystery, but one of twilight and of night. Mr. Fol found



that at a depth of about one hundred feet it was difficult to discover the small animals he was in search of. When the sun had begun to decline in the afternoon, darkness would suddenly envelop him when he was in thirty-five or forty feet of water, and, rising to the surface under the impression that night had actually begun, he would be astonished to find himself emerging into brilliant sunshine.

At considerable depths he found that it was ordinarily impossible to see a rock at a distance greater than about twenty-five feet. Under the best of circumstances, with very clear water and an unclouded sun overhead, a rock might be perceived eighty or ninety feet away.

He observed that the animals living on and near the bottom would, when alarmed, flee with great consternation for a distance of a few yards and then stop, believing that they had got beyond the sight of pursuers.

One of the practical conclusions drawn from Mr. Fol's experience is that it will not be possible for submarine vessels to move rapidly at any considerable depth, owing to the imminent danger of collision with obstacles that are not visible beyond a very narrow range.

But those depths are not the less interesting because they are buried in almost impenetrable shadow.

#### WHENCE THE WATER OF THE GREAT LAKES?

Where do the waters of Lake Michigan come from? is an old question, and it is a question as old as the artesian wells. Where do their waters come from? Colonel Foster, an eminent civil engineer, for many years in charge of government interests on the lake, was fond of talking on the first subject.

"Every drop of these waters," he was often heard to declare, "came from the Rocky mountains." His theory was that they were brought here subterraneously, but he never, to our knowledge, marked out the course of the subterraneous stream.

He announced this as his decision long before—indeed, he died before—the sinking of artesian wells in Chicago, and the consequent discovery of the now undoubted fact.

William B. Ogden held the same view, and used at times to make himself very interesting expatiating upon it. With him as well as with Colonel Foster, it was no more than a theory, but he adhered to it firmly.

Mr. Creiger, who is scientific before he is a politician, is wont to talk approvingly of the theory in a manner to convince any man.

The phenomenon is the running out of this lake through the others of the easterly chain and over Niagara Falls of an incalculable quantity of water, and this continually every minute in the hour, every hour in the day, every day in the year, and every year in progressive time!

The lake has no visible inlets; where, then, does it get its replenishment? From the Rocky mountains.

Through rents and crevices, down into caverns at the roots of these mountains, pour ever the waters from melting snow. Four thousand feet they sink to strike a gravity incline that levels with their floor under Chicago.

Under this city (says the *Chicago Herald*), and elsewhere on the west side of Lake Michigan—this is the proved theory, theory as good as proved—the snow-covered Rocky mountains are constantly sending their waters to supply flowage, and evaporation that is going on in the watery expanse.

## UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

Let me tell you some of the wonderful things I have seen. Once I put a little hay in a tumbler, covered it with water, and set the glass in a warm place for a day or two. Then, with a medicine dropper, I put a drop of the water on a glass slip, covered it with a very thin glass wafer the size of a cent, placed it under my microscope, adjusted the focus, and what a sight met my eyes! Dozens and dozens of what looked like animated drops of jelly were darting here and there, bumping against one another, or dodging one another like schoolboys at recess.

Perhaps among the crowd of smaller ones would dash a much bigger fellow. I fancied it might be a big brother, older than the others by some hours, and so entitled to the deference he seemed to exact. Then in another part of the drop of water the little ones formed almost a circle, and presently in the centre of this came a big fellow—he must have been 1-100 of an inch long—who began revolving slowly. “P. T. Barnum,” I thought to myself. “That is exactly the way I have seen him address an audience surrounding the circus ring.”

But I can never know what he told the smaller ones, for not even the “little ghost of an inaudible squeak” reached my ears. Besides these little creatures, I could see what looked like dark specks darting above. Determined to find out what these were, I used a stronger magnifying glass, and looking through it, the specks proved to be other little swimmers, such as I had just been examining; and the latter, of course, seemed larger. But now there were still other specks darting about, so a still stronger glass was used, with the same result.

Magnify as I might, I could not reach a point where there were not

some moving atoms needing further magnifying. I have since learned that no glass has ever been made powerful enough to reveal the tiniest of these “infusoria,” as they are called.

Here is a curious bit of something closely studded with tiny anchors. As anchors are mainly used in water, of what value can these miniature ones be? We are looking at a bit of the skin of the sea cucumber (*Synapta girardii*). In shape this animal is more like a worm than anything else, and it moves from place to place by means of suckers.

When it wishes to remain quiet, the anchors, which have been closed over perforated, chalky plates, are extended outward from the body and fasten the little creature securely to the sand or mud.

The sea cucumbers found on our coasts are small, seldom over four inches in length, though larger kinds abound in the Bay of Fundy and upon the mud-flats of Florida. The Chinese call larger species “Trepang,” and when dried and preserved in a peculiar way, is considered a great delicacy.

When I look at this slide I wonder if man first got his idea of an anchor from this little creature. Yet anchors were in use long before microscopes, and the little anchors are much too small to be seen by the unaided eye.  
—*St. Nicholas*.

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#### RHETORICAL PREACHING.

Rhetorical preaching may fill the pews and produce applause. With an eloquent pulpit the church falls an easy prey to pride and vanity, losing sight of her humble but dignified mission, permitting the minister to use the temple of God for self-glory. Rhetorical sermons scarcely ever cause the sinner to cry out for mercy. It is said that when Massillon preached at Versailles, Louis XIV. paid the

following most expressive tribute to the power of his plain and pointed preaching: "Father," said he, "when I hear others preach I am very well pleased with them, but when I hear you I am dissatisfied with myself." Bernard, whose power came from his tenderness and simplicity, on one occasion preached a very scholarly sermon. The learned only thanked him and gave applause. The next day he preached plainly and tenderly, as had been his custom, and the good, the humble, and the godly gave thanks and invoked blessings upon his head, which some of the scholarly wondered at. "Ah!" said he, "yesterday I preached Bernard, but to-day I preached Christ."

#### LEARN TO BE SHORT.

Learn to be short. Long visits, long stories, long exhortations and long prayers, seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon over, while even pleasures grow insipid and pain intolerable, if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be short. Lop off branches;

stick to the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you would receive, and get through; if you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace; boil down two words into one; and three into two. Always learn to be short.

#### THE NARROW GATE.

The gate of discipleship is narrow because you have to make yourself small to get in at it, like Milton's angels, that had to diminish their size to enter the council chamber. It is narrow, inasmuch as you have to leave outside, wealth, position, culture, righteousness, selfhelp, everything that is your own, or you will stick in the aperture like a loaded mule in some narrow doorway. You cannot drive through there in a carriage and pair; you must alight and walk. The surest way to get in to is go down on your knees. As in those narrow passages for defence which you find in the prehistoric houses on many a Scotch moor, where there is only a little aperture leading to a tortuous avenue into the road that leadeth to life, you have to go down very low, and abandon self, and leave ever so much rubbish outside, for it will let you in, but it will let nothing in but you.

### Notes and Comments, &c.

BY CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

#### THE CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

From the preliminary program of the above Eisteddfod which has been published, we learn that all arrangements have been completed for holding the Eisteddfod in the Festival Hall upon the Exposition Grounds on September 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1893. The Hall has been secured,

the money necessary for the prizes has been guaranteed, and the various committees are hard at work perfecting all the details for carrying out the Eisteddfod successfully. In view of this, it is high time that choirs and others who intend to take part should redouble their efforts to prepare for the various competitions. Since the Eisteddfod is to be held, it is important that all should endeavor to make it a success.

## THE ENDOWMENT OF RELIGION AND CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY IN THE LIGHT OF WELSH HISTORY.

BY REV. E. G. JONES, D.D., UTICA, N. Y.

At first sight the endowment of religion, whether by State or individual, appears very desirable and delightful. There are many professing Christians who regard the contribution-box as a great nuisance, and think that collections for the support of religion are necessary evils to be borne because no better plan can be devised.

To such it would appear very desirable to have the Government build a splendid house of worship, furnish it thoroughly, find a good preacher, a gentleman well educated, pay his salary, with all other expenses—the organist, the chorister, the sexton, and everything else—then invite them to take their seats in well-cushioned pews to enjoy good music and hear a good sermon, all free.

But as the State must always control a church where it pays the expenses, perhaps it would be better to have some good Christian at his death leave enough money to build a church and an endowment to pay all expenses. But Christ said, "My kingdom is not of this world." Therefore it can neither be controlled or supported by the Governments of this world, nor in any other way successfully, except by the voluntary contributions of the living worshippers.

Good men thought that the Millennium had come when Constantine and the Roman Empire began to aid the church. But that was the greatest calamity and curse that ever befell the church of Christ, for then it became the creature of the State, the slave of earthly governments and a false church. John, in the Book of Revelation, aptly describes the change. In chapter 12th is a woman clothed with the sun, the true bride of the Lamb,

obliged to flee into the wilderness from the persecution of the dragon. In chapter 17th there is a woman coming out of the wilderness clothed with all earthly adornments, depending upon an earthly government, pretending to be the bride of the Lamb, but drunken with the blood of saints and the blood of the martyrs of Jesus Christ.

It is very singular that good men did not observe the mistake for ages. Many saw that the church and State did not work well together, but they thought they were not properly adjusted, and that able body, the Westminster Assembly, spent years trying to fix matters and harmonize church and State. Yea, even the Puritans of New England spent many years trying the same thing. It does not seem to have occurred to any great number until the time of the immortal Roger Williams, that church and State could never work together. New England gave it up, and other countries have followed. Professedly there is no State church in America, yet we find the Government giving and the church receiving aid under some excuse or another frequently.

During the last six years, Protestants received nearly three-quarters of a million from the general Government for teaching religion to the Indians. The Catholics received a great deal more. Now the Protestants have all refused to receive any more Government aid for that purpose, and therefore the Government must refuse to aid Roman Catholics. The State of New York is dreadfully robbed in this direction. Within a few years past the city of New York has given property to Roman Catholics valued at three and a half million dollars. In seventeen years they have had \$11,000,000. It is said there are taken from the New York treasury every year \$600,000, of which \$25,000 are

given to the Jews, \$65,000 to Protestants, and \$510,000 to the Roman Catholics. "National Danger in Romanism," by Rev. I. J. Lansing, p. 312, vol. 2, No 3 B.

The above shows that there are some in America who aim at uniting church and State. That this is not desirable, but very dangerous, is illustrated by the history of the connection in Wales. The English Government has been for about four hundred years supporting a church in Wales which professes to have been there since the days of Paul! But it has proved a failure, leaving the Welsh nation in ignorance and total moral darkness until the rise of dissenting denominations within the last three hundred years, who, without State aid and in spite of persecution, opposition, discouragements and poverty, have evangelized the Principality and made it morally and spiritually the wonder of all nations who know it. Now the nation, understanding the nature of Christ's kingdom and seeing the uselessness of a State church, has arisen in its might to demand that the English Government sever the connection between the church and the State in Wales.

Scotland is also aroused and England will soon awake and take the matter up in earnest. The Archbishop of Canterbury cries out that Gladstone is robbing the church in Wales, whereas it is the State church that has been robbing Wales during the last four hundred years, without giving it any adequate compensation.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has not cared enough for Wales to visit it once in the last eight hundred years, till within the last four years he came because the church is in danger. But the end has come on the unnatural and wicked connection in that part of the British Isles, if not throughout the whole land.

Whatever good Gladstone may

do by giving Home Rule to Ireland, he will do much more good to the church and the world at large by the liberation of the church from the State in Wales. That act will in ages to come, as men understand better the nature and spirituality of Christ's kingdom, redound much more to his honor than any other act of his illustrious life. I believe the Church itself will gain much by the change. I am sure the nation will.

Any endowment for the support of a church is injurious. It kills the spirit of liberality. The plan of Christ has been, and still is, that the preacher of the gospel shall live by the gospel; for him that is taught in the word to contribute to the support of him that teacheth. This brings the teacher and the taught into sympathy, without which the preacher of the gospel will do little or no good. There is a law always in force that every one shall receive a blessing in proportion to his liberality. He that soweth (giveth) sparingly shall reap sparingly; he that soweth liberally shall reap abundantly.

If the minister is supported by the State or any other endowment left by good people, there is danger of his growing careless of his work and his flock, as many have; while on the other hand a free gospel is not appreciated, however good, pure and zealous a preacher may be. Even Paul had to confess that he had wronged the Corinthians by preaching the gospel free unto them. 2 Cor. 12: 13.

The Welsh people are very fond of hearing the gospel preached and very anxious for religious knowledge. The Government has for hundreds of years provided places of worship in every parish and placed in there a gentleman and a scholar, some very good preachers. But the people did not attend to hear them when they had no dissenting preachers. Neither do they now, when the majority attend

the means of grace every Sabbath. They have built places of worship at their own expense and provided for themselves a ministry sometimes educated, often not. Yet they support their ministers and appreciate their preaching.

The unpopularity of the Episcopal church in Wales is due to its being endowed by the State and not to its ministers, as a rule. Every endowment does the same mischief. Many old Nonconformists about two hundred years ago endowed several dissenting churches in Wales. Nearly all so endowed have either died out or gone over to Unitarianism.

As the celebrated Williams of Wern came once in sight of Troedrhwdalar, an old Congregational church in Breconshire, he exclaimed, "Here you are two hundred years old, an endowment of fifty pounds a year would have killed you long ago." Another great evil connected with State or other endowment is the chance given for wicked men to rule the church, or as John puts it in Rev. 11:2, "The Gentiles treading the courts of the temple and Holy City under foot."

All earthly governments are made up of mixed characters, Jews, infidels, libertines and many good men. But they are all rulers over the church if it receives State aid. They have the right to determine its creed and order all its religious ceremonies; yea, choose its ministers and locate them. Such a body cannot appreciate the spirituality and purity of religion. They are quite as likely to favor individuals and churches far from the truth as those who walk uprightly if they conform to some outward tests.

### LITERARY NOTES.

SEVERAL new works of interest will shortly be issued from the Welsh press. It has been announced for some time that we are to have volumes of sermons by the Revs. W.

Evans, Aberaeron; B. Davies, Trelech; and the late Rev. Dr. John Thomas. Now it is stated that the Revs. Dr. John Hughes, Carnarvon, and Thomas Roberts, Mold, are preparing volumes of sermons, and the son of the late Dr. David Saunders is editing a volume of his father's sermons. The Rev. O. L. Roberts is writing descriptive sketches for "Yr Oriol Annibynol"; the Rev. J. Spintner James, M.A., is writing a History of the Baptists; and the Rev. J. Evans-Owen, Llanberis, purposes bringing out a short History of the Independents. Dr. Lewis Probert, whose commentary on the Romans has sold so well, is engaged in writing another on one of the Epistles. Dr. David Roberts, Wrexham, has completed the memoir of the "Prince of Welsh Areachers"—Dr. W. Rees; the Rev. Hugh Rees; the Rev. Hugh Jones, Liverpool is preparing a biography of the late Rev. Samuel Davies; and Dr. Cynddylan Jones has been engaged to write the memoir of the late Rev. E. Matthews, Ewenni.

MR. JOHN GWENOGFRYN EVANS, the Welsh palaeograph, is doing excellent work in bringing out Old Welsh texts. The "Red Book of Hergest," in two volumes—1, "Mabinogion"; 3, "Brut"; the "Black Book of Carmarthen," the "Book of Llan Daf," have already been published, and the works of "Dafydd ab Gwilym" are in preparation.

AFTER an interval of several years the third part of the "New Dictionary of the Welsh Language," by the Rev. D. Silvan Evans, including the whole of the letter C, is now completed, and will shortly be issued to subscribers, by Messrs. W. Spurrell and Son, Carmarthen.

THE Rev Dr. Pan Jones, Mostyn, is preparing a memoir of the "Three Brothers of Llanbrwmair"—i. e., Rev. John Roberts (J. R.), S. Roberts, M.A. (S. R.), and Gruffydd Rhisiard.

PROFESSOR Boyd Dawkins lectured on Britain under the Romans before the Chester and North Wales Archaeological and Historical Society last week.

PROFESSOR Silas Morris, M.A., has been appointed editor of "Seren Gomer," in succession to the Rev. H. Cernyw Williams of Corwen.

### NOTES FROM WALES.

THE Rev. Rowland Williams (Hwfa Môn), Llangollen, has accepted the invitation of the Committee of the Chicago Eisteddfod to adjudicate on some of the chief poetical competitions and to represent the Welsh bards at the national gathering.

THE marriage of Mr. J. E. Lloyd, M.A., Registrar of the University College of North Wales, and Clementina, daughter of the late Mr. J. C. Miller of Aberdeen, took place at the Belmont Street Congregational Church, Aberdeen.

The Rev. Dr. T. C. Edwards leaves Cardiff in May to resume his old pastorate at Edwardsdale, Pa.

At the last Monthly Meeting of the Lleyrn and Eifonydd Calvinistic Methodists, it was resolved to send the sympathy of the meeting with Principal Owen, of Lampeter, on the death of his father, who was a faithful deacon of the Calvinistic Methodist Church at Llanengan.

As the result of visits made by the Rev W. Hopkin Rees of Chi Chou, China, to the Welsh Colleges at Bangor, Brecon, and Carmarthen, three students from each college have offered themselves to the London Missionary Society.

Miss H. M. Hughes of the Training Department of the University College of South Wales, has been awarded one of five special Gilchrist Traveling Scholarships of £100 to enable her to spend two months in America this year in studying and reporting upon secondary schools and institutions for the training of women.

A SPECTACLE was seen on Sunday recently in the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, which has not been seen for some hundreds of years. The occasion was a sermon by Father Ignatius, of Llanthony Abbey. There was an enormous congregation, the galleries being packed with undergraduates, while the body of the church was crowded with senior members of the University.

The remains of Mr. R. Iwan Jenkyn, F. R. H. S., who died lately, at the age of thirty-five, were buried at Aberystwyth. While in charge of an elementary school at Bethesda he instituted St. David's Day concerts which were most popular. Two years ago he undertook the editorship of the *Glamorgan Free Press*.

CONGREGATIONALISTS are making preparations to celebrate the tercentenary of the martyrdom of Penry, Greenwood and Barrowe, who were executed in London in the early part of 1593 for adherence to the principle of freedom of worship, which was an article of faith with the old independents. Greenwood and Barrowe were hanged at Tyburn, after having been once carted to the gallows and then reprieved for one day, while John Penry—who declared, at the mockery of a trial given him, "If my blood were an ocean sea, and every drop thereof

were a life to me, I would give them all, by the help of the Lord, for the maintenance of my confession"—was executed at Southwark.

## ST. DAVID CELEBRATIONS.

St. David celebrations seem to increase every year. Banquets or entertainments were held this year at New York, Wilkesbarre, Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Racine, Minneapolis, Scranton, Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, Washington, Buffalo, San Francisco, Fair Haven, West Pawlet, Vt., Cleveland and in various other places through the country.

THE NEW YORK ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY held their annual banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel, where a large number of the loyal sons of Wales assembled to do honor to their fatherland, their patron saint and the traditions of their ancestors. Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, president of the Society, acted as toastmaster. Among those present were ex-Judge and Mrs. Noah Davis, Dr. and Mrs. P. et. Horace B. Perkins, Miss Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel H. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Williams, Wm. James, John E. James, C. F. Doane, C. F. James, the Rev. and Mrs. D. Parker Morgan, Miss Maria Appleton, Edward D. Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Mosher, Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Rees, Mr. and Mrs. E. Saunders, Miss E. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Lewis, Miss Lewis, Rev. and Mrs. W. O. Roberts, Mrs. Ellis H. Roberts, Ellis H. B. Brooks, Miss M. A. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Bell, Mrs. W. H. McElroy, George M. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Richard V. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. William Miles, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Warren A. James, Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Morgan, Miss Carrie Morgan, Howell C. Rees, Miss Clara Thomas, Miss Marie Thomas, Thomas C. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Jenkins, Miss Eva Jenkins, Miss Lillie Jenkins, William Powell, D. Jenkins, Hugh Roberts, William Jeremiah.

After calling the meeting to order Mr. Roberts said: "It is my great privilege to bid you welcome to this festive board. I cannot deny myself the privilege of asking you to recall the memories of the land of our Fathers, those shores which the sea washes so beautifully, those vales beside the rivers, those picturesque mountains. We shall never forget the scenery while a drop of blood tingles in our veins." Mr. Roberts ended by asking all to rise and drink to the President of the United States. "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung in response. All then rose again and drank to the Queen

of Great Britain and Ireland, and "God Save the Queen" was sung.

The Rev. William O. Roberts then responded to the toast "The Land of Our Fathers." He said in part: "For the sake of those present who, as the Irishman said, hav n't been born out of their native land, I will give a brief description of the old country Wales. Wales is only 145 miles long and 70 miles broad, but it compares favorably in size with Palestine, the home of the most religious races, and with Greece, the land of the most cultured of nations. According to its size Wales is the richest region on the globe, except the State of Pennsylvania. The iron and coal kings of nearly every land are Welshmen. The scenery of Wales is grand. There are no drives in the world superior to those through Bettws-y-Coed, Pont-Aberglaslyn and Dolgellay, no valleys more beautiful than those of Llanrwst, Olwyd, Llangollen and Abergavenny."

At the close of the Rev. Mr. Roberts's address the Welsh national song, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," was sung, those present joining in the chorus. Warner Miller was then introduced as an admirable representative of "The Land we Live in," to respond to that toast. Mr. Miller said that he would gladly speak of Wales if he knew any Welsh history, or could pronounce a single word of language, but he could not. He would say, however, that he would heartily approve of the tin schedule of the McKinley bill if it would bring the rest of the Welshmen to this country. He closed by speaking in glowing terms of this country, and of the part which Welshmen had taken in its development.

Speaking, in response to the toast, "The Welshman in the United States," the Rev. John K. Davies said: "When I came to this land Providence directed my steps to that portion of Pennsylvania where, perhaps, there are more Welshmen to the square foot than in Wales itself. I found the Welshman to be a thrifty sort of a man, owning his own house and putting something by for a rainy day. Those immense coal fields which today are more valuable than gold mines, owe no small part of their value to the skill of the men who in other days came from yonder little land and made it easy for all the rest. The same may be said of the great iron and steel districts. Much of the present wealth of Pittsburgh comes from those who took their first lessons at iron-making in the great work at Dowlais and Merthyr-Tydvil."

The music was under the direction of Prof. Courtney, of New York. The dinner cards were printed half in English and half in Welsh. The following is the Welsh version.

### BWYDRESEB.

Glas-bwyntiaid ar eu cregin.

#### ISGYLL.

Gwyrdd-Grwbau Pryaeinig. Nodd Ir-gig. Pasgedig.

#### DANTHITHION.

Moethanau Tywysogol. Olewydd-afalau. Amrywiol Berlysiâu.

#### PRISO.

Llythienod Crasedig. Cloron Cwmsyndod.

#### CIG-ARLOD.

Iraidd-lwyn Eidion. Blodgawl Ffriedig. Pytatws chwasthedig.

#### REWNG-DDODIAD.

Cefndedynau a phys gleision.

MYSGLYN LLANFAIRDYSLIOGOGOGOOCH.

#### RHOST.

Ffwrtier ar gras-fara a Berwy ffrs. Addail gwylaeth.

#### MOETHURIAETH.

Rhiol Boten y Brythoniaid. Meraon o deisenau a melusion.

#### AINOWYN.

Rhew-hufen Napolig. Cacenau Amwythig. Firwythau. Coffi.

#### ADDURNIADAU.

Y Mor-Deyrn "Ap Sadwrn." Y Lladin-Dduw "Mercher." Cadgerbyd Rhufeinig. Helfa yn Ngwalia. Bwthyn Derwydd. Y Ganawd-wers.

#### Y DDRAIG GOCH ADEINIÖG.

THE CAMBRO-AMERICANS OF WILKES-BARRE, PA., ENJOYED A GRAND BANQUET AT THE WYOMING VALLEY HOTEL.

The Cambro American Society of Wilkes-Barre have observed the custom every year since their organization and last night sat down to a feast at the Wyoming Valley Hotel that surpassed all their former efforts. Covers were laid for eighty-six and every chair was taken.

The room was prettily trimmed with the national colors, while behind the toastmaster, President A. L. Williams, hung the coat of arms of Wales. On either side of the toastmaster sat the distinguished guests, ex-Lieut-Gov. Davies, Judges Rice and Lynch and Mayor Nichols. The tables themselves were decked with daises and potted plants and presented a fine appearance.

After singing the national air, "Molawd Cymru," Toastmaster A. L. Williams opened with an eloquent and witty address, reviewing the past history of the Welsh in this country. The speaker sketched the scope and objects of the Cambros. "To-night we



should give our attention to the Cymry, but in the day-time our chief object should be to make ourselves Americans." In the name of the society of which he is president he extended to the guests a hearty welcome.

"St. David's Immortal Memory," was responded to by Rev. Dr Hughes of Scranton.

"For the Sake of tee Past" was sung very sweetly by George Cave. He was enthusiastically encored, and in response sang "The Tempest" in capital style.

#### HON. W. T. DAVIES SPEAKS.

"The Land of My Fathers" was the sentiment to which ex-Lieutenant Governor W. T. Davies responded. He said: "The love that every man has for his home, the thousand recollections that throng his memory upon his return to his native place, were feelingly touched upon. This love is implanted in all our hearts and will never let us forget the land of our fathers. As I grow older I find that whatever my father and mother loved, that do I love also. We Americans, of whatever origin, should bear no hatred to the kingdom of Great Britain. It is the only nation on earth that speaks the English, except our own. They are people of our people and blood of our blood, and the statesmen who would build up this country by the destruction of Britain make a mistake." He described his trip to Wales and admitted that when he reached there some of the conceit was taken out of him. His trip through Great Britain convinced him that there were other people on this earth besides the Welsh. When he met the people of Wales, however, and talked to them, he was gravely informed that the best portion of the Welsh people had remained at home. (Laughter.) But the grand thing that distinguishes the Welsh people at home is their love for the Bible. Never before had he heard anything that possessed such power over the human heart as the old Welsh hymns sung in the churches of Wales.

Richard Williams sang "Papyr Newydd" as only he can sing it. It was received with cheers and he responded with "She's not the Girl for Me."

"The American Star," by M. L. Williams, was finely sung and encored.

Dr. J. Harries Jones responded to the toast "Cambro-Americans," in words of moving eloquence. R. D. Williams and David James sang a charming duet, "The Fisherman." Harri Harris followed with "Love's Queen," which was heartily applauded, and George A. Edwards apotheosized the ladies in a telling and graceful manner. With the singing of the national anthem the best banquet the Camberos of Wilkes-Barre have yet held came to a close.

Short, but happy addresses were also made by Judges Rice and Lynch.

Those present included:

Judges O. E. Rice and John Lynch, E. H. Lawall, Ex-Senator M. B. Williams, J. Harris Jones, M.D.; D. C. Hughes, D. D. Scranton, A. L. Williams, Ex-Lieutenant Governor W. T. Davies, Towanda; Mayor F. M. Nichols, R. Davies, M.D., Rev Thomas Jenkins, mine inspector G. M. Williams, Hon. Daniel Edwards, Kingston; G. A. Edwards, Col. D. M. Evans, president Redfield College, Redfield Dak.; J. D. Edwards, R. H. James, Parsons; George W. Edwards, W. D. Watkins, William Pugh, W. O. Davis, M. D.; R. D. Williams, Professor David James, T. Gilce-nin Evans, Nanticoke; D. P. Thomas (Dewi Msi Nanticoke; Professor E. C. Soley, R. H. Nicholas, J. W. Jones, T. M. Davies, E. A. Herbert, Harry Harris, Edwardsville; George W. Hughes, W. L. Myles, Kingston; Josiah Evans, W. G. Griffith, D. R. George, Avoca; E. E. Reynolds, Pittston; J. B. George, W. M. Williams, A. D. Reese, Parsons Edward Jones, E. J. Anthony, Samuel Griffith, G. J. Llewellyn, Pittston; Tudor Morgan, S. S. Jones, J. T. Howell, M.D., L. L. Reese, David Edwards, Benj. Cross, T. E. Griffith, A. Honorgan, M. D., John Hope, J. S. Frenth, W. J. Davies, Nathan Evans; John M. Phillips, J. J. Davies, Plymouth; J. T. Griffiths, ex-County Treasurer; W. M. Thomas, Thomas Evans, H. G. Williams, George Cave, M. L. Williams, A. L. Jeremy, A. R. Bacon, John Lloyd Evans, C. S. Williams, Plymouth; W. J. Richards and J. E. Richards, Warrior Run; R. H. Nicholson, J. B. Williams, D. E. Thomas, E. C. Trescott, R. L. Evans, William Armstrong, [Sons of St. George Society] E. A. Niven, Times; W. E. Woodruff, Leader; Thomas Richards, Richard Morris, Wanamie; T. F. Hart, School Director; J. B. Jones, G. M. Davies, Lansford; Morris Williams, Shamokin; W. J. Richards, Wilkes-Barre; M. B. Morgan, Wilkes-Barre; T. W. Thomas, D. H. Lake, Kingston; Thomas, D. W. Jones, Wilkes-Barre; A. O. Jones, Wilkes-Barre; Jonathan R. Davis, Plymouth.

ST. DAVID'S DAY was observed also at Racine, Wis., by a large Banquet and entertainment. The large and spacious Odd Fellows hall was crowded. Old and young, rich and poor and, in fact, every Welshman in the Belle City who could get out was there. And it was a gathering that did one's heart good to look upon.

Neatly printed circulars were distributed about the hall, addressed to the members and patrons of the St. David's Society, showing a report of the financial standing of the

society for the year, ending February 28. The receipts were \$1,228.06 and the disbursements the same. The total receipts for six years was \$2,441.15 and total disbursements \$1,675.97, leaving a balance on hand of \$765.18. The objects of the society are to encourage more sociability among the young people, the cultivation of literary taste and the development of the divine art of music. The society has been carrying on its benevolence and charitable work, and they have in view the rental of a fine room in the central part of the city, where the young people may meet and converse, read and have a general good time. The society desire the co-operation of every loyal son and daughter of Wales and their descendants in the worthy undertaking. The officers of the society are Dr. William T. Williams, president; Robert Williams, vice-president; L. S. Jones, secretary; and John A. Williams, treasurer.

Mr. Lewis Evans, president of the evening, made an address in the Welsh language. He reviewed the work of the local society, urged all Welshmen to join and welcomed the people present in a warm manner.

The entertainment consisted of songs and recitations by several ladies and gentlemen. Rev. R. T. Roberts made an address in the Welsh language. It was on the aims of the St. David's Society, and Mr. Thos. Lloyd Williams read a letter from the National Cymrodorion Society, of Chicago, signed by the secretary, W. A. Madoc. It pertained to the grand international Eisteddfod of the World's Fair, under the auspices of the named society.

#### THE YOUNGSTOWN ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY.

The second annual banquet of the Youngstown St. David's Society proved very successful in every respect, and reflected great credit on the committee in charge. The public exercises took place at the Hall, which was crowded. Hon. Thos. L. James, New York, was expected, but failed to come, on account of serious illness.

On the stage were seated some of the most prominent Welshmen of this section, while others of national reputation were there to assist in making the meeting a success.

On the platform were noticed President L. E. Davis, of St. David's Society, Hon. Anthony Howells, of Massillon, D. J. Hughes, Captain Morris, of Canal Dover, Prof. Wm. Apmadoc, the renowned adjudicator, of Chicago, Evan Gethin, of Hubbard, Albert J. Edwards, Asst. P. M. of Pittsburgh, Joshua Davis, Rev. J. P. Williams, Rev. J. L. Davies, David L. Williams, Hon. John R. Davis, Thomas Powell, of Coalburg, and Rev. John M. Thomas, of Alliance.

President Davis opened the exercises by delivering a short address. He said the society was organized some three years ago without a dollar in its treasury, and it now is blessed with \$1,000 to its credit.

The program was then taken up. The first was a song by J. Powell Jones, of Painesville. Then came a speech by Evan Gethin, of Hubbard.

A harp solo was then rendered by David Evans. This was followed by a duet by Messrs. Price and Davis, and then came a song by a choir under the direction of J. P. Jones. Hon. Anthony Howells then delivered an interesting speech. He said that no matter how different we might be on other topics, on St. David's day all were Welshmen. He closed his address by congratulating St. David's Society on its success.

B. B. Phillips sang a solo in the Welsh language, and was compelled to respond to an encore. His song was one of the best of the evening.

The accompanist for the evening was Miss Fannie Williams, who added much to the entertainment by her clever execution on the piano.

Captain Morris, of Canal Dover, delivered a most witty address. Howard Edwards read the correspondence he had carried on with Hon. Thomas L. James, of New York.

A solo was rendered in an excellent manner by T. M. Richards of Canal Dover, and this was followed by a short speech by A. J. Edwards, of Pittsburgh, then Rev. J. L. Davies made a short address. He was then followed by Rev. J. M. Thomas, of Alliance, who made a few remarks, and then gave way to W. T. Davis, who sang a song with harp accompaniment. The words to the song were written by John M. Evans of this city.

Thomas Powell, of Coalburg, then delivered an interesting address, and at its conclusion he asked for a rising vote of thanks to Mr. Thomas Davis, of this city, for his generous gift to the society recently of \$500. A solo was then rendered by D. S. Davis, of Sharon, and after a few remarks by Hon. John R. Davis, the exercises closed with an appeal from Prof. Apmadoc to the Welsh people to make the coming Eisteddfod at the World's Fair a success in all that the word implies. Gen. A. W. Jones, toastmaster of the evening, in his happiest vein called the guests to order and introduced the speakers of the evening.

The toast, "Welsh influence in America," was ably handled by Albert J. Edwards. "Influence," the speaker said, "wields a mighty power." He then showed the influence for good that the Welsh people wielded in the land of the free and the home of the

brave. In speaking of the revolutionary period, he said: "When English oppressors threatened to crush out American liberty, every man left his occupation to fight for freedom, and when the time came for action, a Cambria-American, Thomas Jefferson, wrote the celebrated document—the declaration of independence. Seventeen names on that paper were of Welsh ancestry." The speaker then showed how many Welshmen had taken a hand in shaping the destiny of the American republic.

John I. Williams of this city responded to the toast of "Character and Characteristics." His response was a most interesting talk on his travels through Wales, and his observations of the people and customs.

"The Welsh in the Civil War" was the toast assigned Rev. J. M. Thomas of Alliance. He showed the Welshmen to have been loyal soldiers and hard fighters during the late rebellion. He presented a list of able Welsh Generals whose names adorn the rolls of honor of this country.

"The International Eisteddfod" was the toast assigned Professor William Apmadoc of Chicago. He is most enthusiastic in trying to make the Eisteddfod a success and his address was an earnest appeal to his auditors to take personal interest in the affair.

"The Welsh American" was the theme assigned Rev. J. L. Davies of Akron. He handled his subject in a masterly manner, and was given the closest attention throughout.

The toastmaster called on Attorney Joe Davis to respond to the toast "The Name we Bear."

"The Second Generation" was the toast responded to by Prof. J. E. Morris, of Alliance. His address was a very able one, and was accorded warm applause.

The last toast of the evening was assigned Arthur Nicholas, of Warren, and he delivered one of the best on the list.

The affair was most thoroughly enjoyed by all, and its delightful memories will live long in the minds of all who had the pleasure of being present.

#### THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE PITTSBURG ST. DAVID'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

was given at the Seventh Avenue Hotel. The event was celebrated with feasting, song and oratory.

After the substantial part of the banquet had been disposed of, President David J. Jones made a short speech. He said he was proud of the Welsh, whom Cæsar had failed to conquer and who once ruled the British

Isles. John Jarrett was then introduced, who read letters of regret from Governor Pattison, Governor McKinley, ex-Lieutenant Governor Davies, Jacob Rees, Rev. Dr. Parker Morgan, ex-Postmaster General James, Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada; Samuel Griffiths, of Mercer, and others. Horatio Gates Jones in his letter said his great grandfather, Rev. David Jones, had preached to the Indians at Fort Pitt in 1772, and for this reason he would like to be present.

In his speech John Jarrett, who acted as toastmaster, said that while in Birmingham he had a good opportunity to visit his native land and renew old associations. Continuing, he said:

"I found the true Welsh spirit alive in Wales and all through the British Isles. In London, when a vacancy in the pulpit occurs, there is always an effort to secure a young Welsh minister of ability. Wales today is as potential in the British Parliament as any part of Her Majesty's dominion. Recently Gladstone said that the Welsh outlined English legislation. When Lord Beaconsfield referred to the Welsh in Parliament as barbarians, Henry Richard stood before his fellow members and said: 'Gentlemen, I am a sample of the barbarians.' His speech was loudly applauded. I believe in praising men while they live. There is too much taffy estowed on men after they are dead.

#### NOT ASHAMED OF ANCESTRY.

The captain of the Mayflower was a man named Jones, and he must have been of Celtic origin. We need not be ashamed of our ancestry. I am proud that I am a Welshman and a Welsh American. Let us be loyal to our new country, the land of our adoption."

Rev. David Jones, Chief Miles Humphrey, and others made impromptu speeches. The singing was a feature of the banquet, David Price, Henry Rees, Messrs. Davis and Richards taking part.

#### OBITUARIES.

MISS LIZZIE WILLIAMS, ARVONIA, VA.

We are sorry to record the death, on March 6th, 1893, at Arvonias, Buckingham Co., Va., of Miss Lizzie Williams, the eldest daughter of Mr. E. R. Williams and Mrs. Thomas Williams. The funeral services were held on Wednesday, March 8th, the remains being interred at Hollywood, Richmond, Va. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved parents in their loss and sorrow. The father of the deceased is a member of the firm of J. R. Williams & Co., who are owners of slate quarries and dealers in roofing and building slate, at Arvonias, Virginia.

# THE CAMBRIAN,

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE WELSH-AMERICAN PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

REV. E. C. EVANS,

REMSEN, N. Y.

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I have this day associated myself with Mr. WM. SMITH, who for many years has had charge of the financial and confidential department of my constantly increasing business. The name of the firm will now be **G. T. MATTHEWS & CO.**, and its business will be as heretofore, viz: Importing and Jobbing of Teas.

Having been favorably known to the trade for 22 years, it is unnecessary to say any more, except that with increased facilities, both at home and abroad we hope to meet the requirements of the trade better than ever. Trusting to merit a continuance of your orders, I remain

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Send letter in Welsh or English describing your ailments.

# THE CAMBRIAN.

Now go write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for all time to come for ever and ever

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VOL. XIII.

MAY, 1893.

No. 5

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REV. DAVID HARRIES, D.D.

LATE PASTOR OF THE C. M. CHURCH, CHICAGO, ILL.

In the ministry of the Welsh Presbyterian Church in this country Rev. David Harries D.D., has for many years occupied a prominent and an honored position, both as minister and pastor of several large and flourishing churches. His preaching has always been earnest, sympathetic, clear, practical and evangelical; and these characteristics, no doubt, together with his active and faithful service as pastor have been the chief sources of his power and influence among the people of his charge, and the secret of his success in the gospel ministry.

On Thursday evening, March 23, 1893, on retiring from the pastoral

charge of the Chicago church, owing chiefly to his advanced years and feeble health, Dr. Harries and his beloved wife were honored with a farewell meeting, for the presentation of an illuminated address and a purse of \$400 as a token of respect and affection on the part of the church and congregation and of the Welsh people of Chicago. A large congregation had assembled on the occasion. Mr. John Jones being chairman, the exercises consisted of music, under the leadership of Prof. John P. Jones and others, addresses by Revs. R. Trogwy Evans, D. J. Davies, (Bismark), Ellis Roberts, H O. Rowlands, D.D., Chi-

cago; Revs. J. E. Jones, Milwaukee; L. T. Roberts, M.A., Racine, Wis., John C. Jones, Mankato; Messrs. -D. V. Samuel, E. P. Roberts, D. R. Williams, D. R. Jones, (Dafydd Rhisiart), Prof. Apmadoc and several others. After the presentation by Mrs. David Jones, Rev. Dr. Harries, in a brief address, on behalf of himself and of his beloved wife, expressed his grateful appreciation of the gifts presented to them and of the cordial and affectionate sentiments cherished toward them after nearly 18 years of sacred associations in the ministry of the church.

The committee of arrangements were Messrs. John Jones, E. P. Roberts, E. G. Lloyd, D. E. Pritchard, R. W. Owen, D. Edward Jones, J. Harry Jones, Oscar Jones, D. R. Williams, W. P. Hughes, Hugh Evans, Griffith Jones, D. R. Jones, also Mrs. D. R. Jones, Mrs. Griffith Jones, Mrs. Hugh Williams, Mrs. R. W. Thomas, Mrs. E. P. Roberts and Misses Jennie Evans and M. G. Jones.

Rev. Dr. Harries is a native of Llangendeyrn, Carmarthenshire, S. W. His father's name was Henry Harris, an elder and chorister of the C. M. church in that village. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Jones a sister of Rev. John Jones, Llandeyrn, S. W. He received a common school education in his native village, and received early religious instruction and training at home by pious parents. He was converted early in life under the ministry of the late venerable William Evans, Ton-yr-efail, S. W., and some years afterward felt strongly impelled to devote his future life to the gospel ministry.

On June 6th, 1846 he was married to Miss Margaret E. Lewis, a daughter of William and Esther Lewis, Cruddbin, S. W. Soon afterward they emigrated to America, arriving in Pittsburgh, Pa., May 9th, 1849, where they united with the C. M. church. In

1851 Mr. Harries was elected a deacon in the church, and in two years afterward, 1853, he was admitted to the gospel ministry. Moving in April 1854 to Ironton, O., where a C. M. church had just been organized, he was invited to preach for them. They built a small church, which was dedicated free of debt. Soon, however, owing to the rapid increase of the Welsh population at Ironton, the church found it necessary to build a larger edifice in a better and more convenient location. After preaching for five years, he was ordained in October, 1858 to the full work of the gospel ministry, by a synod held at Palmyra, O. Having been pastor of the church at Ironton for 16 years and his ministry having proved a great blessing to his people. He visited Wales in 1868 after an absence of 19 years. On his return he supplied the pulpits of the C. M. churches at Ironton and Portsmouth, O., for two years. Accepting a call to take charge of the C. M. church at Columbus, O., he moved there in March, 1870, where he proved a faithful pastor of the church and labored in the ministry with acceptance and with a steadily widening influence. In 1875 he was called to the important pastorate of the C. M. church at Chicago. Since that time the membership has largely increased, the church edifice has been repaired, a parsonage secured and in other ways the condition of the church has been greatly improved.

While in Ohio, Dr. Harries served as stated clerk of the synod for years, was chosen moderator of the general assembly in 1876, was appointed a delegate to the Presbyterian General Assembly held in Chicago 1887, and was a delegate to the Presbyterian Alliance held in Philadelphia. In 1878 Dr. Harries visited Wales a second time and preached in most churches throughout t

Principality and in Liverpool, Manchester and London and was kindly received by the people in general.

Dr. Harries's family consists of his beloved wife, three daughters and one son, Mr. D. C. Harries, who holds a responsible position in the establish-

ment of Marshall, Field & Co., Chicago. By reason of his prominent position and long and faithful service Dr. Harries is well-known and highly respected among the Welsh churches of Wales and America, who hope he may enjoy many years more of usefulness in the Master's vineyard.

## CENSUS REPORTS OF THE WELSH POPULATION IN THE UNITED STATES FROM 1850—1890.

COMPILED BY REV. E. C. EVANS, M. A., EDITOR OF THE CAMBRIAN.

(Copyrighted, 1893, by E. C. Evans)

The Welsh people since early colonial times have been emigrating to America, incited thereto by industrial oppression, religious persecution or by the spirit of adventure. References are made to them among the early settlers in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. During the colonial and revolutionary periods a large number of them took an active and prominent part in the affairs of the country. Many of them came direct from Wales, while many others, having Emigrated first from Wales to England, afterward for various reasons came to America. This stream of Welsh immigration, increasing or diminishing in volume at different periods and under special influences, has steadily continued up to the present time. We have no data, however, to form any numerical estimate of the Welsh population prior to the census of 1850, when the first enumeration was made of the foreign born population distributed according to country of birth.

There are also no records of arrivals at the various seaports before the year 1820. From that date, however, the number of arrivals from foreign countries at American seaports may be obtained from the Reports of the Bureau of Statistics or from the rec-

ords of the Commissioners of Emigration, but their figures are entirely unreliable, misleading, and of no value as regards arrivals from Wales, for they have been for the most part classified with those from England or Great Britain. For instance, in the decades from 1821—1830, and from 1831—1840, only 170 and 185 respectively are recorded as having come from Wales, while the number of those coming from Great Britain without further specification is abnormally large. The following is a summary of the Welsh immigration to the United States by Decades from 1821 to 1890, according to the Bureau of Statistics as reported in the Census Reports for 1880 and 1890:

IMMIGRATION FROM WALES 1821—1890.	
Decades.	Immigrants from Wales.
1821—1830.....	170
1831—1840.....	185
1841—1850.....	1261
1851—1860.....	6319
1861—1870.....	4642
1871—1880.....	6779
1881—1890.....	11990

These figures, however, as we said before, are entirely untrustworthy and although of late years their reports show more care and improvement, we know for certain from other



sources that a much larger number of Welsh people came to this country during those decades, so that the officials or the Welsh immigrants must have been very careless about making a correct record of their nationality.

We may add here the following statement for which we are indebted to Mr. B. F. Lewis, editor of *Y Drych*, Utica, N. Y. The figures were taken from the records of the Commissioners of Emigration, and published in *Y Cenhadwr* for January 1857. They cover the decade from May, 1847, to December, 1856, and it will be observed that they are far more correct than the figures of the Bureau of Statistics.

Year.	Immigrants from Wales.	Year.	Immigrants from Wales.
1847	472	1852	2531
1848	1054	1853	1182
1849	1782	1854	1289
1850	1520	1855	1128
1851	2189	1856	1374

These figures make a total of about 14520 Welsh people who came to this country in that decade by way of New York, for they do not include those who entered the United States through other ports. These figures

nearly correspond with those in the Census of 1860, which give the total number of Welsh persons in the United States who were born in Wales. If the records of the Commissioners of Emigration have been uniformly kept with such care through the succeeding years, they will evidently tend to confirm or modify the Census Reports on this question. As a general rule, however, the Census Reports are approximately correct and reliable. Believing it will be interesting to the readers of the CAMBRIAN, we have compiled the following table giving the number of persons in the United States who were born in Wales, as reported in each census since 1850, and arranged in parallel columns so that they may be readily compared with each other. It should be borne in mind that these reports do not include Welsh people coming from Monmouthshire and from the large towns of England, but on the other hand they do include many English people emigrating from Wales, so that in this respect the number of Welsh and English people would probably balance each other.

### CENSUS REPORTS ON THE WELSH POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES, 1850—1890.

The following is a tabulated statement of the number of Welsh people born in Wales who were residents of the various States and Territories of the United States, according to the Census reports for each Decade since 1850.

TABLE A.

	1850	1860	1870	1880	1890
North Atlantic Division .....	17083	22471	38084	39798	51081
Maine.....	60	88	279	283	215
New Hampshire.....	11	14	27	21	79
Vermont .....	57	384	565	514	959
Massachusetts.....	214	320	576	873	1527
Rhode Island.....	12	19	56	167	194
Connecticut.....	111	176	288	407	629
New York.....	7582	7998	7856	7223	8108
New Jersey.....	116	371	804	863	1069
Pennsylvania.....	8920	13101	27633	29447	38301

**CENSUS REPORTS OF THE WELSH POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES. 133**

	1850	1860	1870	1880	1890
<b>South Atlantic Division.....</b>	<b>511</b>	<b>1436</b>	<b>1626</b>	<b>1632</b>	<b>1787</b>
Delaware.....	17	30	43	51	63
Maryland.....	260	701	994	924	761
District of Columbia.....	20	28	29	56	71
Virginia.....	173	584	148	135	300
West Virginia.....	7	20	321	369	398
North Carolina.....	10	11	10	12	23
South Carolina.....	13	56	15	10	7
Georgia.....	11	6	60	52	108
Florida.....			6	23	56
<b>North Central Division.....</b>	<b>11715</b>	<b>18852</b>	<b>29427</b>	<b>33383</b>	<b>34403</b>
Ohio.....	5849	8365	12939	13763	12905
Indiana.....	169	226	556	927	888
Illinois.....	572	1528	3146	3694	4138
Michigan.....	127	348	558	830	769
Wisconsin.....	4319	6454	6550	5352	4297
Minnesota.....	2	422	944	1103	1470
Iowa.....	352	913	1967	3031	3601
Missouri.....	176	305	1524	1766	1862
North Dakota.....	151	.....	3	.....	108
South Dakota.....	.....	.....	.....	205	695
Nebraska.....	.....	128	220	624	1152
Kansas.....	.....	163	1020	2088	2488
<b>South Central Division.....</b>	<b>341</b>	<b>693</b>	<b>918</b>	<b>1168</b>	<b>1988</b>
Kentucky.....	171	420	347	394	380
Tennessee.....	17	86	314	302	620
Alabama.....	67	11	39	69	398
Mississippi.....	10	21	25	12	21
Louisiana.....	48	97	114	71	99
Texas.....	17	48	55	221	321
Oklahoma.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	19
Arkansas.....	11	10	24	99	130
<b>Western Division.....</b>	<b>318</b>	<b>2311</b>	<b>4475</b>	<b>7321</b>	<b>10820</b>
Montana.....	.....	.....	197	246	719
Wyoming.....	.....	.....	58	154	533
Colorado.....	.....	38	165	1212	2082
New Mexico.....	.....	2	9	28	122
Arizona.....	.....	.....	3	57	85
Utah.....	136	945	1783	2390	2387
Nevada.....	.....	21	301	315	212
Idaho.....	.....	.....	335	641	770
Washington.....	.....	11	44	193	1676
Oregon.....	.....	32	63	165	374
California.....	182	1262	1517	1920	1860
<b>TOTAL.....</b>	<b>29868</b>	<b>45763</b>	<b>74530</b>	<b>83302</b>	<b>100079</b>
<b>North Atlantic Division.....</b>	<b>16983</b>	<b>22471</b>	<b>38084</b>	<b>39798</b>	<b>51081</b>
<b>South Atlantic Division.....</b>	<b>511</b>	<b>1436</b>	<b>1626</b>	<b>1632</b>	<b>1787</b>
<b>North Central Division.....</b>	<b>11715</b>	<b>18852</b>	<b>29427</b>	<b>33383</b>	<b>34403</b>
<b>South Central Division.....</b>	<b>341</b>	<b>693</b>	<b>918</b>	<b>1168</b>	<b>1988</b>
<b>Western Division.....</b>	<b>318</b>	<b>2311</b>	<b>4475</b>	<b>7321</b>	<b>10820</b>
<b>TOTAL.....</b>	<b>29868</b>	<b>45763</b>	<b>74530</b>	<b>83302</b>	<b>100079</b>

The following Table shows the total number of Welsh persons born in Wales residing in the United States at the time of each census since 1850; also the rate of increase.

TABLE B.

Census yr.	Total No.	Rate of Increase.
1850	29868	Period No. per ct.
1860	45763	1850-1860 15895 53.22
1870	74533	1860-1870 28770 62.87
1880	83302	1870-1880 8769 11.77
1890	100079	1880-1890 16777 20.14

The following Table, marked C, gives the number of Welsh people born in Wales who are residents of some of the principal cities in the United States, according to the Census Reports for 1860, 1870, 1880 and 1890.

TABLE C.

CITIES.	1860	1870	1880	1890
New York.....	895	584	929	965
Chicago.....	222	565	722	1613
Philadelphia.....	490	501	680	935
Brooklyn.....	539	425	510	
St. Louis, Mo.....	132	147	241	262
Boston.....	60	113	221	305
Baltimore.....	102	84	86	88
San Francisco.....	247	333	357	
Cincinnati.....	489	507	379	328
Cleveland.....	285	1061	1318	
Buffalo.....	94	95	99	
New Orleans.....	71	70	47	25
Pittsburgh.....	1036	2012	2518	
Washington, D. C.....	23	47	71	
Detroit.....	46	71	84	
Milwaukee.....	242	242	342	
Newark, N. J.....	64	56	46	
Minneapolis.....	50	240		
Jersey City.....	137	150	179	
Louisville, Ky.....	32	43	36	
Savannah, Ga.....	3	9		
Rochester, N. Y.....	30	34	67	
St. Paul.....	28	64		
Kansas City, Mo.....	38	57	120	
Providence, R. I.....	26	63	57	
Denver, Colo.....	129	384		
Indianapolis.....	41	37	29	
Allegheny, Pa.....	76	672	829	
Albany, N. Y.....	29	27	40	
Columbus, O.....	415	559	607	
Syracuse N. Y.....	108	28	49	
Worcester, Mass.....	8	18	42	
Toledo, O.....	7	18	57	
Richmond, Va.....	25	20	12	

CITIES.	1860	1870	1880	1890
New Haven, Conn.....	26	36	38	
Paterson, N. J.....	28	45	58	
Lowell, Mass.....	13	8	41	
Nashville, Tenn.....	9	12		
Scranton, Pa.....	4177	3616	4890	
Fall River, Mass.....	16	50	106	
Cambridge, Mass.....	27	36	57	
Atlanta, Ga.....	9	12		
Memphis, Tenn.....	12	15		
Wilmington, Del.....	32	31	45	
Dayton, O.....	14	19	18	
Troy, N. Y.....	142	96	96	
Lawrence, Mass.....	12	27	38	
Reading, Pa.....	82	38	29	
Camden, N. J.....	12	19		
Utica, N. Y.....	992	1314		
Charleston, Mass.....	11			
Lynn, Mass.....	9	11	22	
Mobile, Ala.....	5	1		
Charleston, S. C.....	8	7	4	
Hartford, Conn.....	20	24	27	
Portland, Me.....	7	10		
St. Joseph, Mo.....		20		
Lincoln, Neb.....		23		
Evansville, Ind.....		4		
Los Angeles, Cal.....		65		
Des Moines, Ia.....		98		
Bridgeport, Conn.....		25		
Oakland, Cal.....		96		
Portland, Ore.....		48		
Saginaw, Mich.....		15		
Salt Lake, Utah.....		583		
Grand Rapids.....		18		
Springfield, Mich.....		7		
Manchester, N. H.....		11		
Trenton, N. J.....		48		
Hoboken, N. J.....		17		
Omaha, Neb.....		141		
Seattle, Wash.....		155		
Peoria, Ill.....		19		
New Bedford, Mass.....		20		
Erie, Pa.....		41		
Somerville, Mass.....		9		
Harrisburg, Pa.....		68		
Kansas City, Kan.....		41		
Dallas Tex.....		22		
Sioux City, Ia.....		25		
Elizabeth, N. J.....		31		
Wilkes Barre, Pa.....		1923		
San Antonio, Tex.....		12		
Covington, Ky.....		57		
Tacoma, Wash.....		94		
Holyoke, Mass.....		23		
Fort Wayne, Ind.....		14		
Binghamton, N. Y.....		18		
Norfolk, Va.....		7		
Wheeling, W. Va.....		31		
Augusta, Ga.....		2		
Youngstown, O.....		1569		
Duluth, Minn.....		23		
Yonkers, N. Y.....		56		

CITIES.	1860	1870	1880	1890
Lancaster, Pa.....				11
Springfield, O.....				15
Quincy, Ill.....				13
Topeka, Kan.....				70
Elmira, N. Y.....				52
Salem, Mass.....				11
Long Island City..				11
Altoona, Pa.....				24
Dubuque, Ia.....				16
Terre Haute, Ind.....				19
Chattanooga, Tenn				47
Galveston, Tex.....				15
Waterbury, Conn.....				32
Chelsea, Mass.....				24
Bay City, Mich.....				3
Pawtucket, R. I.....				15
Akron, O.....				226
Houston, Tex.....				3
Haverhill, Mass.....				5
Brockton, Mass.....				13
Williamsport, Pa.....				11
Davenport, Ia.....				10
Sacramento, Cal.....				18
Canton, O.....				22
Birmingham Ala.....				21
Little Rock, Ark.....				4
Auburn, N. Y.....				26
Taunton, Mass.....				8
Allentown, Pa.....				37
La Crosse, Wis.....				25

The above tables give only the number of Welsh people in this country who have been born in Wales. But no account is given of the Welsh people who have been born in America. Although Welsh by nationality and largely by language, they are enumerated in each census as native Americans. Hence there are no official or reliable data for computing the number of American-born Welsh people. For this reason the number of such persons is a mooted question. Estimates are frequently made at random and for various purposes. Many of them, however, prove unsatisfactory. The difficulty is increased also by the variety of conditions and elements which enter into the question. For instance, the relative proportion of natives of Wales and of America differs greatly in various settlements. In the older Welsh settlements, and especially in agri-

cultural districts, the number of American-born Welsh greatly exceed those born in Wales. In other settlements, however, the great majority are recent arrivals from Wales. Hence it is very difficult to form a satisfactory estimate for the country in general.

Another difficulty arises from divergent, and frequently from confused and indefinite views concerning the conditions and limitations which constitute the Welsh people as a distinct nationality among others comprising the great American nation. What conditions of birth, what degrees of descent, what form of speech, what associations of life, what are the characteristics which bind Welsh people together in America and distinguish them from others. Must a person be able to speak the Welsh language? Should the distinction be confined to those born of Welsh parents and grand-parents, or should it be applied also to those who are more remotely descendants of Welsh people? It is evident that our views on such questions will greatly modify any estimate or calculation of the number of Welsh people in the country.

There are some who would confine Welsh nationality within the narrow limits of the Welsh language. Language, however, by itself is no real criterion of nationality. People may and do change their languages, but remain the same in blood, in physical features, in feeling of kinship and in national characteristics. The Cornish, Scotch and Irish people have given up their own languages and adopted English. On the other hand, children of English, Irish, French, Italian and Jewish parents residing in Wales speak Welsh fluently and identify themselves with national movements without becoming in any real sense Welsh people. Welsh speech, therefore, is not a proper test of Welsh nationality. There are many people

in Wales and in America, thoroughly Welsh by birth and lineage, and by national sympathy and characteristics, but who cannot understand or speak the Welsh language.

If the limits of the Welsh language be too narrow, where then should the line be drawn? Are there any limits beyond which the Welsh people as such lose their identity? There are many in this country descended from more or less remote Welsh ancestry, who do not regard themselves as Welsh people. They have Welsh blood in their veins but otherwise they do not acknowledge or identify themselves with Welsh nationality. Many of this class have lost all knowledge of their Welsh lineage and identity as well as all national sympathy and characteristics. Although descended from Welsh ancestors and inheriting Welsh blood, these evidently cannot be rightly classified as *Welsh people*.

Between these extremes—the narrow limits of the Welsh language on one hand, and the loss of Welsh lineage and identity on the other, there is another class of Welsh natives of America. It includes those who are born of Welsh parents and grandparents, and some who are direct descendants of more remote Welsh ancestors, although not versed in the Welsh language. They feel bound together by ties of lineage, and of national sympathy and characteristics, and identify themselves with the Welsh people and their institutions. For the sake of convenience we may designate these several classes as

1. British-born Welsh, or Welsh born in Wales.
2. Welsh-American, or American born Welsh who speak the Welsh language.
3. Cambro-American, or American born Welsh and their descendants, not versed in the Welsh language, but

identify themselves as Welsh people.

4. Welsh descendants, or those who have descended from remote Welsh ancestry and have lost their Welsh lineage and identity.

There being no data for computing the number of Welsh people and their descendants born in America, any estimate must, of necessity, be merely tentative and a matter of opinion. Statistics of the Welsh churches furnish no satisfactory basis, and no statement would be complete and reliable without full consideration of the birth and death rates and the number and influence of mixed marriages and other uncertain elements. It is with some hesitation therefore that we offer the following estimate. It may serve, however, to give a general idea of the Welsh population in America. According to our best judgment and knowledge, we are inclined to believe that the number of American-born Welsh is about twice the number of British-born Welsh in the United States, and that the Welsh descendants would add another 100,000 to the number. If this ratio or proportion between them be nearly right, we should therefore in round numbers have the following:

TABLE D.

#### THE TOTAL WELSH POPULATION OF AMERICA.

1. British-born Welsh .....	100,079
2. Welsh-American .....	50,000
3. Cambro-American .....	150,000
4. Welsh Descendants .....	100,000

Total Welsh People and Descendants 400,079

This estimate, though lower than some which have been published at various times, somewhat exceeds that of others, and among them the estimate made by the late Rev. R. D. Thomas (Iorthyn Gwynedd) and published in his book, "*Hanes Cymry America*" (1871), ("*The History of the Welsh in America*"). Rev. Mr. Thomas

was familiar with the Welsh settlements at that time, had given much thoughtful attention to the subject, and his opinion should have great weight and influence. Allowing, however, for the rate of increase and for the various classes of Welsh people, the difference between them becomes very slight.

It will be observed that the Welsh population in America has increased between 1850 and 1890 more than three-fold. In this connection it may be interesting to notice also that the population in Wales has increased about one-third during the same period, as will be seen from the following:

In 1851, the population of Wales was	1,005,721
1861, " "	1,111,780
1871, " "	1,217,135
1881, " "	1,360,513
1891, " "	1,501,034

From the census report for 1890, we observe that the Welsh people are scattered largely through the country. But the great majority of them are settled in the North Atlantic, North Central and Western Divisions, and principally in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Washington and California. In these States the Welsh people have strong colonies or settlements, and have established societies and churches, so as to secure nearly the same social and religious advantages that they enjoyed in Wales. They support two Welsh weekly papers, and three religious Welsh monthlies, and the CAMBRIAN as an English national magazine. And at stated intervals they hold their literary and musical competitions just as in the mother country.

A large number among them also have advanced themselves to positions of wealth, honor and influence

in the professions, in the arts and sciences, and in the various industries and manufactures of the country, and some of our people have been honored with high political offices, which they have invariably filled with conspicuous ability.

We may mention also in this connection that the four nonconformist religious denominations in Wales, the Calvinistic Methodists (Welsh Presbyterian), the Congregational, the Baptist and the Wesleyan (the Methodist Episcopal), are largely represented in the Welsh churches of America. Unfortunately, no complete statistical reports of membership are published except by the C. M. denomination. The following computation, however, of their relative strength may be of service in giving a general idea of the distribution of the Welsh population among them. It is based partly on statistical and Diary reports, and partly on estimates by persons who are qualified to form a reasonably correct idea of their numerical strength. It will be observed that there are no Welsh Episcopal churches in America, which clearly shows the position of that church among the Welsh people.

#### ESTIMATE OF THE VARIOUS WELSH DENOMINATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Denominations.	Ch's.	Members.	Total members, adher. & child'r'n
Calvinist. Meth.	185	12,000	25,000
Presb. (Welsh),	5	600	1,200
Cong. (Welsh),	180	12,000	25,000
Baptists,	63	4,500	9,500
Wesleyan, M. E.,	5	400	800
Total,	438	29,500	61,500

We may assume that one-third at least of the Welsh people born in America speak the Welsh language, and are associated with the Welsh churches. These added to those born in Wales, we should have about 150,000 per-

sons who speak the Welsh language in America. Deducting the number of adherents of the Welsh churches, we should have the following :

Welsh-speaking persons in the United States.....	150,000
Adherents of the Welsh ch's,	61,500

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Welsh-speaking persons not in Welsh churches ..... 88,500

If these figures are approximately correct, they show clearly that the great majority of the Welsh people in America are connected with the various American churches, and that only a small number comparatively are connected with the Welsh churches. These latter do not increase in proportion to the increase of Welsh immigrants, which shows that many, as they become imbued with American life, leave the Welsh churches, and form new religious associations. This is probably inevitable and a part of the process by which the Welsh, like all other people, are absorbed into the future great American nation. Many comments might be made on the above census reports and estimates of population, which would prove instructive and interesting, but want of space forbids enlarging further at present.

In closing, we would again remind the reader that all these figures are only rough estimates, based on very incomplete data, and are only intended to give a general idea of the Welsh population of America.

N. B. Our acknowledgments are due to Mr. J. F. Jones, Phila., for the census figures for 1870.

### MRS. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Why is it, I wonder, that we never hear of Mrs. Christopher Columbus? Now when we read so much of the wonderful discoveries of Columbus, perhaps people would smile if one were to say that America was really discovered by

a woman. And yet it is true, that if it had not been for his wife, Columbus never would have had the ambition to discover anything.

About the year 1470, Columbus went to live at Lisbon. There he met and fell in love with Dona Felipa, daughter of the deceased Bartolomeo Monis de Palestrello, an Italian cavalier, and a navigator of great distinction, who had colonized and governed the island of Porto Santo.

Bartolomeo and his daughter Felipa had been the closest of friends, and on many of his voyages she had been his constant companion. She had inherited his love of adventure, and having a fine artistic nature, she it was who wrote her father's journal, drew his maps and geographical charts, and later, at his dictation, wrote many valuable books and papers relative to his voyages.

When Bartolomeo died, he left to his daughter all his papers, charts and journals, and land on the island of Porto Santo. It was there Felipa went to live with Columbus after their marriage. There they lived happily and quietly for several years. There their son Diego was born.

Felipa had always been ambitious for her father, and encouraged him in his exploration when many thought them simply adventurous follies. Now she transferred these ambitions to her husband. To be sure, Columbus had always hoped and dreamed that he might some day become an explorer and discoverer, but, like so many men, his ideas would probably have always remained dreams had he not found a wife who encouraged him, stimulated his ambition, helped him, influenced him in innumerable little ways as only a woman can.

Their life at Porto Santo was necessarily a quiet one, and Columbus, perhaps because he loved his wife, perhaps because he had no one else to go

to, came to rely more and more upon her for society and sympathy. Then her opportunity came. She read to him, studied with him, talked with him, told him of the voyages she had made with her father; of his ideas; of the different navigators, friends and companions of her father whom she had known; of the opinions they had held; of the breathless interest with which she had listened to their many discussions; and she pictured to him the glory and honor that would be his, were he to become a successful explorer, and she suggested a possible country in the far west. Finally she roused in him an enthusiasm equal to her own.

Then came his struggle for recognition. It was his wife that stood by him, cheering and sustaining him when others ridiculed. It was her indomitable will that forced him to be encouraged and persevering, when oftentimes in his despair he was ready to give up everything.

These were hard days for Felipa; besides her anxiety for her husband's welfare, she endured uncomplainingly many days and nights of pain. She knew that her life was drawing to a close, and she longed to live, that she might see the fulfillment of her desires. But it was not to be. Until the very last she forced herself to think for Columbus, and to forget herself. When she was dying she called him to her, and told him that she felt sure Queen Isabella of Spain would assist him, and begged him to promise her that he would go to the queen and implore her aid. Poor Felipa! she died without knowing the success of her heart's wishes.

If Christopher Columbus discovered America, certainly Felipa discovered the latent genius in Columbus, and by her remarkable influence helped him to his life's work.—*Selected.*

## ANCESTRY OF THE WELSH NATION.

LECTURE BY PROFESSOR JOHN RHYS.

The chemical Lecture-room at the University College, Cardiff, lately was occupied to its full extent by an audience of students and others, who had assembled to hear Professor John Rhys, the well-known Professor of Celtic at Oxford, lecture on the ancestry of the Welsh nation. The chair was occupied by Professor Powel.

Professor Rhys began by tracing the Celts to the great family of nations termed Aryan, Indo-European, Indo-Germanic, or Indo-Celtic—for all these names have been applied to that family. The preference is now given to the shortest of them—Aryan. So far the matter looks quite simple; but the moment one begins to enter into details one has to meet various complications arising out of the fact that language is not synonymous with race. Take for instance, the people of Cornwall, who formerly spoke a Celtic language nearly akin to the Welsh of Glamorgan, but they have given up their Celtic language for English and that without any real modification of race, for it is not known that Cornwall has ever been largely taken possession of by Englishmen. Here, then, we have in Cornwall a people which is English in speech, but other than English in point of race. In the case of the Aryan family of nations as a whole this sort of distinction becomes a serious difficulty, giving rise to much speculation among the students of language and race. Linguistically speaking, the Aryan family embraces the following nations: in Europe, Celts, Teutons, (including the English), Italians, Greeks, Letto-Slaves, and Albanians, and in Asia, Armenians, Persians, and some of the Hin-



dus. But ethnologists will not admit that these nations are of the same race, so we are forced to suppose that the Aryan race spread its language among non-Aryan peoples by conquest or otherwise. Then comes the question, which of the people speaking Aryan languages is most purely Aryan? And to this various answers have been given. Perhaps the preponderance of opinion is in favor of the notion that the original Aryan was a tall, blue-eyed, light-haired sort of person, so that he is sometimes thought to have come from Scandinavia. Another opinion, however, has recently been advanced by Canon Isaac Taylor. In any case, the latest authorities incline to the view that the Aryan race had its origin as such in Europe rather than in Asia. This is a question as to our race, our Aryan ancestry, and not of the origin of man; so the question of the position of the Garden of Eden was not raised by the lecturer, as he did not consider that it was directly involved.

To come to the narrower question of the Celts, the lecturer spoke of them first in the linguistic sense, treating them all as Aryans in the matter of speech. He then remarked how the Celts of the present day differ among themselves in language just as an Englishman does from a German. There are, he said, two groups of languages in use among the Celts, namely, those of the *Brython*, or descendants of the Ancient Britons, and those of the *Gwyddyl* or the Goidels. The Brythonic languages were the Welsh, old Cornish (extinct now rather more than a century) and Breton, in the north-west of France. The difference between the Brythonic idioms he described as comparatively small. The Goidelic group of languages embraces the Gaelic dialects, namely Irish Gaelic, or Irish, Manx Gaelic or Manx, or Scotch Gaelic.

These differ also comparatively little among themselves. But the difference between the one group and the other is very great, so great in fact that it is inferred that the people who introduced Goidelic and Brythonic respectively to the British Islands came here separately and possibly at widely different dates. The lecturer thought that it was the Goidels or the linguistic ancestors of the Gaels of Ireland, Man, and Scotland that came first; but he thought not even the Goidels found these islands devoid of human inhabitants. These last, he thought, were represented by the Picts of history. Thus we have three strata—first, the Aborigines, who were non-Aryans; secondly, the Goidels, or the first Aryan invaders; and thirdly, the Brythons, or the people who introduced the language, which is now Welsh. The Goidels had, he thought, conquered the Southern half of Britain before any of them crossed the Irish sea to occupy Ireland. Later than the Goidels came the Brythons or the Ancient Britons, and they in their turn, seemed to have conquered Southern Britain from the Goidels, probably between 300 and 100 B.C. The lecturer, with the aid of Caesar's statements, traced them back to the Belgic portion of ancient Gaul, namely, that bounded by the Seine and the Rhine, with the tributaries the Marne and the Moselle. He then showed at some length how place-names went to prove this to have been the last continental home of the people who introduced to Britain the Gaulish dialect, which, in the course of ages, has become the language of the Cymry.

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Then with a passion would I  
shake the world.—Shakespeare.

The fountain of the only beauty that  
lasts is the heart.—Emerson.

## THE WELSH PEOPLE AND BILINGUALISM.

BY PRINCIPAL DARLINGTON, M.A.

[AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT OSWESTRY ON ST. DAVID'S DAY.]

Principal T. Darlington, M.A., who was received with loud and continued cheers, proceeded with his lecture, said there were but few questions which to the Welshman of to-day vied in interest with the future of his language. It was evident to all who read the signs of the times that they were on the brink of revolutions which would have a great effect on the languages of the world. Even the present generation had seen the death of many a minor language, and the growth and expansion of the English was one of the most striking features of the century. It had chased away to out of the way corners, the Erse, Manx, and the Gaelic, it had penetrated the distant Isles of the East to India, China, and Japan, and wherever the Englishman settled his language would be heard, and everywhere the minor languages drooped and died in its presence. It was but natural therefore for the patriotic Welshman to enquire "What effect will this produce on Wales," and it was generally felt that it was not merely a matter pertaining to language but that its effects would be infinitely more important to the nation's future, for it was felt that with the loss of language there would be a loss also of their national characteristics, and that Welsh nationality itself would sustain an irrecoverable blow. It would therefore, while studying the subject, be necessary to scrutinize the cause of the revolution from a fair standpoint, and to consider not only its immediate consequences, but its effects on the life of Wales in the long run. He took it for granted as a premise that a knowledge of Eng-

lish was indispensable to any Welshman, and they would acknowledge that a knowledge of English was not only absolutely necessary from a commercial point of view, but also he ventured to believe from an intellectual, moral, and social standpoint. (Cheers.) He did not hesitate to say that the great thing the Welsh were in need of was more intercourse with the English mind whilst clinging faithfully to the language of their fathers. (Cheers.) Its monoglotism was in danger of making Wales one of the most exclusive nations in Europe, and the only means of rescuing themselves from an intellectual solitude was to learn a common tongue such as English, German, or French. All who saw in national prejudices an unmixed evil would wish to remove all hindrances to a perfect understanding between nations. There was now no nation in Europe which was such a complete stranger to the average Englishman as his near neighbor the Welsh. But if they were better acquainted with each other the English character with its sound common sense, its practical views of life, its mental independence, its untiring energy and love of bodily exercise, would unite with the love of the Welsh for philosophy and poetry, and its dreamy intercourse with the unseen to restore in Great Britain what existed under the old civilization of Greece. (Cheers.) He did not believe in the Welsh maintaining unchanged their national characteristics. No nation was so perfect but that it could learn from other nations. He held that the best Welsh writers of the present day were those Welshmen who were good English scholars, but their knowledge of English not only did not depreciate the literary merit of their Welsh compositions but rather increased it. He was glad to think

that day there were Welshmen who perceived that they were not only Welshmen but were using all means to adapt themselves to take a worthy part in the State, and whilst maintaining their Welsh nationality to the backbone, they did not hesitate to claim their glorious heritage of literature and intellect which was theirs by right of citizenship in the empire of Great Britain. (Cheers.) But the great question which they would have to decide was what relationship would the Welsh hold in the future to the English language? Many people believed in a common tongue, in deleting the various tongues from the face of the earth, and in making one language the medium of intercourse between all nations. (A Voice: "Volapük.") (Laughter.) But it was no easy task to transfer the traditions and ideas of one language to another, for the internal music of languages were totally different. It was an interesting question to see what caused the difference in expression between languages. The solution was to be found in the fact that language was an expression of the mind, and a nation's language reflected the peculiar mental color of that nation. (Cheers.) If the soul of the language, the mind, was beautiful it would shine through the body, and would transform it with its own light. Mr. Darlington then traced the influence of environment on language, and proceeding said the Welsh in giving up their language would lose the old traditions which clustered around it, and folk wisdom incorporated in the proverbs, they would lose the contact with their old literature, the only monument of the intellectual history of the past and the most precious heritage which had descended to them from bygone ages. But they would lose even more, they would lose the power of expressing

much that was most characteristic of the mind and genius of the nation. It followed, therefore, that if Wales was to hold her own in life's struggle, and at the same time maintain her characteristics, she must be bilingual. Having dwelt upon the mental benefit of knowing two languages Mr. Darlington said in order to preserve the Welsh language it was important that Welsh should be spoken at home on the hearth—(cheers)—in the national institutions such as the Eisteddfod—the University of Wales—and be used as the language of literature. On the latter point the lecturer said that would be the only means of preserving the many poetic and literary words which were an embellishment to the language. (Cheers.) Having quoted Ibsen as an instance of a small nation's literature becoming through genius cosmopolitan property, he said whenever the sacred fire of genius burned in a nation that light would be seen in the heavens from afar. As soon as Wales produced literature of the first rank there would be no need for translating it. Foreigners would only be too glad to learn the language in order to become acquainted with its literature. (Cheers.) He then came to the most important part of his lecture—Was it possible for Welsh bilingualists to preserve their Welsh? He admitted that a nation's natural state was monolingual. No nation remained bilingual except under the compulsion of exceptional circumstances. There were three periods in the history of a nation—(1) when two-thirds of the nation spoke different languages without understanding each other; (2) when one language was understood by all although another language was spoken by a few; (3) when only one language was understood by all. English History during 1066–1400 was a good instance. The cause of England becoming monoglot again

was its political disruption from France. When bilingualism became general in Wales, Welsh would have to depend on national sentiment and tradition alone, and the danger would be that the bilingualism of the next generation would give birth to mono-lingualism in its grand-children or great grand-children. What hope was there in that case that Welsh would be preserved in spite of the general tendency? He held that general tendencies were not cast iron rules. A tendency was something that could be fought and struggled against and could be conquered. Man's will was stronger than all the tendencies and all natural forces on the face of the earth, and if the Welsh were bent on preserving their tongue it was more than possible that they would do so. (Cheers.) He thought there were elements in the case of Wales which would be likely to prove exceptional. In the first place Welsh was the language of the past literature of Wales and of the literature of its people at the present day—(cheers)—and he could find no example of a dying language whose literature was flourishing. Secondly, Welsh had a strong hold on the hearts of the Welsh people as the language of their religion. (Cheers.) The Cymro had a deep conviction that the Welsh was a better language for religious purposes than the English, that it was more spiritual, and more eloquent, and better adapted to express the intensest feeling of their innermost nature. (Cheers.) And, again, Welsh was the language of the Nonconformists in a nation of Nonconformists. Welsh was strongest where dissent was strongest, and the natural result would be to make every little chapel in the length and breadth of the Principality a home and a point around which enthusiasm for everything Welsh would centre. (Cheers.)

Lastly they should not forget the enormous strength of the national movement in favor of the language. (Cheers.) This movement laid great importance on the preservation of Welsh, whilst no such movement in Celtic races had identified itself so closely with the preservation of its mother tongue. Wales had only two enemies to fear, on the one side "Dic Shon Dafydd," and on the other the narrow bigotry of the exclusive patriot. In concluding Mr. Darlington said the future of their language depended upon the great number of sensible people between the extremes; and to those who take a higher view of life, to those who believe there are some beautiful and lovely things in nature which cannot be bought for money, and are convinced that a nation's traditions and memories of the past are among the most precious of all things, to these she spoke audibly enough. Every Welshman could with reason, pride himself in the history of a language which extended back century before century until she was lost in the mists of the world's morning and had been delivered as a priceless heritage from generation to generation in an uninterrupted succession. (Cheers.) The least that could be expected from those who loved their mother tongue would be to take care lest their generation be the first to break the golden chain, and to place an everlasting chasm between the has been and the will be. If the day should come when the last Welsh sermon had been delivered from their pulpits, when the Hymns and melodies formerly sang on the hills of Wales were silent and forgotten, when the glorious old tongue would no more be lisped by little children on the hearths at home, it would not have been the work of foreigners, not the effect of some inevitable circumstance, but the work of Wales herself;

with her own hands would she tear off the crown she had hitherto so nobly worn to be thrown in the dust. He hoped to God that that dark day would never dawn on Wales. But if it came the responsibility would be the responsibility of Wales itself, and the loss the loss of the world. (Loud cheers.)

### INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. T. T. DAVIES, RICHVILLE, N. Y.

"The advance of scientific knowledge," says Prof. Dawson, "of historical, geographical and archæological discovery: the establishment of the science of textual criticism, the labor and concentrated attention bestowed upon Biblical literature—these and other causes have almost metamorphosed Bible study, so that the commentators of half a century ago have become in some respects antiquated, and problems press upon the reverent student of to-day, of which our fathers knew, and might be content to know little or nothing." Things that were considered by our fathers sacred, and looked upon with traditional reverence have been by modern critics "weighed in the balance and found wanting." It must be admitted that such criticism has already done much good in separating the wheat of truth from the chaff of error and superstition, but while admitting this, it must be acknowledged that it has been instrumental in doing some harm, in shaking the faith of many in some of the essential truths of religion. To avoid this, Dr. Driver, who is one of the higher critics, suggested that the present theological discussions should be carried on in Latin, so that those who compose our ordinary congregations should know and hear nothing about them. On the one hand this would be wise, as it would be a preventive from disturb-

ing the simple faith of the Christian who believes his Bible with the same firmness as in his own existence—who derives comfort from its teachings and promises, and who reads it reverently to find the way to heaven. Why disturb and shake the faith of such a one? But on the other hand it is far from being wise, neither is it right to keep men in darkness and ignorance concerning the teaching of the Bible. "If wrong ideas have been cherished, if its authority and divine origin can be disproved on reasonable grounds, in the name of truth and humanity let its name be denounced and its errors be exposed. Let the most searching test be applied to it, and let the light be welcomed from any source, so as to ascertain the exact truth. If the Bible be not the inspired word of God, as it has been maintained by the Jewish and the Christian Church for many centuries, let the truth be known though the heavens fall. But to return to our theme, "The Inspiration of the Bible."

I. The Bible claims for itself inspiration. Glancing over the pages of this book we see that it claims for itself that which is claimed by no other book. It claims that its messages came directly from God, and recorded by men who were endowed with supernatural power. All its messages are prefaced with "Thus saith the Lord," "the word of the Lord came," "the Lord speaks by his servant," "Then," said Jeremiah, "the Lord put forth his hand and touched my mouth, and the Lord said unto me, 'Behold I have put my words in thy mouth.'" In Isaiah the writings of the Old Testament are called "the book of the Lord." Not only it claims that the whole message came from God, but that it was also transmitted by men who were divinely inspired to perform the task. "All Scrip-

ture," says Paul, while referring to the Old Testament, "is given by inspiration of God," The Savior in his public discourses again and again confirmed the divine origin and authority of the Old Testament. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me" "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them, in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself."

The writings of the New Testament claim the same superiority, referring to these St. Paul says in his letter to the Corinthians: "Which things also we speak not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth," and he affirms of the Thessalonians that "they received the word, not as the word of man, but as it is in truth the word of God," and furthermore the apostles were promised by the Lord, a special endowment of the spirit to direct them what and how to teach and write. The Bible from Genesis to Revelation claims to be inspired:

IS THIS CLAIM FULLY ATTESTED? What it affirms concerning itself cannot be taken as conclusive evidence of its inspiration, and to allow the plaintiff, judge and jury to meet in the same person is not fair and reasonable. Are the claims of the Bible attested by facts and evidences? The answer is in the affirmative. Its claims are confirmed:

BY THE NATURE OF ITS CONTENTS. It bears on its pages undeniable proofs of its divine origin. It transcends human genius, to compose such a volume, was more than man could do, and he would not if he could. Looking at it from a literary standpoint, it stands unrivalled, containing the "choicest gems of genius, wisdom and experience. It stateliness and simplicity, in poetic inspiration and prose fidelity," human literature has noth-

ing its equal, nor worthy of comparison. As the heaven is higher than the earth, so God's thoughts as revealed in the Bible are higher than man's thoughts. Peter's speech in the court of the high priest betrayed him, and the careful study of the contents of this volume betrays its super-human origin. Reville, an advocate of French Rationalism in one of his essays says: "That one day the question was started in an assembly, what book a man condemned to a lifelong imprisonment, and to whom but one would be allowed—had better choose to take into the cell with him? The company consisted of catholics, protestants, philosophers and even materialists, but all agreed that his choice would fall only on the Bible." There are so many things recorded and connected with this book which are unaccountable unless they are ascribed to inspiration. Among the things we may mention:

THE UNITY OF ITS TEACHING. Of this book it is ascertained that it was written by forty different authors, in three different languages, by men from every rank in life, kings and artisans, priests and shepherds, prophets and taxgatherers, apostles and evangelists are among its writers. Written in different countries, during a period of more than fifteen hundred years, yet the same central truths pervade all its pages and unity and harmony characterize all its teachings. Like the red thread, which runs through all the rope which belongs to the British government, so there is one thread of universal truth running through the sixty-six books of scripture—uniting them in perfect harmony. All the writers inculcate the same principle, teach the same ethics, enforce the same laws throughout the entire book. Their doctrines, like the colors of the rainbow, beautifully blend together. This unity must be ascrib-

ed to God's spirit, in an especial manner, superintending and directing the holy men of old what and how to write. The Bible's claim to inspiration is attested also :

BY ITS PROPHECIES. The predictions made in the volume concerning Babylon, Nineveh; Egypt, Tyre and Jerusalem, and how they have mostly been fulfilled, as the histories of these cities show. And the many prophecies concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, and their complete fulfillment in His birth, life, and death and resurrection, offer strong evidence in favor of the belief that God, who alone can see the end from the beginning, must have communicated his thoughts to man. The Bible's inspiration is confirmed :

BY ITS MIRACLES. How many of these were performed in confirmation of divine truth. It is true that infidel and rationalistic writers deny the miraculous in the Bible as well as elsewhere. The late Renan in his life of Christ said, "miracles are impossible," but to prove his assertion it would be necessary to invalidate the history in which the miracles are recorded—this, however, he failed to do—and so the miracles stand like impregnable rocks in the midst of the hurricane and storm, attesting to the divine origin of the Bible. "The man who proclaims that miracles are impossible," says Rousseau, "is not fit to be reasoned with, he should be sent to the lock-up." It is the finger of God," exclaimed the magicians in Egypt, when Moses brought lice upon the land. What but the finger of God comes to view, when reading in the Bible, the story of the blind man, having his eyes opened by applying clay and spittle, and the dead having brought to life again by the word of Christ. This is the finger of God, confirming the divine message of His Son. The Bible's inspiration is attested :

BY THE SUBLIME TRUTHS WHICH ARE REVEALED IN IT. These are such that unaided human reason could never have discovered. The truth concerning God, man, the soul, immortality, a judgement to come and a future world. In vain we look into heathen literature for the lofty truths which are taught in this volume. Its inspiration is attested :

BY ITS INFLUENCE ON THE WORLD. Its words are spirit and life, it regenerates society and uplifts humanity to God. It has done more to enlighten men and give them an extended intellectual horizon than anything else in the world. "More potent than armies, grasping the farthest bounds of civilization, more effectual than navies, overshadowing the oceans of the earth; wherever the gospel scheme has been proclaimed and scattered, there light and there civilization have begun." Under its benignant influence the moral wilderness is changed into a fruitful garden, and the solitary place is brought to blossom as the rose. "The orator," says Robertson of Brighton, "holds a thousand men for half an hour breathless—a thousand men as one, listening to his single word. But this word of God has held a thousand nations for thrice a thousand years spellbound—held them in an abiding power—even the universality of its truth; and we feel it to be no more a collection of books but the book." Thus the Bible claims inspiration and this claim is fully attested by its contents, its inherent excellence, its revelation and its great influence for good on the human race.

II. WHAT IS INSPIRATION? To give a definite answer to this question is impossible, because it is a question on which theologians are disagreed. The present controversy must cease before we can theorize much on the doctrine of inspiration. Pagans have had their inspired writers and speak.

ers, and their ideas of inspiration perhaps have affected in some degree the forms which the Christian doctrine have assumed, yet the word conveyed one idea to the pagan and another to the Christian. To the former it meant the passive state to which the inspired man was thrown—a state of ecstasy—to the latter it meant the revelation which the inspired man committed to writing; the one laid stress on the state, the other on the result. But what does inspiration imply? The word itself implies the breathing of God upon, or into the minds of his servants. Through the divine influence that was imparted to the writers of the Bible they were taught what and how to speak and write. To this influence must be ascribed the superiority of their writings over all that was written by others. Dr. Driver defines inspiration thus “An influence which gave to those who received it, a unique and extraordinary spiritual insight, enabling them thereby without superseding or suppressing the human faculties, but rather using them as its instrument, to declare in different degrees, and in accordance with the needs or circumstances of particular ages or particular occasions the mind and purpose of God.” Inspiration, according to Dr. Briggs’s theory, appears in the giving of certain concepts, and that the embodiment of these concepts in human speech is simply the act of the man who received them.” Conservative theologians, however, do not agree with the views taken by the higher critics, and therefore their definitions are somewhat different. What does inspiration imply?

IT IMPLIES THAT THE DIVINE REVELATION WAS NOT MECHANICAL. Some have taken this extreme view of the doctrine, holding that every word syllable, letter and vowel point of scripture had been divinely and supernat-

urally imparted, that the authors of the various books, known and unknown, had no share in their composition. Accepting this view, we cannot account for the variety of style which characterizes the writings of the Bible? Every writer impressed his own individuality on his production. Moses, Isaiah and Paul were inspired, but they greatly differ in their style of composition and in their manner of presenting the divine message. Were inspiration verbal the Bible would be uniform from Genesis to Revelation.

Inspiration implies that it did not of necessity extend to matters which the writers could have discovered by their own unaided reason.

Inspiration does not necessarily imply that it is infallible in things which are trivial and of no importance. If we maintain, as some do, that inspiration extends to all the contents of the several books, whether religious, scientific, historical, or geographical, it is difficult to explain, on reasonable grounds, the minor discrepancies, which are found in Scripture. The safest way is to admit the possibility of trivial mistakes in historical and geographical statements, while denying any error in matters of faith and morals.

Inspiration does not imply that all the writers were inspired to the same degree.

Inspiration implies that the divine revelation has been transmitted without error. These writers were divinely empowered, divinely guided in their work—so the Bible contains a true record of the revelation given by God to man.

Inspiration implies that the Bible is the infallible rule of faith and duty. The inspired Scripture contains all the duties concerning ourselves. It settles all questions in faith and morals—an infallible authority, and able to make one wise unto salvation.



## GRIEVE NOT.

BY MISS SALLIE A. LEWIS, CIN., O.

[Verses in memory of Mr. Isaac Edwards,  
the beloved husband of Margaret Edwards,  
died July 7th, 1892, at Cin., O.]

Some days I am lonely, weary and sad,  
And wonder if ever I will be glad,  
When day is done and night her shadows  
cast,  
I rock and think of the days that are past.

How can I forget the love of my life,  
My companion and helpmate in the strife:  
Five and forty years we walked together,  
And now we are parted on earth forever.

No longer the jokes and laughter goes round,  
For the chair he filled returns not a sound;  
Sometimes like a dream I hear at the door  
His footsteps coming as in days of yore.

A sadness comes o'er me I can't resist,  
Wherever I look his presence is missed,  
I felt not that death was clasping his brow  
Though he said, "Margaret, I'm going home  
now."

Yes, like a star that descends from the sky,  
You see the light falling, but can't tell why;  
So the spirit left the body of clay,  
To live in a house that can not decay.

He would not come back, oh no, if he could,  
For now he is with the joyful and good:  
Then why drop a tear or sigh for the breast  
That knows what it is to enjoy sweet rest.

Your Isaac will wait at the portals gay  
And watch for your coming some future day;  
The Saviour will lift the cloud away  
That darkened your path on life's rugged  
way.

Why do we sorrow at the thought of the  
tomb,  
When our Lord has known its darkness and  
gloom,  
The shade that lies there He hallowed with  
love;  
The sleeper is watched by angels above.

Then sorrow no more, the starbeam of light  
Will shine on your pathway by day or by  
night;

'Tis Jesus that called your loved one away,  
Then murmur no more but live while you  
may.

The mystery of death we can't define,  
Nor will we know until we cross the line,  
Until then we must watch and wait and pray  
For the broken links that are over the way.

## AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring!  
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy  
Than reign a grey-haired king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!  
Away with learning's crown!  
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,  
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame!  
Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame!

—My listening angel heard the prayer,  
And calmly smiling said,  
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,  
Thy hasty wish had sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished for day!

—Ah, truest soul of womankind!  
Without thee what were life?  
One bliss I cannot leave behind—  
I'll take—my—precious—wife;

—The angel took a sapphire pen,  
And wrote in rainbow dew;  
"The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband, too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid  
Before the change appears?  
Remember, all their gifts have fled  
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall  
My fond paternal joys;  
I could not bear to leave them all;  
I'll take—my—girl—and boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen;  
"Why this will never do;  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke  
The household with its noise—  
And wrote my dream, when morning  
broke,  
To please the grey-haired boys.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

IN DEFENCE OF MEDÆVAL  
EUROPE.

In his inaugural Oxford lecture,  
Mr. Froude speaks as follows of the  
condition of the masses of the peo.

ple in mediæval Europe: "I do not believe that the condition of the people in mediæval Europe was as miserable as is pretended. I do not believe that the distribution of the necessities of life was as unequal as it is at present. Of liberty, no doubt, there is a great deal more going now than there used to be. In the middle ages there was little liberty for any one. Kings and peers, knights and vassals, villains and serfs, were held together under strict bonds of obligation. But the one thing certain is that between the lords and their feudatories there were links of genuine loyalty which drew high and low together as they have not been drawn since the so-called chains have been broken. If the tenant gave service, the lord gave protection. If the tenant lived hard, the lord had little luxury. Earls and countesses breakfasted at five in the morning on salt beef and herring, a slice of bread and a draught of ale from a black jack. Lords and servants dined in the same hall and shared the same meal. As to dress, plain leather and woollen served for all ranks, except on splendid ceremonials. Examine the figures of the knights on the ante-chapel in the Temple Church in London. The originals of those forms were not brothers of the order, or bound to poverty. They were the proudest

and most powerful of the English peers. Yet the armor is without ornament save the plain device on the shield. The cloak is the lightest and simplest. The heavy sword hangs from a leather belt, fastened with an ordinary harness buckle. As those knights lie there, so they moved when they were alive, and when hard blows were going they had an ample share of them: No fact of history is more certain than that the peasants born on the great baronies looked up to those lords of theirs with real and reverent affection—very strange, if one party in the contract had nothing but hardship, and the other was an arbitrary tyrant. Custom dies hard, and this feeling of feudal loyalty has lingered into our times with very little to support it. Carlyle told me once of a lawsuit pending in Scotland, affecting the succession to a great estate, of which he had known something. The case depended on a family secret, known only to one old servant, who refused to reveal it. A kirk minister was sent to tell her that she must speak on peril of her soul. "Peril of my soul," she said, "and would ye put the honor of an auld Scottish family in competition with the soul of a poor creature like me?" — *From Froude's Inaugural Oxford Lecture.*

## For the Young People.

### ARTHUR, THE BLAMELESS KING.

The heart of every boy who reads of the daring acts of bravery and the prowess of those famous "Knights of the Round Table," must be stirred with a desire to emulate their deeds, and a feeling of regret that the days

of "knight-errantry" have passed away.

Let our boys of to-day remember however, that to them are offered for the accomplishment of noble deeds, grander opportunities than were ever given to the knights of olden times. Yet there can be no nobler ideal for a boy to keep before his mind's eye (al-

ways excepting that one Perfect Man, who was a reality, as well as an ideal) than this same King Arthur of legendary fame.

At fifteen years of age the boy Arthur (as the story runs) was crowned king of the Britons, not without great opposition from the princes of the land; and by the aid of his knights, Drew in the petty kingdoms under him, Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame The heathen hordes, and made a realm, and resigned.

Of his personal appearance, we read that he was "fair, beyond the race of Britons, and of men;" of his bravery, "How meek so'er he seem, no keener hunter after glory breathes. He loves it in his knights more than himself." And of his temper his sister and playmate tells King Leodgrance; "And sad at times he seemed; stern, too, at times, and then I loved him not; but sweet at times, and then I loved him well."

Tennyson touchingly portrays the death scene of the king.

As the latter stands looking over the field where lie so many of his once valiant band, we see him "looking wistfully with wide blue eyes as in a picture."

And later on, lying faint and dying from the wound inflicted by the traitor, Mordred, his "light and lustrous curls clotted with blood."

So like a shattered column lay the king.

The scene closes with the cry of the faithful Bedivere: "He passes to be king among the dead."

A life so noble in its purpose cannot be a failure; its great aims live on in the hearts of those who follow after, and who read to learn.—*Sel.*

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#### TAUGHT BY AN INSECT.

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It has been said that the operations of the spider suggested the arts of spinning and weaving to man

That may be doubtful, but it is quite certain that to a hint from an insect was due the invention of a machine instrumental in accomplishing one of the most stupendous works of modern times,—the excavation of the Thames tunnel.

Mark Isambard Brunel, the great engineer, was standing one day, about three-quarters of a century ago, in a ship-yard, watching the movements of an animal known as the terredo nautilus—in English, the naval wood-worm—when a brilliant thought suddenly occurred to him. He saw that this creature bored its way into the piece of wood upon which it was operating by means of a very extraordinary mechanical apparatus. Looking at the animal attentively through a microscope, he found that it was covered in front with a pair of valvular shells; that, with its foot as a purchase, it communicated a rotary motion and a forward impulse to the valves, which acting upon the wood like a gimlet, penetrated its substance, and that as the particles of wood loosened, they passed through a fissure in the foot, and thence through the body of the borer to its mouth, where they were expelled.

"Here," said Brunel to himself, "is the sort of thing I want. Can I reproduce it in an artificial form?" He forthwith set to work, and the final result of his labors, after many failures, was the famous boring shield with which the Thames tunnel was excavated.

This story was told by Brunel himself, and there is no reason to doubt its truth. The keen observer can draw useful lessons from the humblest of the works of God.—*New York Weekly.*

\* To be content with what we possess is the greatest and most secure of riches.—Cicero.

## SOME VERY UNPROFITABLE THINGS.

It never pays to run in debt for things you do not need.

It never pays to cherish a fault-finding spirit.

It never pays to make professions that you do not live up to.

It never pays to offer God excuses when he calls for living action.

It never pays to do wrong with the hope that good may come.

It never pays to rob your stomach to put fine clothes on your back.

It never pays to marry for money or social position.

It never pays to starve the soul to feed the body.

It never pays to join a church that does not require something from you.

It never pays to send the boys into the street to secure quiet in the parlor.

It never pays to get into an argument with an unbeliever.

It never pays to do in private what you would be ashamed to have known in public.

It never pays to ridicule religious teachers before your children. It is a good way to turn the she bears of irreverence and scepticism loose upon them.—*Ram's Horn.*

## PLAIN WORDS.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse tells the following story of a member of the church who once got drunk. He sought to go back to God and get his peace restored. He could not find the Savior, so he sought again. His minister called upon him. The minister said to him: "You pray again." They knelt down together. He began: "O God! Thou knowest Thy servant in a moment of unwatchfulness was overtaken by sin." "Nonsense!" said the minister; "tell the Lord you got drunk." That was an-

other matter; he could not bring that up. He began again: "Oh, Lord! Thou knowest Thy servant in his weakness and fraility was overtaken by a besetment." "Nonsense; tell the Lord you got drunk." Then very speedily that man was at peace with God again.

A *general* confession of sin as in church is all that can be done, but in private we must go into particulars, take heed lest by "generals" we only cloak them.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still  
But wind about till thou hast topped the hill.  
—*Denham.*

OPPORTUNITY has hair in front; behind, she is bald. If you seize her by the forelock you may hold her; but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.—*Latin Proverb.*

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from the man who does nothing.—*Anon.*

THE true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities and crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out.—*Emerson.*

A SOUND discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake, as by never repeating it.—*Bovee.*

TRUTH is eclipsed often, and it sets for a night; but never is it turned aside from its eternal path.—*Ware.*

NATURAL abilities are like natural plants; they need pruning by study.—*Bacon.*

THRIFT of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams.—*Gladstone.*

CHANCE opportunities make us known to others, and still more to ourselves.—*Roche foucauld.*

THE best men are not those who have waited for chances, but those who have taken them—besieged the chance, conquered the chance, and made the chance their servitor.—*Anon.*

A GREAT poem is a fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight, and after one person, or one age, has exhausted all its divine effluence, which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight.—*Shelley.*

Loving kindness is greater than laws; and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies.—*Talmud.*

The perfect woman is as beautiful as she is strong, as tender as she is sensible. She is calm, deliberate, dignified. leisurely; she is gay, graceful, sprightly, sympathetic; she is severe upon occasion, and upon occasion playful; she has fancies, dreams, romances ideals.—*Gail Hamilton*

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### MORAL COURAGE.

Why, I'm not afraid of anybody! I don't have to lie!" said a bright boy who had been falsely accused.

His cheek glowed and his eye flashed accord with the indignant protestation. I could but believe him, though wholly unacquainted. His manner carried conviction.

Afterward, thinking of his words, I questioned memory by calling to mind some of the persons whom I had known as possessing a reputation for untruthfulness. I found that most of them were a certain shrinking, sensitive sort—the sort who have a timid dread of censure, a fear of their fellow-creatures and of their opinions.

Moral cowards! I decided that the intuition of that brave young soul was correct. He looked no coward, but brave as a warrior; while he asserted, in vindication of his character, "I'm not afraid of anybody! I don't have to lie!"—*Dr. Cuyler.*

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### BOY RELIGION.

Religion in its essential peculiarities will always be the same for boys as for men, but in peculiarities not essential it will show the age of its possessor, even as a stream the soil it runs through. It is correct then to say that there is such a thing as boy religion.

With a boy's religion will be likely to go considerable noise and fun. He will sail his toy ships with as intense interest as a man of fifty his grown-up craft. He may play baseball with as much fervor as a philanthropist will run a charitable society. He will pop off his fire-crackers before daybreak on the Fourth, and and sound his fish-horn as long as the police will let him. Old age is not likely to sail toy ships or play base-ball, and its answer to the seductive notes of a fish-horn may be a cotten-stuffed ear; and as for fire-crackers, it may like to drown them under five miles of Atlantic sea-water.

Be patient with any boy's religion accompanied by the crudeness and irrepressibility of youth. Religion should be natural. Suggest and train, but don't make the boy Christian an artificial being. It is unwise and wrong to force his experiences into something beyond his years; and, alas! if you try to make an old man of him. When a youth begins to smother his enthusiasm, and cultivate the manners of mid-century, he is in training either for a hypocrite or a namby-pamby saint, and we don't know which is worse.—*S. S. Journal.*

# Notes and Comments, &c.

BY CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

## WALES AND ITS AFFAIRS.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

The tercentenary of the martyrdom of John Penry, the Brecknockshire hero of religious equality and freedom is being commemorated with due solemnity. A very large meeting took place in the open air at the Reformer's Tree in Hyde Park, London, which is close to the spot where Tyburn once stood with its fatal gallows. This was presided over by Mr. T. E. Ellis, M. P., who, in an eloquent speech, spoke of their profound respect for Penry, Barrowe and Greenwood, who had given their lives and their lives blood for the freedom of conscience, the freedom of association, and for the freedom of the press. The Rev. Pedr Williams, a young but eminent Welshman now located in London, pointed out that it was not the Romish church, but the Protestant church that slew these men, and by the consent of men who were not Nonconformists; it was the foulest blot on the record of that Church.

The suspensory Bill, translated by the country people into the word, "Y Bill Crogi" ("The Hanging Bill"), has thrown Wales into a feverish ferment. Meetings are being held by both parties everywhere. The clergy are particularly active on behalf of their stipends. They declare that spoliation and robbery are the chief characteristics of the government and Welsh representatives, and they are making desperate efforts to obtain as many petitions as possible against it. The Radicals are not, however, doing much. They rely upon the undoubted preponderance of votes cast for disestablishment at the general election. I heard Mr. Lloyd George deliver a remarkable address at Carmarthen, the other night, in which he set out the case against the church with conspicuous ability. He is the poli-

tician most feared by the Bishop of St. Asaph and his coadjutors. What is remarkable about this controversy is the manner in which high ecclesiastics have completely divested themselves of all spiritual environments and descended to the mundane sphere of politics, wherein they appear to be imbued with very acrimonious feelings.

The Land Commission which has been appointed to examine the agricultural condition of Wales contains some very able men. Mr. Brynmor Jones, Q. C. and M. P., is one of them. He is the oldest son of the late Thomas Jones, of Swansea, the poet preacher of Wales. He was, up to quite recently, a county court judge of considerable reputation, and relinquished this dignified position in order to capture a seat for the Liberal party, and to marry a wealthy lady. He has returned to his former love—the South Wales Circuit—and this unique experiment has resulted in success, for he has once more got into the principal practice on that circuit. He is one of the ablest Welshmen sitting in the House of Commons. His seat is for the stroud division of Gloucestershire. Mr. Lleufer Thomas, the Secretary to the commission, is also a barrister of the same circuit, a well known young Welshman who has achieved substantial reputation as a Welsh scholar. The Commission will also have the advantage of Prof. John Rhys' assistance. He is also appointed a member.

The *Geninen*, the best Welsh periodical, for April contains an excellent article upon "*Y Bardd Crog*" and the influence which the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" and "*Paradise Lost*" had upon the mind of the gifted author of the "*Gwledigaethau*" is ably discussed therein.

Archbishop Vaughan, the head of the Roman Catholic church in Great

Britain has been visiting Wales to open a new Roman Catholic church in Tenby. He adds a new element of discord to the church question in Wales by solemnly declaring that both the church and Nonconformist parties were wrong, for Wales was truly Roman Catholic, and that the Church of England had usurped their property. This last statement has upset the church defenders, for they are particularly sore as to any charge of the kind, being unable to resist the argument that, if strict justice is to be meted out, the main part of the endowments of the church must be handed over to the Roman Catholic church.

"Morien" is a gentleman of some notoriety engaged upon the "Western Mail" at Cardiff. He has written an interesting and wonderful book entitled the "Light of Brittainia," in which he sets forth some extraordinary theories as to Welsh legends and history. Much, if not most, of this compilation cannot be relied upon as bearing authority or containing substantial facts, but it is a volume which every Welshman should consult. It is a remarkable specimen of Celtic imagination and a tribute to Morien's undoubted literary, if fantastic, ability. Quite a different book is the "Book of Llan-dav," the fourth volume of old Welsh Texts, issued recently by Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans, of Oxford. The Book of Llandaff, or the Liber Landavensis, is the Register Book of the Cathedral of Llandaff, wherein were recorded memoirs of its more eminent prelates, grants of endowments, and other interesting and important particulars relating to the church and diocese. It is therefore valuable at the present juncture of church affairs.

Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, a Welsh singer of opera at Drury Lane, was a clergyman of the church in Wales,

and still figures as such in the clerical directories. He was born in Carnarvonshire, and educated at Jesus College, Oxford, but left the church for the operatic stage some four years ago, and quickly came to the first rank of singers.

There is in the Merthyr workhouse an old shepherd, Robert Jones, who has just attained his 103rd year, and is in possession of all his faculties. The Prince of Wales has sent him his congratulations, and has expressed great interest in him, having also accepted his photograph.

The football season in Wales has just concluded, with great relief to many persons in Wales. Very few have objections to the game itself, but under the concomitant conditions it has not, on the whole, a healthy influence upon young people. Everything is given up to its pursuit. The only advantage derived therefrom is the fact that Wales has been successful in defeating England, Ireland, and Scotland at the game. There is considerable rejoicing in the Principality, and increased respect for the little country outside.

The Home Rule Bill is blocking the way of the Suspensory Bill. It is hoped by the clergy that the latter will not be therefore proceeded with, but I understand that the Government are determined to carry both through the House of Commons even if they sit until Christmas. No one expects the House of Lords to pass the same measures, but this opposition will bring up much more important questions for decision by the electorate.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are indebted for the use of the cut accompanying the sketch of Rev. David Harries, D.D., in this number, to the kindness and courtesy of Col-

umbia, the Welsh paper published in Chicago.

Rev. Luther Rees, who formerly lived in Emporia, Kansas, and Dallas, Texas, has been stationed now for some time in charge of the Congregational church at Paris, Texas, where his work has been very successful. He has published lately an excellent little pamphlet on the second coming of the Saviour, and entitled, "Behold He Cometh." The first edition of 5,000 copies is exhausted, and is now preparing a second edition. He is also translating it into Welsh. We hope it will meet with a wide circulation.

### LITERARY NOTES.

A WELSH lecture on "John Penry, the Martyr, by the Rev. Herber Evans, is in the press, and will be published by the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

THE "Book of Llan Dav" (Liber Landavensis) has been issued by Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans, as Vol. IV. of the series of old Welsh Texts. It is a fine specimen of printing.

Mr. Lewis Morris has been asked to write the Ode for the opening of the Imperial Institute.

THE Rev. David Roberts, D. D., Wrexham, Professor D. Rowlands, B. A. (Dewi Mon), Brecon, D. Adams, B. A. (Hawen), Bethesda, and H. Elvet Lewis, Llanelly, have been appointed hymnal editors of the new Welsh Congregational Tune and Hymn Book.

Mr. B. Parry, publisher, of Oxford St., Swansea, has given to the world a new song, entitled "The Old Minstrel," the words adapted by himself from the Welsh of Myfyr Emlyn, and dedicated to the memory of Eos Morlais and R. S. Hughes. He has also just issued a sacred song for soprano or tenor, entitled "The Starless Crown; a Dream." The music is by Mr. William Davies of Oxford, Welsh words by Watcyn Wyn and English words by Professor Rowlands, B. A., Brecon. These new songs deserve attention.

THE Calendar of the Bala Theological College is an interesting handbook of 88 pages. The Almanac is very interesting, as giving the dates of the birth or death of eminent Welshmen, and of some Englishmen of con-

mopolitan interest. The address of Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, at the last annual meeting of the College is reprinted, together with the Principal's report, and the Calendar gives particulars of the terms of admission and examinations, a list of scholarships, the curriculum of study, and the entrance and terminal examination papers. The publishers are Messrs. Hughes & Son, of Wrexham.

PROFESSOR RHYS.—The Senate of Edinburgh have decided to offer the honorary degree of LL.D. to Prof. John Rhys of Oxford. All who are familiar with the services rendered by Prof. Rhys to the twin sciences of philology and ethnology, will recognize how thoroughly deserved is this degree *honoris causa* about to be bestowed upon him by the famous Scottish University. Mr. Rhys unquestionably stands pre-eminent among the Celtic scholars of the day—not a light thing to say when one recollects that among the workers in the same field are Zimmer and Ascoli, Standish O'Grady and Stokes. Prof. Rhys's work may be described as essentially synthetic in character, and its value is inestimable. He has been a prolific writer, and his published works include, "Welsh Philology," "Hibbert Lectures," "Rhind Lectures," "Studies in the Arthurian Legend," "Early Britain," and Welsh Text Series. In addition to these, Mr. Rhys has, we understand, an important volume in the press at the present moment, entitled "Monograph on Pictish Inscriptions and Relics" (for the Scotch Archaeological Society). Another volume, "Celt and Pre-Celt—Early Ethnology of Britain," will be forthcoming at an early date; and we have further the promise of an exhaustive treatise on that fascinating subject—Welsh legend, folk lore and fairy tales.

### NOTES FROM WALES.

THE *Manchester Guardian* says:—Considerable sensation has been caused in South Wales by the announcement of the secession of the Rev. Gurnos Jones, D.D., the chaired national bard, from the Welsh Baptists, amongst whom for many years he was a prominent minister. 'Gurnos,' having decided in favor of Congregationalism, was received a member of the Newton Church at Porthcawl.

A STATUE to the memory of the late Mr. David Davies, the original promoter of the Barry Dock and Railway, was unveiled at Cardiff. Mr. Davies commenced life as a collier, and when he died he was one of the largest colliery proprietors in South Wales.



MR. JOHN LLOYD JONES, of Castellmai, Carnarvon, who was for many years actively engaged in the North Wales slate trade, died lately at the age of 67. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. John Jones of Talysarn, and a brother of the Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, M. A., of Llandinam.

THE REV. ABRAHAM ROBERTS, of Liverpool, has been called to the pastorate of the Charing Cross Welsh Calvinistic Methodist church, London.

MISS JONES, a lady missionary from China, is at present on a visit to the Principality.

THE annual meeting in connection with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist London Churches commenced on Good Friday at New Jewin, London. The report showed that there were now eight chapels and ten other places where Sunday school and other meetings were held, while the church members numbered 2,695. The total number of people attending public worship was 3,894, and the total contribution now amounted to £5,493.

WE understand that fresh excavations are now being made at Valle Crucis Abbey.

THE Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, pastor of the Park Congregational Church, Llanelli, has declined an invitation to take charge of Ebenezer church, Cardiff.

AN interesting table has been published by Mr. Dalziel of one year's coal output of Wales—1891—showing its disposal. The total output, which included Monmouthshire, was 30,263,000 tons. Of this, 13,540,000 tons were exported, and 1,925,000 tons sent in bunkers. The remainder used at ironworks, collieries, coke ovens, railways, &c., showing Welsh export to be 44½ per cent. while Yorkshire is only 12½ per cent. of output.

MR. EDWARD DAVIES of Plas Dinam has accepted the secretaryship of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

THE late Dr. Charles Jones, Tonypandy, Rhondda Valley, has bequeathed £10,000 to the medical school just established in connection with the University College, Cardiff, and a similar amount to the Monmouthshire and South Wales Infirmary, Cardiff.

A MASS meeting of men employed at the Dinorwic slate quarries was held at Cwmyglo lately, when resolutions were passed in favor of legislation in the direction of Boards of Arbitration for the settlement of disputes between capital and labor; expressing dissatisfaction at the amount of the recent increase of wages at the quarries, and the opinion that labor should be paid for at a fixed standard; demanding the weekly payment of wages, and urging the workmen to join the North Wales Quarrymen's Union.

## PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

REV. M. P. JONES, author of "Rebekah, a Tale of the Times of Nero," formerly of Seattle, Wash., and Marietta, O., has moved to Kent, O., where he is settled as pastor of the First Congregational church. The church is one of the oldest and strongest in that part of the Western Reserve.

G. T. MATTHEWS & CO., TEA MERCHANTS, NEW YORK.

As appears in our advertising columns, Mr. G. T. Matthews, tea merchant, New York, has made a change in the firm, whereby his chief foreman, Mr. William Smith, becomes associated in the business. Mr. Smith is a gentleman fully experienced in the tea business, and is perfectly straightforward and reliable in all his dealings; while Mr. Matthews is for many years well and favorably known among our Welsh people. We heartily commend the firm to the favorable notice of our business people and tea dealers in general as worthy of their support and patronage when they need choice grades of the various kinds of teas, which are imported and sold to customers at the lowest rates.

WE are sorry to record the death of Miss Mary Jones, Tawelan, Gomer, O., the beloved sister of Dr. R. E. Jones, of the same place. The sad event took place March 19, 1893. Miss Jones was a lady of superior qualities of mind and heart, and was universally beloved in the community. A brief memoir will probably appear in a future number.

ANOTHER death which brings a sense of loss and sorrow to many friends and relatives is that of Mr. John Humphreys, West Bangor, Pa. His death occurred March 15, 1893. Mr. Humphreys was one of the oldest settlers in the place, an honored elder in the C. M. Church, and was highly

esteemed by all for his moral integrity, his sound, practical wisdom, and for the excellence of his Christian life and character.

A SAD calamity has befallen Pont-y-Pridd, S. W., by an explosion in the mines whereby sixty persons perished, and several others severely injured. The explosion occurred on Tuesday, March 11, 1893.

WE are sorry to record the death of Mr. Elias Morgan, Oak Hill, O., which occurred April 17, 1893, at the age of 47. Mr. Morgan had been the station agent for many years, and was highly respected by all who knew him.

REV. JOHN HAMMOND, Bangor, Pa., has accepted a call to take charge of the C. M. Church at Pittsburgh, Pa.

REV. DANIEL E. AND MRS. JONES, Alliance, O., intend paying a visit to Wales this summer. Mr. Jones is an excellent preacher, and worthy of a royal reception in Wales.

REV. OWEN JONES, Plana, S. Dakota, has accepted a call to take charge of the C. M. church at Denver, Colo.

MR. HUGH H. WILLIAMS, who is well known in the tinsmith and roofing business in New York, has moved from 8th ave., to 505 Amsterdam ave., where he has better facilities for his business.

REV. MORIEN MON HUGHES has resigned his charge of the Congregational church at Arcade, N. Y., after three years successful labor, and has accepted a position in connection with the Society of Christian Workers in the United States and Canada. His headquarters will be at Utica, N. Y.

MR. WILLIAM O. ELLIS has been elected chorister in the C. M. church at Utica, N. Y. Mr. Ellis is a clerk at the clothing store of Mr. William Ross, 87 Genesee St., where he will be glad to have his friends call to see him.

IN the *Bugle* for March, a magazine devoted to the interests of the Railway Mail Service, published at Chicago, Ill., Supt. David P. Davis of the Fifth Division of Railway Mail Service of Cincinnati, and his staff of officers are grouped very finely in a set of half-tone portraits, with a sketch given of each. Mr. Davis is highly complimented for his ability and courtesy.

THE Rev. J. H. Hughes, Welsh Baptist minister, Bootle, purposes to pay a visit to America, having been invited by the Welsh church in New York to supply its pulpit for six months.

THE ladies of the Welsh C. M. church, Cambria, Wis., gave Rev. R. H. Evans and wife a surprise party lately, and as a token of the respect in which they are held in the community, presented him with a gold-headed cane and a fountain pen, and his worthy wife with a silver tea-set. Mr. Evans intends visiting Wales this summer, where we hope he will receive a most hearty reception.

MR. W. H. BANKES PRICE, B. A., son of the Rev. J. Bankes Price, rector of Llandwrog, has been appointed British Vice-Consul for the consular district of Chicago.

REV. J. HUGHES PARRY, Holyhead, Wales, who for a few months has been supplying the pulpits of the C. M. churches of New York and Utica, paid a visit lately to Collinsville and Remsen. Mr. Parry is an excellent preacher, an estimable gentleman, and should receive a hearty welcome by the Welsh churches in general. He has received an unanimous call to the pastorate of the C. M. church in New York city.

REV. WM. R. JONES, Hastings, Nebraska, pastor of the M. E. church, and late Presiding Elder of the Hastings District, having been for a trip.

through California, was so pleased with the country that he decided to remove there to live, and has accepted an invitation to take charge of the M. E. church at Pasadena, Calif.

#### CAMERO-AMERICANS AT TRENTON, N. J.

Our friend, Mr. Griffith O. Evans, writing from Trenton, N. J., says: "There are several Welsh people connected with the State asylum here. Dr. Ward, the superintendent, is of Welsh descent on the side of his mother, who came from near Carnarvon, N. W. The fact that he has been chief of the institution for 25 years speaks well for his integrity and capacity. He takes pride in his Welsh blood, and the Welsh people stand high in his estimation—several being employed in the institution. The two supervisors are Welshmen; the chief supervisor, Mr. W. R. Jones, is a native of South Wales, and has been employed here for 35 years. His assistant, Mr. John W. Jones, is a young Welshman from Holland Patent, N. Y., and a son of Mr. Griffith J. Jones. Mr. John S. Williams, the foreman painter, is of Welsh descent. Mrs. Knowlton, the wife of the head gardener, is a Welsh lady, and a native of Llanrwst, N. W."

MANY friends in Oneida Co., N. Y., will be glad to learn also that Mr. Griffith O. Evans and Mr. Humphrey R. Roberts, both of whom lived several years in this section, and were highly esteemed by all who knew them, occupy positions of trust and usefulness in the same institution. Mr. Evans is a native of Talsarnau-Merionethshire, Wales, and Mr. Roberts is a native of Pentre Foelas, Denbighshire, N. W. We wish them all a prosperous and a happy life.

THE Naval Review in New York on April 26th, 27th and 28th, has proved in every respect a magnificent affair.

The splendid fleet of American and foreign war-ships, the booming of cannon, the Union League banquet, the Madison Avenue Garden ball, and the military parade in the city, has been impressive and gorgeous beyond description, and has formed an elaborate prelude to the opening of the World's Fair at Chicago on the first of May.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MR. HORATIO GATES JONES.

At a special meeting of the Welsh Society of Philadelphia, held April 10th, 1893, called to take action on the death of its late President, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

In the death of the Hon. Horatio Gates Jones, which occurred March 14th, 1893, the Welsh Society of Philadelphia has met with a loss of no ordinary character.

Elected a member of the Welsh Society March 1st, 1856, he was, six years later, March 1st, 1862, chosen its President.

For thirty-one years he was annually re-elected to this office without, it is believed, an opposing vote.

Kind in his impulses, generous in his sympathies, liberal in his charities, President Jones was, in all these years, an active and efficient officer.

An enthusiastic lover of Wales, the home of his fathers, this feeling of patriotism was with him a religious sentiment, having as its basis the first commandment with promise, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

It is a sad, yet a grateful reflection, that the last thoughts of President Jones' active life were in behalf of this Society which he so much loved.

He was stricken with paralysis February 24th, while actively engaged in preparing for its annual meeting, to be held March 1st, St. David's Day.

We shall long miss his bright, genial companionship, his cordial greeting—"Daw a'ch bendithio," and the enthusiasm which his presence always brought among us.

We tender to his family our sincere sympathy, and ask permission to share with

them a deep sense of personal loss and personal sorrow.

ST. JOHN W. MINTZER, M.D.,

JAMES JONES LEVICK, M.D.,

Rev. R. T. JONES,

Committee.

DAVID T. DAVIES, Vice-President.

W. H. JAMES, Secretary.

### MR. WILLIAM ROWLANDS,

DEACON OF THE WELSH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, IN NEW YORK MILLS.

It is one of the great mysteries of Providence that good men die when it is very difficult to spare them. When their work seems only just begun, and their capacity for work only just beginning to show itself, and their help much needed. It is very hard to lose from a small church a very faithful member, a competent Sunday school teacher, an intelligent and fluent speaker, and a very capable deacon, one who had the interest of the church always at heart, and who was always ready to lend a helping hand in all church work.

Such has been the experience of the church in New York Mills, when Mr. William Rowlands was taken from his labor to his reward. Assured as we are that he has gained by the change, yet we deeply feel and sadly mourn our loss.

Mr. Rowlands was born in Dolgell-ey, Wales, July 8, 1828. He was the youngest of six children born to William and Elizabeth Rowlands, two only survive him at present, Sarah, who still resides in her native town, and Rowland, who lives at Rome, N. Y.

In May, 1850, Mr. Rowlands was married to Anne Roberts, by whom he had four children, all of whom still live to mourn their great loss, William, who lives with his mother in New York Mills, John, in Utica, Mrs. G. S. Humphrey, Murphyshire, Ill., and Mrs. Alfred Berry, Utica.

He and his wife left Wales June 1, 1852, and reached New York city

about the middle of July, after a stormy voyage of six weeks. They came on to Oneida Co. and settled at Coleman's Mills.

Mr. Rowlands was received a member of the Calvinistic Methodist church in Oriskany in 1859, where he was chosen chorister, Sabbath school superintendent, also S. S. Secretary of the N. Y. Association. Moving with his family in 1865 to New York Mills, he joined the Welsh Congregational church, and soon took a class in the Sabbath School which he continued to teach as long as he lived. He was chosen superintendent of the Sunday school, and in 1866 was chosen deacon of the church. He and his wife and daughter took a pleasure trip to Wales in 1867. They were absent three months, and greatly enjoyed themselves among their relatives and friends. In 1870, he, with several other families in New York Mills, took the Kansas fever, and went to Arvonia, Osage Co., Kansas, but on account of ill health he and his family returned in 1871 to New York Mills, where he resided till the time of his death.

He was by occupation a loom fixer, a very competent and obliging hand. In 1874, the ladies working on his section presented him with a beautiful chair as a token of their esteem.

He was rather slender, medium height, with a very cheerful, intelligent looking countenance, ready wit, very fond of debating on theological subjects, but always kind. He was a very pleasant and appreciative listener. He manifested his approval when anything in the sermon pleased him, and made very appropriate remarks upon the sermon when an opportunity offered. He took great delight in the means of grace; was always present if he possibly could, and of late years came when the state of his health required him to stay at home. He was

deeply interested in the prosperity of the church and the welfare of the young people, many of whom he led to Christ and taught in the principles of the gospel. He had a good method of presenting questions so as to stimulate his pupils to think and search for themselves. Though fond of discussing various questions, he was pre-eminently a man of peace, always cheerful and good tempered. He had very clear views of the teachings of Scripture, and could set forth his thoughts in a very striking and forcible manner.

He suffered for many years from trouble in the bronchial tubes. His cough at times was very distressing, but he would rally again, however, as bright and cheerful as ever, but evidently weaker after every attack. He took a severe cold in the beginning of 1893, which proved too much for his weak body. He was patient and cheerful till the end came. He died February 23, 1893. Rev. T. M. Owen, Rev. D. Pritchard and Rev. R. G. Jones, D.D., officiated at his funeral in the church before a large and mournful audience. He was laid to rest in a beautiful spot in the N. Y. Mills cemetery. He will be long remembered by the church at N. Y. Mills on account of his general usefulness and faithfulness. He did his best while with us till the Master said come up higher, thou good and faithful servant.

R. G. JONES, Utica, N. Y.

### DIED.

PRICE—On September 29th, 1892, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Hannah R. Evans, Remsen, N. Y., Mrs. Rachel R. Price, at the advanced age of nearly 90 years. Mrs. Price was the daughter of the late Rev. John G. Roberts, the first pastor of the Steuben Congregational church. He was the son of Robert and Laura Griffiths, Cemmaes, N. W., and with his family emigrated to the States about the year 1800.

Remaining a year in New York, he then moved to Ebensburg, Pa., and thence in the latter end of 1801 he came to Steuben, and established his homestead at Store Felen, half a mile west of Remsen. He, together with the few Welsh people in the place, held religious services alternately in their houses, and in 1804 a church was organized, to which he ministered, and where his labors were highly appreciated. Mr. Roberts died in 1818, while on a visit to New York, and was buried in the cemetery of Trinity Church. Mrs. Price was born at the Store Felen homestead, November 22, 1802, and lived there and in the vicinity of Remsen all her life. She was married in 1830 to Mr. Edward Price, Jr., the son of Edward Price, Llanfyllin, N. W., who with his family came to America in 1828. Mr. Edward Price, Jr., died February 3, 1869, at the Price homestead north of Remsen village. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Price lived with her sons and daughter, by all of whom she was tenderly cared for, and received all the devotion due to a most beloved mother. She enjoyed good health, and wonderfully retained the use of her mental faculties, although in the last few years she became more feeble, until she peacefully passed away to be forever more with her lifelong Saviour. She is survived and mourned by three sons, Messrs. John R. Price, Edward R. Price and David R. Price, and by one daughter, Mrs. Hannah R. Evans, all of Remsen, N. Y. One other son, Evan R. Price, died in Urbana, Ohio, about twenty-one years ago.

Mrs. Price was a lady of many excellent qualities of mind and heart. Naturally bright intellectually, of a cheerful and amiable disposition, kind and charitable in her sympathies with the sick and afflicted, she was highly respected throughout the community. Mrs. Price also from her early years was a devoted Christian. Having received early religious instruction and training at home, she united with the church at the age of fourteen years, and throughout lived an exemplary Christian life. Her religious life was marked by enlightened views of the truth, matured experience, and by active and faithful labors to promote the prosperity of the church. And in her home all her excellent traits of character were reflected in her devotion to her family, which was returned to her in her declining years by sons and daughter with every mark of affection and honor. The funeral services were held at the house and at Peniel church, Remsen, on Saturday, October 1, 1892, Rev. Edward Davies and others officiating. The remains were interred at the Roberts Cemetery adjoining the Steuben church.

# THE CAMBRIAN,

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

## THE WELSH-AMERICAN PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

REV. E. C. EVANS,

REMSSEN, N. Y.

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# THE CAMBRIAN.

Now go write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for all time to come for ever and ever

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No. 7.

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THE LATE MISS MARY JONES,  
TAWELFAN, GOMER, OHIO.

BY MISS ANNE PEATE, GOMER, OHIO.

The lady whose portrait appears above was through her life noted for many noble and excellent qualities. These manifested themselves not only



New York, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis papers. We gladly copy the following from *The Photographic Times*, of New York :

"The meteor photograph by Mr. John E. Lewis, of Ansonia, which we reproduced in our issue of Feb. 3d, has excited so much interest in the subject of astronomical photography in general, and in this particular branch of work especially, that we feel sure our readers will be glad to see the portrait of Mr. Lewis, who has done so much with the camera in this direction, and also to learn something about his personality.

Mr. Lewis is a skilful photographer, though he employs his camera almost entirely in the study of astronomy. His telescope is the largest in aperture in the State of Connecticut, with the exception of the one at Middletown, but not excepting those of Yale University, and was planned and mounted by himself.

Mr. Lewis works at the Yale Observatory twice a week, and has the use of most of the instruments there. From his own observations of last July on Swift's comet, he has computed the elements and ephemeris of the comet's outfit. He has now an apparatus ready to attach to the Yale heliometer for carrying his camera, and expects to make some long exposures with much better results than he could do at Ansonia, as the Yale heliometer has a clock-work attachment."

He obtained the first photograph of the comet recently discovered by Mr. Rordame of Salt Lake City. A curious fact in regard to this comet is that its tail is divided into three distinct parts. Two lines of demarkation appear in the tail. The three tails are shown very distinctly in the photograph taken by Mr. Lewis.

## THE WELSH SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

From "The Cymry" of '76, by Dr. Alexander Jones,

Following the list of Signers of the Declaration of Independence, of Welsh birth or descent, we must commence with New England ; which from having received a large accession from the followers of Cromwell, after the Restoration, has always contained a large element of Welsh blood. Among many other men of Welsh origin or descent, known in her annals, may be mentioned Yale, the founder of Yale college, and Jonathan Edwards, one of her most learned Divines, and also Daniel Webster, who, it is said, was descended from the Welsh, on his mother's side. Prior to the Revolution, New England, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia received a large number of emigrants from Wales, many of whom and their descendants bore distinguished parts in the war of the American Revolution.

Among the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, of Welsh origin, we have two names, Samuel and John Adams, whose brilliant services in the cause of the Revolution are so well and so widely known. Samuel Adams, the stirring orator and bold patriot of his time, was born in Boston in 1722, and was educated for the ministry at Harvard College ; but he threw aside orders for politics, and the British Government set a price upon his head. He served faithfully in the Continental Congress and afterwards assisted in framing the Constitution of his native State. He died on the 12th of October, 1803, aged 81 years. John Adams was born at Quincy, in Massachusetts, in 1735. He bore an active and brilliant part in the American Revolution, and signed the Declaration of Independence with the former.

He died on the 4th of July, 1826, aged 91; having served as President and Vice President of the United States.

Rhode Island sent Stephen Hopkins to the Convention, who came of a Welsh family. He was born in Providence, and was a self-taught man. He wrote and acted against the unjust political course of England, long before the Revolution, and after having filled important offices in his State, became a member of the first Continental Congress, and signed the Declaration of Independence. He died in July, 1785.

Connecticut supplied William Williams, who belonged to a Welsh family, and graduated at Harvard College, in 1751, at 20 years of age. He studied law, but afterwards changed to the profession of Arms, and was aid to his brother who fell at Fort George in 1755. He signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and died in 1811, aged 81 years.

New York sent four delegates to the Continental Congress in 1776. Three of the number who pledged this great State and their own lives and fortunes to freedom and independence, were Welshmen by birth or origin.

One was William Floyd, who was born on Long Island in 1734. He was an early patriot, and quite wealthy; was in the first Continental Congress, in 1774, and signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776. He was engaged in public life during the war, suffered great loss of property at the hands of the English, and died in his 87th year.

The second was Francis Lewis, who was born in the southern part of Wales in 1713. He was partly educated in Scotland and at Westminster, London. He entered upon a mercantile life in London, from whence he came to New York and conducted

business for English merchants. He was taken prisoner in the French war and carried to France; afterwards returned to New York, took an active part on the patriot side, and signed the Declaration of Independence as a delegate from New York. He owned property on Long Island, which was destroyed by the English, and died in 1803, aged 90 years.

The third was Lewis Morris, who was born of a Welsh family, in 1725. He graduated at Yale college in 1746, and then settled at the farm of his father, now known as Morrisania, in Westchester county. He took sides with the patriots, and was sent from New York to the Continental Congress in 1775, and served till 1777; having, in the mean time, signed the Declaration of Independence. He lost a large amount of property by the war, and died in 1798, aged 72.

We thus find that three out of the four—Signers for what has since become the Empire State—were of the Cambrian race. The fourth was Mr. Livingston, who was of Scotch descent, though his family came from Holland.

We next come to Pennsylvania, which was represented in the Convention, among the Cymry, by Robert Morris, who was born in 1733. He came to this country when a child, and was educated in Philadelphia. He served an apprenticeship with a merchant, afterwards commenced business for himself, was remarkable for energy and integrity of character, and won the confidence of the community. He was elected a member of the Continental Congress in 1776, and was considered the ablest financier in the country. For a long time his individual credit was superior to that of Congress itself. He lost an immense fortune in the cause, and died in comparative poverty in 1806, aged 73 years.

Francis Hopkinson was descended from a Welsh family, and was a member of the Continental Congress from New Jersey. He was born in Philadelphia in 1737, became distinguished as a lawyer, and was noted as a wit and poet. He wrote several pamphlets in favor of the patriot cause, and was the author of *Hail Columbia*, our national air, and also wrote the *Battle of the Keggs*. He signed the Declaration of Independence, and afterwards became eminent as a judge in Pennsylvania. He died in May, 1791, in his 53d year of age.

From his name, George Clymer was probably of Welsh family descent; deriving his name from the Welsh word *Clymwr*—one that ties or makes a knot.

John Morton, of Pennsylvania, was a native of Delaware, and was descended from a Welsh family, on his mother's side; his father having been of Swedish descent. He was on the committee which reported the articles of confederation.

John Penn was of a Welsh family, but born in Virginia. He studied law with Mr. Pendleton and afterwards settled in North Carolina, from whence he was sent to the Continental Congress, and signed the Declaration of Independence.

Arthur Middleton was of Welsh origin, and was born in South Carolina in 1743. He graduated at the University of Cambridge, England, and returned to America in 1773. He was a delegate from South Carolina, and signed the Declaration of Independence. He was in Charleston when it surrendered to the British, and was taken prisoner. A large portion of a great fortune was sacrificed during the Revolution. He died in January, 1789, aged 44 years.

Button Gwinnett was a native of Wales, and a delegate from Georgia to the Continental Congress. He was

born in 1732. He was well educated, and entered into mercantile pursuits in Charleston, from whence he removed to Georgia, where he had purchased a large tract of land. He signed the Declaration of Independence, and afterwards assisted in framing the State Constitution of Georgia, and was President of the State—an office, at that time, equivalent to Governor. He fell, at the age of 46, in a duel which he fought with General McIntosh, of that State.

Among the Signers from Virginia, besides Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Harrison, was Richard Henry Lee, who was also from a Welsh family. He was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, in 1732, and was educated in England, and soon after his return, in 1757, he was elected a member of the House of Burgesses. He was elected to the Continental Congress in 1774, and in July, 1776, he had the honor to offer the resolution declaring the colonies free and independent. He was an active and influential member of Congress during the greater part of the war, and was appointed United States Senator, under the Constitution; which office he filled with great ability. He died June 19, 1794, in the 62d year of his age.

Francis Henry Lightfoot Lee was also a signer from Virginia, and of Welsh origin. He was born in Virginia on the 10th of September, 1734. He was educated at home, and from 1765 to 1775, served his State as a member of the House of Burgesses. He afterwards became a delegate to the Continental Congress, and signed the Declaration of Independence. He died in April, 1799, in his 61st year of age.

There have been five Presidents of the United States who were said, on good historical grounds, to have been of Welsh descent; three of whom

bore part, as soldiers, in the Revolutionary army. They were Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe and William Henry Harrison. To this list, if we add, which we may do on what is said to be good authority, the names of John and John Quincy Adams, it would make seven executive officers of the United States of Welsh descent.

The most distinguished jurist this country has ever produced, and who is known as the "American Mansfield," was the grandson of a native of Wales, who emigrated to Virginia—we allude to the late Chief Justice John Marshall. His father and himself were both in the field, as commissioned officers, under Washington, and won at the battles of Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth; and in winter quarters, at Valley Forge. And—as if the office belonged to the Cymry—we understand, from his biography, that the present Chief Justice of the United States, Roger B. Taney, has descended from a Welsh family, of the northern part of Wales.

We thus see that the first man who moved the resolution in favor of Independence—the author of the Declaration of Independence, and the chairman of the committee who reported it, were of the Cambrian race; while another Cymro—Gouverneur Morris—wrote out the first connected draft of the American Constitution. And a noble Cymro—John Marshall, as Chief Justice of the Union—was the first who expounded and established its principles on the immutable basis of the Constitution and of the laws enacted under it, aided by the ideas of impartial equity and justice.

—•••—  
We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.—*Landor*.

## THE EVOLUTION OF MAN.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

### THE DISTANCE MAN HAS COME.

But the beauty of this development is not the significant thing to the student of Evolution; nor is it the occultness of the process, nor the perfection of the result, that fill him with an awe as he surveys the finished work. It is the immense distance man has come. Between the early cell and the formed body, the ordinary observer sees the uneventful passage of perhaps some score of months. But the evolutionist sees concentrated into these few months the labor and the progress of incalculable ages. Here before him is the whole stretch of time since life first dawned upon the earth; and as he watches the nascent organism climbing to its maturity he witnesses a spectacle which for strangeness and majesty stands alone in the field of biological research. What he sees before him is not the mere shaping or sculpturing of a man. The human form does not expand like a flower from its own flower-like bed. In all this, for a long time, there is nothing the least like a man. What he sees is a succession of animal forms, of strange human creatures emerging from a crowd of still stranger and still more inhuman creatures—a vast procession of lower forms of life. And it is only after a prolonged and unrecognisable series of metamorphoses that they culminate in some faint semblance of an image of one of the newest yet the oldest of created things. Hitherto we have been taught to look among the fossiliferous formations of geology for the buried lives of the earth's past. But recent science has startled the world by declaring that the ancient life of the earth is not dead. It is risen. It exists to-day in the embryos of still living

things, and some of the most archaic types find again a resurrection and a life in the frame of man himself.

It is an amazing and almost incredible story. The proposition is that in the successive transformations of the human embryo there is a visible, actual, physical representation of part of the life history of the world. Human embryology is a condensed zoology, a recapitulation and epitome of the main chapters in the natural history of the world. The same processes of development which once took thousands of years for their consummation are here condensed, foreshortened, concentrated into the space of months. Nature husbands all the gains. A momentum won is never lost. Each platform reached by the human embryo in its upward course represents the embryo of some lower animal which in some mysterious way has played a part in the pedigree of the human race, which may itself long since have disappeared from off the earth, but is now and forever built into the inmost being of man. These lower animals, each at its successive stage, have stopped short in their development; man has gone on. At each fresh advance his embryo is found again abreast of some other animal form a little higher than that just passed. Continuing his ascent that also is overtaken, the now very complex embryo making up to one animal embryo after another until it has distanced all in its series, and stands alone. As the modern stem-winding watch contains the old clepsydra and all the most useful features in all the time-keepers that were ever made; as the Walter printing-press contains the rude hand machine of Guttenburg, and all the best in all the machines that followed it; as the locomotive of to-day contains the engine of Watt, the locomotive of Hedley, and most of the improvents of succeeding years, so man

contains the embryonic bodies of earlier and humbler and clumsier forms of life. Yet in making the Walter press in a modern workshop the artificer does not begin by building again the press of Guttenburg, nor in constructing the locomotive does the engineer first make a Watt's machine, and then incorporate the Hedley, and then the Stephenson, and so on through all the improving types of engines that have led up to this. But the astonishing thing is that in making man, Nature does introduce the framework of these earlier types, displaying each crude pattern by itself before incorporating it in the finished work. The human embryo, to change the figure, is a subtle phantasmagoria, a living theatre in which a weird transformation scene is being enacted, and in which countless strange and uncouth characters take part. Some of these characters are well known to science, some rare strangers. As the embryo unfolds, one by one these animal actors come upon the stage, file past in phantom-like precision, throw off their drapery, and dissolve away into something else. Yet as they vanish each leaves behind a vital portion of itself, some original and characteristic memorial, something itself hath made or won, that perhaps it alone could make or win—to be the inheritance of the race. And it is only after nearly all have played their part and dedicated their gift that a human form, mysteriously compounded of all that has gone before, begins to be discerned in their midst.

The duration of this process, the profound antiquity of the last survivor, the tremendous height he has scaled are inconceivable by the faculties of man. But measure the very lowest of the successive platforms passed in the ascent and see how very

great a thing it is even to rise at all. The single cell, the first definite stage which the human embryo attains, is still the adult form of countless millions both of animals and plants. Just as in modern America, the millionaire's mansion—the evolved form—is surrounded by laborers' cottages—the simple form—so is nature, living side by side with the many-celled higher animals is an immense democracy of unicellular artisans. These simple cells are perfect living things. The earth, the water and the air teem with them everywhere. They move, they eat, they reproduce their like. But one thing they do not do—they do not rise. These organisms have, as it were, stopped short in the ascent of life. And long as Evolution has worked upon the earth the vast numerical majority of plants and animals are still at this low stage of being. So minute are some of these forms that if their one-roomed huts were arranged in a row it would take twelve thousand to form a street a single inch in length. In their watery cities—for most of them are lake-dwellers—a population of eight hundred thousand million could be accommodated within a cubic inch. Yet as there was a period in human history when none but cave-dwellers lived in Europe, so was there a time when the highest forms of life upon the globe were these microscopic things. See, therefore, the meaning of Evolution from the want of it. In a single hour or second the human embryo attains the platform which represents the whole life-achievement of myriads of generations of living things, and the next day or hour is immeasurable centuries beyond them.

#### FIRST STAGES.

Through all what zoological regions the embryo passes in its great ascent from the one-celled forms, one can

never completely tell. Two cells, four cells, eight cells, a hundred cells, they succeed one another with such rapidity that it is impossible at each separate stage to catch the actual likeness to the embryo of other animals. Sometimes a familiar feature suddenly recalls a form well known to science, but the likeness fades, and the developing embryo seems to wander among the ghosts of the departed types. Long ago these crude, ancestral forms were again the highest animals upon the earth. For a few thousand years they reigned supreme, furthered the universal evolution by a hair's breadth, and passed away. The material dust of their bodies is laid long since in the Palæozoic rocks, but their life and labor are not forgotten. For their gains were handed on to a succeeding race, from that transmitted thro' an endless series of descendants till, sifted, enriched, accentuated, and still dimly recognisable, they reappear in the physical frame of Man

#### INTERMEDIATE STAGES.

After the early stages of human development are passed, the transformations become more definite, and the features of the contributory animals more recognisable. Here, for example, is a stage at which the embryo in its anatomical characteristics resembles that of the Vermes or Worms. As yet there is no head, nor neck, nor backbone, nor waist, nor limbs. A roughly cylindrical headless trunk—that is all that stands for the future man. One by one the higher invertebrates are left behind, and then occurs the most remarkable change in the whole life-history. This is the laying down of the line to be occupied by the spinal chord, the presence of which henceforth will determine the place of Man in the Vertebrate sub-kingdom. At this crisis the eye which sweeps the field of lower Nature for

an analogue will readily find it. It is a circumstance of the extraordinary interest that there should be living upon the globe at this moment an animal representing the actual transition from Invertebrate to Vertebrate life. The acquisition of a vertebral column is one of the great marks of height which Nature has bestowed upon her creatures; and in the shallow waters of the Mediterranean she has preserved for us a creature which, whether a degenerate form or not, can only be likened to one of her first rude experiments in this direction. This animal is the *Lancelet*, or *Amphioxus*, and so rudimentary is the backbone that it does not contain any bone at all, but only a shadow or prophecy of it in cartilage. The cartilaginous notochord of the *Amphioxus* nevertheless is the progenitor of all vertebral columns, and in the first instance this structure appears in the human embryo exactly as it now exists in the *Lancelet*. But this is only a single example. In living Nature there are a hundred other animal characteristics which at one stage or another the biologist may discern in the ever-changing kaleidoscope of the human embryo.

#### THE CLIMAX.

We are not nearly half-way up the ascent yet, but the outline of the marvellous process will be seen. Up to this point man is but a first rough draft, an almost formless lump of clay. As yet there is no distinct head, no brain, no jaws, no limbs; the heart is imperfect, the higher visceral organs are feebly developed, everything is elementary. But gradually new organs loom in sight, old ones increase in complexity. By a magic which has never yet been fathomed the hidden potter shapes and reshapes the clay. The whole grows in size and symmetry. Resemblances this time to the

embryos of the lower vertebrate series, flash out as each new step is attained; first the semblance of the Fish, then of the Amphibian, then of the Reptile, last of the Mammal. Of these great groups the leading embryonic characters appear as in a moving panorama, some of them pronounced and unmistakable, others mere sketches, suggestions, likeness of infinite subtlety. At last the true Mammalian form emerges from the crowd. Far ahead of all at this stage stand out three species—the Tailed Catarrhine Ape, the Tailless Catarrhine, and last, differing physically from these mainly by the enlargement of the brain and a development of the larynx—Man.

#### "ALL BUT" PROVED.

Whatever views be held of the doctrine of Evolution, whatever theories of its cause, these facts of Embryology are all but proved. One says "all but" proved; for in perfect fairness one must record two facts on which anyone may hold an objection if he feels they have serious strength. The first is that the exact genealogy of the vertebrates is not yet traced in every minute detail. Embryology is one of the youngest of the sciences. Man at present has a choice of earthly relatives. Though his genealogical line is generally clear, yet so far as actual and specific identification are concerned, he is still "in search of a father." For another thing, part of this embryological argument is at present founded on analogy. Our ideas of the probable history of the human ovum for the first few days are mainly taken from our knowledge of the development of other mammals and of birds and reptiles. It is a general scientific fact, however, that over the graves of these myriad aspirants the Animal Man has risen. It was formerly held that the entire ani-

mal creation had contributed something to the anatomy of Man; or that, as Serres expressed it, "Human Organogenesis is a condensed Comparative Anatomy." But though Man has not such a monopoly of the past as is here inferred—other types having here and there diverged and developed along lines of their own—it is certain that the materials for his body have been brought together from an unknown multitude of lowlier forms of life.

#### THE TEMPLE OF THE BODY.

Those who know the Cathedral of St. Mark's will remember how this noblest of the Stones of Venice owes its greatness to the patient hands of centuries and centuries of workers, how every quarter of the globe has been spoiled of its treasures to dignify this single shrine. But he who ponders over the more ancient temple of the human body will find imagination fail him as he tries to think from what remote and mingled sources, from what lands, seas, climates, atmospheres, its various parts have been called together, and by what innumerable contributory creatures, swimming, creeping, flying, climbing, each of its several members was wrought and perfected. What ancient chisel first sculptured the rounded columns of the limbs? What dead hands built the cupola of the brain, and from what older ruins were the scattered pieces of its mosaic work brought? Who fixed the windows in its upper walls? What forgotten looms wove its tapestries and draperies? What winds and weathers wrought the strength into its buttresses? What ocean-beds and forest glades worked up the colors? What Love and Terror and Night called forth the Music? And what Life and Death and Pain and Struggle put all together in the noiseless workshop of the past and removed each worker silently when

its task was done? How these things came to be Biology is one long record. The architects and builders of this mighty temple are not anonymous. Their names and the work they did are graven for ever on the walls and arches of the Human Embryo. For this is a volume of that Book in which Man's members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there were none of them.

#### DEGRADATION OR EXALTATION.

The descent of man from the animal kingdom is sometimes spoken of as a degradation. It is an unspeakable exaltation. Recall the vast antiquity of that primal cell from which the human embryo first sets forth. Compass the nature of the potentialities stored up in its plastic substance. Watch the busy processes, the multiplying energies, the mystifying transitions, the inexplicable chemistry of this living laboratory. Observe the variety and intricacy of its metamorphoses, the exquisite gradation of its ascent, the unerring aim with which the one type unfolds—never pausing, never uncertain of its direction, refusing arrest at intermediate forms, passing on to its flawless maturity without waste or effort or fatigue. See the sense of motion at every turn, of purpose and of aspiration. Discover how, with identity of process and loyalty to the type, a hair's breadth of deviation is yet secured to each, so that no two forms came out the same, but each arises an original creation, with features, characteristics and individualities of its own. Remember finally, that even to make the first cell possible, stellar space had to be swept of matter, suns had to be broken up, planets had to cool, the agents of geology had to labor for milleniums at the unfinished earth, and without mould or mortar fashion the pedestal



to hold these breathing images of the Worker who made them all. Consider all this, and judge if Creation could have a sublimer meaning, or the human race possess a more splendid genius.

### SOULS THAT SLEEP.

A CHICAGO ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN MC-NEILL, OF LONDON.

Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. (Eph., v. 14.)

He said: "Awake, thou that sleepest." We have this in substance and in different forms elsewhere, but in actual form here. Luther said, you remember, that certain texts were little Bibles. I think this is one; at any rate, this is a text which is a little sermon. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." That is an evangelistic text; it is an evangelistic address; it is put in the very form that conveys it to the people to whom you are talking. Now here is a text that is a sermon.

#### REMEMBER THE TEXT.

You may forget what I say, but I want you to remember the text. There is the sinner described; there is the sinner addressed; there is the sinner pointed to the Saviour. What more would you have? "Awake, thou that sleepest." See how our life away from Christ, the life of unbelief, the life of worldliness, the life of sin that you are living, is described here as a life of sleep. The Bible often changes its figures. The man who is not converted, the soul here who is not walking in the light of Christ's grace is asleep; you are like one who at 12 o'clock in the day is still soundly snoring on his bed. It is not a complimentary description, is it? The Bible never was complimentary to a sinner; the Bible always speaks the

plain, bare truth. That is why folks don't like the Bible and don't like the preacher. And I can imagine a man saying, "Oh, this is overdone; we must draw the line at this."

#### THE BIBLE AS A FOUNDATION.

But it is on the Bible; I stand on the Bible every time, and the Bible said it all to me first. I kicked against it just like my neighbors, but found it true, and I am not going to let you off. Not only does the Bible back me up, but my own experience does, and plenty of people also, who first of all were ruffled by God's Word and irritated; but by and by they found out that the Bible was a faithful friend. Because the Bible loved it dared their rebuke, and it told them the truth. You say to me: "If you only knew the people who know me; they would tell you that I am rather wide awake." Well, I have not denied it; in the affairs of the world I believe you are very wide awake. If there was anything to be got by it, you are on the right shift to make overtime. I believe you are all agog; you would turn night into day, and make Sunday into Saturday if it got you something as regards this present world.

You remember the story of the man who went to sleep, and when he waked up the generation meanwhile had passed away. He came to the village, and noticed how everything around him was mildewed and rusty, and nobody knew him. The only place where he felt familiar was in the graveyard, where the names of the headstones were the names of the people he had known before he fell on his sleep.

#### AFTER THE AWAKENING.

Now every unconverted man will, after his awakening, admit that he was sound asleep, and that the realities of life had never dawned upon him. Thus the text holds true, "Awake,

thou that sleepest." Suffer my blunt speech. If you want to rouse a man you have got to rouse him; you will never rouse a heavy sleeper, like some of you, by standing up and washing your hands in invisible soap and water and whispering polite nothings. I am not here to say hard things about your natural condition, simply for the sake of saying them, or simply to show that I have the best of the argument according to the Bible, or that I have the whip by the handle, and will make you feel the supple end it.

I am speaking in the rousing way I am doing because I am right. I will go bail for it that you come to me to-morrow night, if you take Christ to-night, and you will say: "Preacher, you were right. My past unconverted life was just as good as sleep, a dream unreal, and I only woke up to the realities of existence, to the realities of time and eternity, some time between 8 and 9 o'clock, in the First Congregational Church last night."

#### BELIEVE IN ETERNITY.

Let me come to you and be the means of waking you to concern about conversion, about your own personal interest in Christ, to personal concern about the things which await you in eternity, which is always coming nearer. Believe in eternity, believe in God, believe in Christ, take the Bible view of things in regard to yourself and in regard to sin, and the Saviour and eternity, and the blessings which come through faith in Him. "Awake, thou that sleepest" to reality, to consciousness, to some dim understanding, at least, of existence, as represented by the eternal word of the eternal God. "Awake, thou that sleepest," and thank God that the message is so plain, a trumpet call, something rolling, resounding, and no mistake about it. It is

no world for sleeping in, this. But, oh, outside of Christ, how dare you sleep outside of Christ, how dare you rest? I once caught a man lying asleep, a drunken sleep, between the four-foot, as it is called, of the railway, and the midnight express coming thundering down the bank.

#### WAIL OF THE UNCONVERTED.

Such is thy state, oh, unconverted soul. Awake and listen, and you will hear the far-off sound of that judgment which is coming. Get out from between the rails. Get out; shift your body. Get yourself clear. I wakened that man, didn't I? How could I pass him? And didn't I wake him rather roughly? Wouldn't I have been a fool if I had sat down and said polite things to him?

"This is no time to trifle;  
Life is brief and sin is here;  
Courage is like the falling of a leaf,  
The dropping of a tear.  
This is no place to dream away the hours,  
All should be earnest in a world like ours."

"Awake, thou that sleepest, and"—and what? "And arise from the dead." What does that mean? First of all "awake"; that's the first thing. Then the second thing is, of course, "get up, arise from the dead," for every man who awakens is not a man who is up, is he? Oh no, no, no! Some of us make a big difference between awakening and getting up. It is not so hard to awaken some of you, but oh, it is a job to get you over on to your feet. You will awaken and you will get on your elbow, and you will crack away with anybody for an hour like a popgun; you will talk and talk, and drink a cup of coffee in your bed—oh, how you like it!—yes, anything to postpone the actual having to get up and put on your clothes and go back again to the old treadmill of the world's work. Oh, some of us don't know how lazy we can be, for we have never been tried.

## SHOULD FACE THE DUTY.

I awaken sometimes, I don't know whether it is the same with you? I take these homely illustrations that cause a smile, because they are true. Now I have wakened and not got up; this was the fatal spring. I fell over again and dreamed that I was up.

Haven't you done that? I dreamed that I was up and dressed, and then afterward woke up with a start and an awful disappointment, to find that it was all to do yet. I'm afraid there are a lot of people that way in religion. They only think.

Come, wake up, man; arise, take the step forward and outward away from sleep, away from your past, and be able to say: "I am up, bless God, I'm up; I know that I'm up, and I know that I have left my bed by the very shivers that are going through me in the cold." Spring to your feet like a man; it is high time, it is almost past time. "What meanest thou, oh sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God." "Arise from the dead." There is the truth, too, to describe what is round about you and the state you are in. Who would sleep in a graveyard? Who would live among bones and decay? And there is where you are living, unconverted sinner.

"There is a time, I know not when,  
A point, I know not where,  
That marks the destiny of men  
For glory or despair."

Don't live among the dying and the rotten. Live! Oh come. Arise.

## THE SAVIOUR WILL GIVE LIGHT.

"Christ shall give thee light." A great offer for you, and the great danger to warn you from, the awful death, the awful danger of passing away in your sleep as we read of people doing every day, passing away in their sleep. God save us! There may be numbers of people who spiritually pass away in their sleep and

have never woken. They died as they lived! A man is not comfortable when he awakens. He awakens with his face to Sinai, and there sweep through his soul these considerations: "God is holy, God is my Law-giver; I have broken His laws; I was made by Him and am accountable to Him, and my life has been a transgression, a trampling under foot of His Commandments and His grace and mercy." Steady your nerve a minute; you may take a wrong step now; and as you have obeyed the rest of the text, will you obey this: "Christ shall give thee light." First of all, you are sleeping in the midst of your danger and distress; then when you are awakened to it all, "Christ shall give thee light." Do you ask, "Where is He?" He is beside you; He has come in; He is the brave fireman; He has come into your burning building, and has wanted to fill His arms with you. It is like this: In Edinburgh one night—and if any of you know Edinburgh you know the Register house and you know the very high block of buildings behind the Register house—I think in West Register street yonder, just straight from the postoffice, there stands a very high towering building. Some friends of mine lived in one of the "flats," as they are called. A fire broke out in the night. The people heard the noise, they heard the crackling, they heard the shouts, and they awakened the sleepers. They arose, though, alas, they afterward went wrong. They arose, gathered themselves together, they came down-stairs till they came to the passage that leads out into the street. They were almost safe; but in that entry they were met by a blinding rush of smoke, and in the terror and alarm of the moment, instead of going straight out through the smoke, they turned into a door that was standing decidedly open, a

door into a chamber, and before they could recover from their mistake they were suffocated. For want of light they perished in the smoke and darkness. So need perish none who come to Christ. He is thy Light.

I heard the voice of Jesus say:  
 "I am this dark world's Light;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise  
 And a' thy day be bright."  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In him my star, my sun;  
 And in that Light of Life I'll walk  
 Till traveling days be done. Amen,

#### MR. ERNEST RHYS ON "WELSH BARDS AND ENGLISH REVIEWERS."

On March 8th, Mr. Ernest Rhys, well known in English literary circles as the editor of the *Camelot Series* and other publications, read a paper before the London Honorable Society of Cymmrodorion on "Welsh Bards and English Reviewers."

Mr. Rhys opened his paper with the following typical quotation: "It is amusing to observe," says an English reviewer, "with what perseverance and success the Celts are proceeding in their endeavors to deserve that character which has been so liberally bestowed upon them by the most contemptuous of their opponents. Everyone must remember the emphatic epithets with which Pinkerton in particular has branded this ill-fated race. According to him a Celtic understanding, is *sui generis*; it readily embraces and believes whatever is rejected and laughed at by the rest of mankind." The spirit, the urbanity of this and other similar passages in old *Quarterly Reviews*, though dating back 90 years, is characteristic of a common attitude among English critics. It may be said that the attitude has of late changed for the better. Partly, no doubt, but not altogether. A recent parliamentary reference to

"Welsh intellect" shows that it is possible for critics in 1893 to be after three generations of strenuous education—even precisely as intelligent as were the Pinkertons and the other reviewers of 1804. It is well, Mr. Rhys thought, to rather insist upon the temperamental incapacity of a certain order of Saxon mind for understanding their fellow-subjects of Celtic race. Pinkerton, no doubt, is too crude to be quite a typical reviewer, and it may be objected that he was Scotch and not English. Here, however, all who in the issue between Welsh and English speak or write from the English side must be counted with the English reviewers. Such criticisms as those referred to show at once some of the difficulties that beset the national study of Welsh literature, and discount even to this day any effective interpretation of the Welsh bards, who capably and modernly treated, have so remarkable a contribution to offer to our international literary wealth. One of the commonest retorts of the cultured Englishman to any preference of the claims of Welsh poetry is—if that poetry has the rare and fine quality of the great poetry of other tongues how is it that it does not bear translation into English? How indeed? How is it to say nothing of the earlier and more difficult bards, how is it that Davydd ap Gwilym has never been even remotely well translated; while in England one may have all kinds of translations from comparatively second rate German poets—poets for instance like Chamisso and Platen. Ap Gwilym, who, Mr. Rhys ventured to say, is no second rate poet, but the equal of Heine and Beranger, of Herick and Burns, remains untranslated. What a satire upon the contemporary study of Celtic, what a conclusion to the literary amenities of a century of National Eisteddfods!

Turning from the reviewers to the bards, Mr. Rhys dealt at some length with the poems of Dafydd ap Gwilym. Quoting George Borrow's praises of the bard as those of a Saxon of genius, a Saxon of rare and unusual sympathy with Wales and the Welsh, he pointed out that Burrow's efforts at translating ap Gwilym do not by any means serve to show the superlative qualities of the poet, and indeed only prove the great difficulty of attaining the desired approximation between Welsh and English. In some unrhymed translations (specimens of which were given) Dafydd's distinctive note and quality were shown to be preserved. But when in addition to the delightful ideas called up in the English rendering the reader could have the original exquisite metrical effects, the delightful assonance and rhyme, in which word and thought are wedded in the most inimitable way, it was then he could conceive something of the entire beauty of Ap Gwilym's poetry. It is a genuine addition to our store of poetry, and it is mortifying to find a genius so rare practically locked up from the outer modern world, and only known in the most narrowly national way in Wales itself. And this is due not only to the ineptitudes of English reviewers, but to the somewhat exclusive spirit of Welsh culture, and to the want of any modern treatment in Wales of the particular art and craft of Dafydd ap Gwilym. The same applies very largely to the other Welsh bards and poets, his predecessors, contemporaries and immediate followers. Taliesin, for instance, in his dual identity, his varying chronology, and other critical embarrassments, has always been a rallying point for the reviewers, but the time has surely come to protest against the rich and delightful treasures of old Welsh poetry being only used (as they have been back to

the days of Nash and Edward Davies) for secondary purposes of philology, history, ethnology, and the like. Over and above their historical and scientific significance, and their exact academic purport, which learned men and great Celtic scholars of our day have done a great deal to bring to light, there is the study of Welsh poetry and romance for their own sake—a study that will well repay the undertaking thereof.

In conclusion, Mr. Rhys pointed to the need of a new and contemporary approach to the whole subject of Celtic literature, and of the discovery surely not impossible of a new understanding, and a *modus vivendi*, so to speak, between Welsh poetry and English criticism. The present is peculiarly the breaking up time of old racial prejudices and of old bounds between the literatures of nations. English literature has learnt at other times to be plastic to the classical and other languages, and has gained greatly by these international influences. Surely, then, it is absurd that it should still (in spite of the eloquence of Mathew Arnold, and in spite of the Oxford Chair, which Prof. Rhys has made of European repute) remain to all general intents and purposes blind to the delights and the palpable uses of that Celtic literature for which it ought to have the nearest and most intimate feeling of all. On the other hand, Wales, if it would win its full modern recognition at last, must be not only national but international—that is to say, since English reviewers do not master Welsh as Welsh writers master English, we must see to it that we secure a full hearing, not in England only, but in Europe, for our Welsh bards and poets. Is it too much to think that if the false appearance of only half an Ossian in the 18th century would have its effect on European literature,

that the real presentation of Taliesin and the Cynveirdd on the eve of the 20th, might have its effect too. But without indulging over much in the Ercies vein of prophecy about the great destinies of Welsh poetry as modernly interpreted, and of the Welsh Renaissance which he believed to be at hand, Mr. Rhys, whilst hoping for the new poet of Wales writing in his native tongue, who shall give yet once again expression to its mountainous and remoter spirit, permitted himself to hope too for the Welsh Sir Walter Scott, who shall do for Wales what the author of "Marmion" and "Old Morality" did for his country, who shall give her superb national traditions and old poetical imaginations, a vogue not only English, but European, nay, world wide.

### THE POPULATION OF WALES.

MAY 19, 1893.

#### INTERESTING RETURNS.

The returns giving the result of the census of England and Wales for 1891 have just been issued. Appended are the figures for the Welsh counties :—

Administrative County	Area in Acres.	Population.		
		Males	Females	Total
Anglesea.....	175,836	23,941	26,157	50,098
Brecknock.....	469,890	25,633	25,760	51,393
Cardigan.....	443,071	27,731	35,736	63,467
Cardmarthen.....	587,816	62,316	69,250	130,566
Cardmarvon.....	860,138	56,047	61,188	117,235
Denbigh.....	424,435	60,018	58,825	118,843
Flint.....	164,051	38,242	39,035	77,277
Glamorgan, (with Co. Bor- roughs of Car- diff and Swan- sea).....	516,966	360,250	326,968	687,218
Merioneth.....	427,810	24,035	25,177	49,212
Monmouth (with Co. Bor- rough of New- port).....	347,011	133,633	124,421	258,054
Montgomery.....	510,111	28,222	29,781	58,003
Pembroke.....	392,710	41,319	46,977	88,296
Radnor.....	301,164	10,869	10,922	21,791
	5,121,013	892,266	879,198	1,771,464

The following shows the population in 1891 of some of the chief towns in South Wales :—

Aberdare.....	40,917
Aberystwith.....	6,725
Brecon.....	5,646
Cardiff.....	128,915
Cardmarthen.....	10,300
Llanelly.....	32,034
Merthyr.....	58,060
Neath.....	11,118
Newport.....	54,707
Pembroke.....	14,978
Swansea.....	90,349

### PRAYER, A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

BY REV. MORIEN MON HUGHES, PH. D.,  
REMSSEN, N. Y.

The Scripture affords us many examples of prayer. These examples are worthy of imitation, and happy shall we be if we imitate them. Moses and Samuel, David and Solomon, and Elijah, Paul, Peter and Stephen ; in short, patriarchs, prophets, evangelists and apostles could say—

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven with prayer."

The primitive Christians and Israelites, the martyrs to Christianity, and all holy men of old were prayerful. In a word, the truly pious in all ages and countries have offered prayers and thanks to the Author of all good.

Happiness in time and eternity, therefore, is made to depend very much on the exercise of prayer. Prayer is entreaty, and God has so constituted men that they naturally and universally betake themselves to entreaty when they would obtain favors from one another. And is it not reasonable to believe that He requires that towards Himself which He prompts us by our natures to offer to our fellow-men ? Prayer consists not so much in words uttered by the organs of speech as in thought and feeling. The words of prayer are merely the external signs of the feeling within. There is in them no virtue or holiness independently of the feeling that gives them utterance. It

is, therefore, in feeling that prayer essentially and principally consists. From this view of the subject it is manifest that to be prayerful we must be spiritually regenerated.

"Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice  
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'"

He who is spiritually regenerate will be prayerful; he will aspire after holiness; he will "hunger and thirst after righteousness;" he will believe in the Scripture; he will have faith in the Saviour.

Prayer is "without ceasing" when made periodically, as, for instance, when made daily, in the morning and again in the evening, or when offered weekly on the Sabbath day; for although in these cases intervals of time occur between one exercise of it and another, yet it ceases not to be made when the usual time of making it returns. It ceases indeed for a while but not entirely, for it is to be again renewed.

Are we ashamed of prayer? Let them reflect that the Saviour was more honorable than they, and that he humbled himself, praying with humility and fervency. Are any in doubt whether prayer is availing with God? If they will but have the spirit of prayer, their doubts will be removed, for the efficacy of prayer is proved not only by reason and the Scriptures, but by personal experience.

"I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumberin' care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer."

"I love to think on mercies past  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore."

#### WHY OUR COUNTRY WAS CALLED AMERICA.

And now as to the manner in which the name of Americus Vespucius became so indissolubly linked with that

of the New World whose existence he certainly first heralded to Europeans. The idea that Vespucius himself had anything to do with the bestowal of that name is just as erroneous as is the popularly received notion that he in any way sought to detract from the credit due to Columbus.

Three European scholars named Lud, Ringmann and Waldseemuller, in 1508 made preparations to produce a revised edition of Ptolemy, in which all the then latest geographical discoveries were to be embodied. They obtained an authentic account of Vespucius' third voyage and incorporated it into the work. Several copies of this volume are still in existence, and it enjoys the distinction of being the first publication wherein the name of America is linked with that of the *Novus Mundus*.

After having treated of the division of the earth's inhabited surface into three parts—Europe, Asia and Africa—the author (Waldseemuller) speaks of the discovery of the fourth part. Translated from the original, this is what he says:

"But now these parts have been more extensively explored and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vespucius (as will appear in what follows), wherefore I do not see what is rightly to hinder us from calling it Amerige or America, i. e., the land of Americus, after its discoverer, Americus, a man of sagacious mind, since both Europe and Asia have got their names from women."

Although the name of America was thus connected with the discoveries in the western ocean, it will be seen from the accompanying maps, made subsequently to this, that there was anything but a definite idea of the actual extent of the continent, while the existence of North America was entirely ignored.

In fact, subsequently to the use of

the name America in connection with Vespucci's discoveries south of the equator, many maps were produced that ignored that name entirely, and it was not until 1541 that Gerrard Kauffman, better known as Mercator, having digested the vast and confused

mass of geographical discovery made up to that time, produced a map which rudely, but with considerable accuracy, outlined the entire Western hemisphere, and gave to the whole of it the general name of America.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

## ADAM'S WILL.

BY ROBERT DAVIES, (BARD NANTGLYN.)

Robert Davies (Bard Nantglyn) was born at Henfryn, Nantglyn, Denbighshire, Wales, in 1769, a bardic pupil of "Twm o'r Nant," a chaired bard and a member of the Gwyneddigion Society, London. He published two or three volumes of poetry, among them "Diliau Barddas," also a Grammar of the Welsh Language. The following poem was composed in his early life, under the influence and in the style of the Interludes of Twm o'r Nant, and became quite popular at the time in North Wales. He died at Nantglyn, Dec. 1, 1835.

ENGLISH VERSION BY HENRY ROWLAND, LLANGOLLEN,

If you'll attend unto my story,  
Which I'll repeat unto you slowly,  
How the world and all went astray  
One day—I must not say it loudly.

Some men will think at the beginning  
That I am soft in criticising;  
If you'll just listen without fail,  
Perhaps my tale is worth repeating.

Old father Adam was unlucky,  
He made his will one evening ugly,  
And his children with one accord  
Went somehow overboard too rashly.

He set a few on thrones so highly,  
To wear soft silks and scarlet brightly,  
Others for years to till the ground  
Are often found with stomachs empty.

To some of his sons he gave sceptres,  
And flails for threshing corn to others;  
All being the same flesh and blood.  
They stood and walked alike as brothers.

And to the one who labors nothing  
He gave the best of things for eating,  
And the most hungry man is seen  
With clothes unclean and not worth wearing.

## EWWYLLYS ADDA.

GAN ROBERT DAVIES, NANTGLYN.

Os gellwch chwi wrando chwedol  
Rwy'n deisyf cael dweyd yn isel,  
Fel 'r aeth y byd o'i g,  
Fe'm nychir am floeddio'n nchel.

Geill llawer ddweyd wrth ddechreu,  
Am danaf fy mod yn bendenau;  
Ond daliwch sylw wrth wrando'n hir  
A glywch chwi ddim gwir o'r geiriau.

Feluniodd Adda ei ewyllys  
Yn fuluidd ac yn anfelus;  
Fe aeth ei feibion, pa fodd bynag fu,  
'Rol ei gladdu i radd g'wlyddus

Gosododd rai ar orsedd feinciau  
I wisgo porphor a sidanau;  
Eraill i fatogi ac i geibio'n goedd  
Mewn glynedd at ben eu gliniau.

Rhoes deyrnwial i rai o'i feibion,  
I eraill fust a golchffon;  
A'r cwbl yn frodyr, 'r un pen a gwaed,  
'Run dwylaw a thraed yn union.

Ac i'r neb sy'n gweithio lleia'  
Y rhoes o'r peth goreu i'w fwyta;  
A'r gwaca'i fol, fel gwaetha'r drefn,  
Yw'r lluman a'r cefn llyma'.

Ond rhoes gymaint o dwyll, rhagrith a chel-  
wydd,

Ac o chwantau'r galon i bawb fel eu gilydd;  
A rhoes bawb 'r un pellder oddiwrth y ne',  
Yn y gole' tan yr un g'wilydd.

A rhoes gymaint balchder i'r tlota o'i deulu  
Ag i'r brenin, ond ni roes o ddim byd i'w  
brynu;

Mi rown genad rwy'n meddwl i dori 'mys.  
Cyn lluniwn i f'wyllys feily.

A'i blant pan ddechreu'sant gynta' ymlwyb-  
raeth,

Gosododd hwy i redeg gyrfa naturiaeth;  
Rhoes eu cefnau yn union at y ne',  
A'u hwynebau i le anobaith

Dyna lle'u gadawodd i gydymdrabaeddu,  
A'r llaid hyd eu dillad, a'r lle wedi eu d'wllu,  
I sathru traed eu gilydd yn y byd,  
Yn floedd wrth gyd drafaelu.



To all his children in proportion  
He gave lust, deceit, and dissension,  
And placed them the same distance free  
From heaven under the same restriction.

He gave as much pride to the beggar  
As to the queen with crown and sceptre,  
So I would cut my finger off  
Before I'd ever make such a blunder.

When they began on life's rough journey,  
He set them on their courses steady,  
At the same distance from heaven's door,  
All aiming to an endless country.

And so he left them in a muddle,  
Rolling in darkness and sore trouble,  
Treading on each other's toes  
As journeying on through a dense puddle.

The spendthrift ne'er goes with the miser,  
Nor the deceitful with the swearer;  
All travel in a different way  
Along life's thorny paths together.

Thus how the road was widened greatly  
By people clinging to their folly,  
Enjoying pleasures all their days,  
And running eager after money.

There are teachers with full dishes,  
Dropping with fatness and vast riches,  
Saying—"Shun this road, it leads on  
To where there's pain that never ceases."

The ways to heaven are so conflicted  
That many men who are not gifted  
Know very little of the road  
And where its leading drifts are ended.

The Papist says—"Look up to Peter,  
Confess and pay, it is much wiser;  
You'll be within the golden gates,  
And need not trouble any further."

Says the Calvin—"Go on your journey,  
Your are not clean, your sins are many;  
If you're not chosen, you will be  
Within a dark and dreary country."

Says the Baptist—"That road is puzzling,  
Go along through the immersing,  
Leave all the sprinkling on your left—  
You'll be the wheat, there's nothing mistak-  
ing."

Says the Wesleyan—"Don't go further;  
You must lead a pure life, my brother."  
"Stop," says the Quaker, "it's not right,  
The Spirit is your heavenly leader."

"Pray," says the Church of England, "listen,  
Keep the Commandments, be not shaken;  
In all your dealings be most free—  
Pay all your tithes unto the Parson."

Now's the time for us to consider  
Who's right and who's wrong in such matter,

Ni oherdda cybydd mo lwybr oferwr,  
Na rhegwr gwaetha mo lwybr rhagrithiwr,  
A'r cwbl yn rhedeg yn bur rwydd  
Bwyg afiwydd o'r un cyflwr.

A dyma fel yr aeth y ffordd mor lydan,  
Fod pawb mor hynod am ei lwybr ei hunan;  
A phawb a'i drachwant gydag e',  
A'i bleser a blys arian

Yn awr mae dysgawdwyr llawn eu dysgleid-  
iau,  
Gan dewdwr a bloneg yn dadwrdd o'ublaenan;  
Ffordd uffern yw hon, dim pellach dowch,  
Gochelwch, trowch yn eich holau.

Ac mae ffyrdd y rhai'n i'r nef cyn groesed,  
Fel un ar i fyny a'r llall ar i waered,  
Yn ddigon er moedro 'manydd dyn gwan,  
Heb wybod pa fan i fyned

Meddai'r Papistiaid, Oym'rwech Pedr yn apes-  
tol,

Addewch a thelwch, chwi fyddwch etholol;  
Chwi gewch fyn'd i'r ne' ar hauer gar,  
Heb fyn'd ddim pellach na Mair i morol.

Meddai'r Methodistiaid, Ewch hyd y ffordd  
dosta,

Ni feddwch dda'ch hunain, addewch eich  
ana',

Ac os na'ch etholwyd nid ewch chwi byth  
i'r ne',

Ac uffern fydd eich lle, cewch goffa

Na, meddai'r Baptist, nid dyna'r ffordd nes',  
Ewch dros fryn y wyntyll, a thrwy bant yr  
olchfa;

Gadewch foty'r bedydd plant ar y llaw  
chwith,

Y chwi fydd y gwenith gwyna.

Na, meddai'r Wesleys, mae hono yn ffordd  
ddrysalyd,  
Mae llwybr i'r buarth trwy dre' glendid byw-  
yd.

Nag oes, meddai'r Quakers, nid ewch byth  
yn ffrî,

Heb gynwrf a'r asbri'r ysbryd.

Meddai llen Eglwys Loegr, ewch yn bur ddi-  
gyffro,

Rhwng dry lech Foses 'does dim modd i  
chwi fasio:

A gymero dir degymed yn deg,  
Dim 'chwaneg a bydd yn iach yno. Amen.

Wel, bellach o'r werin pa ddewin eill wirio,  
Pwy sydd ar gelwyd i, na phwy ellir goellio,  
Mae yn ddigon er amon dan y rhod,  
Oes uffern yn bod neu beidio

Mi rof finau gyngor go deb yg i'r person,  
Mae hanes diogel mai hyny sy' ddigon:

As there are many in the world  
Who are doubtful of an hereafter.  
I'll advise the same as the Parson—  
"Love your kind neighbors all in reason;  
You will go on life's journey well,  
And heaven will prosper all its season."  
Llangollen. HENRY ROWLANDS.

"Car dy gymydog fel ti dy hun,"  
A daw tri yn un a th galon.

O. S.—Er mai "Ewyllys Adda" a gryb-  
wyllir, eto caofyddir mai amcan y bardd yw  
dangos yr anhreftn a'r anffodion a ganlyn-  
odd gwymp dyn.

## A QUATERNION.

Let there be Light within thy soul  
O'er the fair world of things to wander.  
And each fine link that binds the whole  
Nicely to note, and well to ponder.

Let there be Liberty with broad wing,  
At plastic Nature's high dictation,  
From crude chaotic stuff to bring  
The magic of a new creation.

Let there be Love that each free force  
May seek, and aptly find another,  
To move in sweet, harmonious course,  
And work, as brother works with brother.

Let there be Law to sit supreme  
On steadfast throne of sanctioned order,  
That each new-hatched untempered scheme  
May fear to cross the sacred border.

Hold by these four, by right divine  
That wisely guide and sweetly sway us,  
Else tossed about in aimless rout  
And drifting blindly into chaos.  
JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

## A LIE.

She told a lie, a little lie,—  
It was so small and white.  
She said, "I cannot help but die  
Before another night."  
And then she laughed to see it go,  
And thought it was as white as snow.

But oh, that lie! it larger grew,  
Nor paused by night or day,  
And many watched it as it flew,  
And, if it made delay,  
Like something that was near to death  
They blew it onward with their breath.

And on its track the mildew fell,  
And there were grief and shame,  
And many a spotless lilly-bell  
Was shriveled as with flame.  
The wings that were so small and white  
Were large, and strong, and black as night.

One day a woman stood aghast,  
And trembled in her place,  
For something flying far and fast

Had smote her in the face—  
Something that cried in thunder-tone,  
"I come! I come! Take back your own!"  
—Century.

## LOVE SUBLIMER.

BY G. JAMES JONES, (LLEW O'R LLAIN.)

Ah! my soul, remember Jesus,  
Bowed in dark Gethsemane;  
In that dread, mysterious conflict,  
Drops of blood descending free.  
Love Sublimer,  
Never, never could there be.

Ah! my soul, remember Jesus,  
This thy Redeemer said:  
These my sheep, do not molest them,  
Take the Shepherd in their stead,  
Love Sublimer,  
Earth had never on it shed.

Ah! my soul, remember Jesus,  
Dying there from death to save;  
Breaking from the tomb triumphant,  
Winning trophies of the grave,  
Love Sublimer,  
Dying Martyr never gave.

Ah! my soul, remember Jesus,  
Pleading there before the throne;  
Loving once, He ne'er forgets thee.  
Can not leave thee, or disown,  
Love Sublimer,  
Never, never yet was known.

The first two verses are from the Welsh.

## THE TEACHERS WE NEED.

The Bible is given to lead to God.  
Jesus Christ has come to make more  
distinct the way to God. The most  
of the world care nothing for the  
Bible, and have no definite ideas  
about Jesus, but they know men.  
Professor Christlieb once sagely re-  
marked: "The Christian is the world's  
Bible"—the only one widely read. If  
a man who can be trusted, who can  
give credible evidence that he is nei-

ther a dupe nor a fanatic, can say: "I have found God; I am sure that death, instead of destroying personality, rather frees it," he will be followed; but it will be because he is recognised as sincere, though, and able, and not because he stands on the utterance of assembly or council. It may be a blessing, and it may be the curse of our life, but the fact is that authority other than that which inheres in truth is dead. The religious teacher in the past has known his Bible, possibly church history, and something of ecclesiastical institutions; he has been orthodox or heterodox, but has not always known God, so that he could speak credibly concerning him. Does anyone know God? Whether the answer is yes or no, only those who do know Him can lead others to Him.

The great leaders are few. They learn their lessons by experience. Providence is their teacher. Moses and Elijah, Isaiah and Paul, Luther and Calvin, Wesley and Robinson, Bushnell and Beecher, were seers. Not so much theologians as prophets; not those who had heard about God as those who knew God. Christ spoke as never man spake, because He spoke of what He knew. John said, "The thing which we have seen and heard declare we unto you." Paul said, "I know in whom I have believed." The man who leads must always know the way. If the church has no mission except to enlarge the boundaries of ignorance, we have had enough of it. Never was there so loud a call for those who believe in God; are sure of the immortal life, and who can give rational answers to those who are seeking. Amiel begins his journey with these vivid words: "There is but one thing needful—to know God." One half of the world is tired of speculation, and the other half will not heed it. Those who

have no deep convictions have no right to preach. The minister is expected to help towards the light. Speaking of what is not known to those in intellectual midnight is like waving a burnt stick instead of a torch. If the church is to have any part in hastening a better day she must see to it that her pulpits are filled with men who honor intelligence, who put reason and conscience above "the heart and the hymn-book," men who know God; who for good reasons are sure of the spirituality and immortality of man; who, whatever they may think about human depravity, have no doubt about the inherent nobility of the race, and, consequently, of the possibility of lifting it to higher conditions; who believe in Jesus Christ as embodying the Divine life. The guide of Mont Blanc must know the crevasses and the precipices as well as the solemn and radiant splendor of the mountain's crest. He who aspires to lead men toward God must know the perils and temptation of thought, while he is sure that above and beyond is the glory of the Father's house and the beatitude of His presence.—*Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford.*

#### A WOMAN'S "NEVER."

Mrs. Booth, who has been called the "Mother of the Salvation Army," was a woman of tremendous resolution and swift power of action in emergencies. After she had once started on her public career she never hesitated in assuming moral leadership whenever there was need of it, and the "Army" was not slow in following her lead.

At one time a conference was held at Liverpool to decide whether the Army should be taken into the evangelical connection, and thus labor no more independently, or whether it

should continue its revival work as it had previously done. The debate was continued for a long time.

Finally one of the ministers present proposed a compromise. His amendment was to the effect that General Booth should do regular circuit work, but that he should also be allowed to spend a certain portion of his time in carrying on revival work elsewhere. The impossibility of such a course had already been proved. The Booths knew by experience that it would be impossible for them to combine the double work, and General Booth at once refused to accept the compromise.

Before his sympathisers had time to recover from their surprise, however, the amendment was put to vote, and carried by a large majority.

This was more than Mrs. Booth could endure. She felt that their cause had been sacrificed in the interests of peace rather than of righteousness. Rising from her seat in the gallery, she bent over the railing, and her clear voice rang through the conference as she called to her husband—"Never."

There was a pause of bewilderment and dismay. Every eye was turned upon the speaker in the gallery. The idea of a woman's daring to make her voice heard in the conference produced little short of consternation.

One, at least, in the assembly responded with his whole soul to the call. General Booth sprang to his feet, and waved his hat in the direction of the door. Heedless of the ministerial cries of "Order, order," and not pausing for another word, they hurried forth, met and embraced each other at the foot of the gallery stairs, and turned their backs on the conference, resolving to trust God and follow out their own conscientious convictions regarding His work.

## NEWMAN'S VIEW OF INSPIRATION.

The late Cardinal John Henry Newman, speaking of his views of the inspiration of the Bible, says:

"I have never been troubled by superficial variations in Bible statements because I have never preached verbal inspiration. That is open to the difficulty, that if you find two contradictory statements, your inspiration goes away altogether. God inspired men, and left them, according to their faculties, to express what he had taught them. So that has never been a trouble to me. The variations, so thought, have been to me only confirmations of the substantial agreement of the writers, and an additional evidence of the divine authority of the Book. I have never been troubled with the new discoveries of science, because I have always felt that the Bible was given us, not to teach us science and to forestall the discoveries of a later age, but speaking to us in the language of the time, to teach us about God and duty and Christ as the way to heaven. Therefore, whatever the modern discoveries, they have never troubled me for a moment.

"And I have never been troubled about the mysteries of the infinite future. In regard to any explanation of that infinite future, the 'endless ages of eternity,' I confess myself an agnostic; and whatever may be in that infinite future, this I know, that under any theory whatever, 'Woe to the wicked, it shall be ill with them,' and 'Blessed be the righteous, it shall be well with them'; and this [is] absolute certainty, that life in Christ is life forever, and that they who believe in Him *are* saved, not *will be* saved by and by, but by faith in Him, *now* enter into life imperishable. 'Because live' [He says] 'ye shall live also.'"

## COBS OF COAL.

A kind of rivalry has been in progress between the coal-mining companies of New South Wales, England, and America, as to which should exhibit the largest lumps of coal at the World's Fair. The result, as now set up for display in the mining building, is something startling to see. Two blocks from New South Wales were the first to arrive. When placed in position, one resting above the other, they tower to the height of ten feet, and weigh a number of tons each. The fitting response on the part of the coal men of America to this antipodean challenge came from the anthracite mines of the Hocking Valley, Ohio. With great labor and care an immense mass was quarried there, and finally hoisted to the surface. It contains fully 500 cubic feet, and was found to weigh 22,250 lbs. Eleven and an eighth tons of coal in one lump! Protected by a strong frame of joists, it was loaded upon a special car, and sent to Chicago, in the ex-

pectation that nothing larger could be produced. To prepare a safe and adequate foundation for the mass to rest on required an outlay on the part of the exhibitors of nearly \$700. England still remained to be heard from. Early in the month of April, they arrived on one of the Leyland line of steamships, billed to the World's Fair, a single cyclopean block, the bare sight of which must prove an object lesson in humility to the Hocking Valley men. In the English mining vernacular, it is described as a "cob of cannel coal." A cob, indeed. As hoisted from the hold of the steamship it weighed hard upon 30,000 lbs. Divested of its casings and packings, it is understood to contain 11 tons (English) fifteen hundred weight. As originally quarried, moreover, the cob weighed 16 tons, but was chipped down to its present size at the request of the World's Fair management. At the present time, no one, at home or abroad, has asked for the privilege of exhibiting a larger lump.

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## For the Young People.

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### ADVICE OF ST. LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE, TO HIS SON PHILIP THE BOLD.

My dear son, the first thing I recommend to you, is to love God with all your heart, for without this no man can be saved.

Be careful to do nothing that is displeasing unto Him, rather than that you should act thus, endure all suffering.

If God should visit you with any adversity, bear it with patience and prayer; and reflect that you must have merited it, and that it is sent for your advantage.

If He should send you prosperity, thank Him for it gratefully, and be

not puffed up with pride thereby. The gifts of God should not be turned to any disadvantage.

Confess your sins often, but to those who are virtuous and discreet, and capable of telling you what to do, or to avoid; and give to your friends, and to those to whom you confess your sins, full permission to correct and to advise you.

When you attend the services of the church, do it devoutly, without chattering or gazing about you; and pray to God with your heart as well as your lips.

Be of a compassionate and gentle heart, and charitable to the poor as far as your means will permit.

Be careful to make friends only of those who are worthy of the name.

Love all that is good, and hate all that is evil in every man.

Let no man dare to say before you any sinful word, or slander of another; also suffer none to blaspheme against God or holy things, without immediately reproving them.

Fail not to render thanks unto God for His goodness to you, and thus you will be worthy to receive further marks of His favor.

Love your clergy and your holy men, especially those by whom God is most honored, and who preach and exalt His word.

To your father and your mother you owe all respect and obedience.

Be careful that the expenses of your household are within reasonable limits.

Finally, I bestow on you every blessing which a father can give his son. May God keep you from all evil, and give you grace ever to do His will; so that in the life to come, we may both unite to praise Him without end. Amen.

[From the last will and testament of Louis IX., commonly called St. Louis. Born 1215; died August 25, 1270.] F. LAYARD.

## DOUBLE AND MULTIPLE STARS.

When the telescope was turned to the fixed stars, it was found that many of the larger stars had companions. The groups were classified as double stars, and were carefully studied.

Double stars may be accounted for in two ways; either they are optically double, one star being so nearly behind the other that the two stars, seen in the telescope, produce, as is oftentimes the case, the effect of a double star; or the stars are close together and physically connected.

Sir William Herschel investigated the subject for many years, and found tangible proof of the mutually circling motion of many of the double stars or binary systems. He announced in 1802 that they are physically related to each other, revolving round a common centre of gravity, and proving that the law of attraction holds sway in these remote orbs.

Observers have since pursued the study with marvellous results. More than 10,000 double stars have been catalogued.

It seemed impossible for many years to find the parallax of a single star, an essential element in determining its distance and consequently its mass. Bessel in 1838 found the parallax of 61 Cygni, and from it computed its distance to be seven light years, or that it takes seven years for its light to reach the earth.

This star, the nearest to the earth in the northern heavens, is a small fifth magnitude star in the Swan. Its components, nearly equal in size, are of the fifth and sixth magnitudes, shining with a white light tinged with yellow.

The components of many binary systems are of different colors. Beta Cygni, a double star, displays the exquisite combination of a topaz yellow and a sapphire blue.

Epsilon Lyre is a quadruple star. It is called a naked eye double, since the eye just separates it into two components. These can be again separated, giving a double-double or quadruple star.

Sigma Orionis is a multiple star. Each of its two principal components is triple, and its leading member can be again divided into two stars. These seven minute telescopic objects are suns of great size and splendor, and are of every variety of color.

How complex the system, how

passing wonder the scene where many suns held sway in the heavens.

We have gathered a few shining grains of sand from the boundless shores of infinity, enough to show how rich is the field that lies open for all who wish to enter in, and how interesting and ennobling is the study of double and multiple stars for amateur astronomers."—*Youth's Companion*.

### THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

Professor Drummond says: "To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, to teach us to respire and refine us, a new friend to be by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider and calmer and higher world. Whether it be biography introducing us to some humble life made great by duty done; or history, opening vistas into the movements and destinies of nations that have passed away; or poetry, making music of all the common things around us, and filling the fields and the skies, and the work of the city and the cottage with eternal meanings—whether it be these, or story books, or religious books, or science, no one can become the friend of even one good book without being made wiser and better. Do not think that I am going to recommend any such book to you. The beauty of a friend is that we discover him. And we must each taste the books that are accessible to us for ourselves. Do not be disheartened at first if you like none of them. That is possibly their fault, not yours. And search and search till you find what you like. In amazingly cheap form—a few pence indeed—almost all the best books are now to be had; and I think every one owes it as a sacred

duty to his *mind* to start a little library of his own.

"This private library may begin, perhaps, with a single volume, and grow at the rate of one or two a year; but these, well chosen and well mastered, will become such a fountain of strength and wisdom that each shall be eager to add to its store. Do not be distressed if you do not like time-honored books, or classical works, or recommended books. Choose for yourself. We have all different minds, and we are all at different stages of growth. Some other day we may find food in the recommended book, though we should possibly starve on it to-day. The mind develops and changes, and the favorites of this year, also, may one day cease to interest us. Nothing better indeed can happen to us than to lose interest in a book we have often read; for it means that it has done its work upon us and brought us up to its level, and taught us all it had to teach."

### A SELF-MADE ASTRONOMER.

Professor E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory in California, is essentially a self-made astronomer. In boyhood he had barely more than a month's schooling. His mother attempted to supply the defects of his education. She taught him Greek, and did much to develop in him a passion for study.

He had to earn his living and began as a photographer's assistant in Nashville. The wages were small, but he was thrifty. He was also generous, and not infrequently had money to lend to friends in need. A companion after imposing upon his good nature several times, begged hard for a few dollars.

"I will leave this parcel as security," he said apologetically.

"I don't want security," replied

young Barnard. "Take the money and repay it when you can."

The borrower forgot to take away the parcel. Barnard unwrapped it. It was a book—one of Dick's astronomical works. He sat up all night poring over its pages. It was a revelation of celestial scenery and systems of worlds that fascinated his imagination.

From that night he began to read everything he could find on astronomy. He bought a spy glass with an inch aperture, and spent hours on his roof star-gazing. He obtained at second hand the tube of a larger spy-glass. He fitted an eye piece to one end, and sent to Philadelphia for an object glass. He kept at work in the photographer's shop, but his heart was among the stars.

Subsequently he procured a five-inch glass. With this he discovered from his house top two comets in advance of all the professional astronomers.

There was commotion in the Vanderbilt University when it was known that an amateur in a photographer's gallery had seen in the heavens what the professors could not find with superior appliances. They invited Barnard to make use of their six-inch telescope. He rewarded them by discovering six comets in four years.

The Lick Observatory in California then enlisted his services. With the 36-inch refracting telescope, the largest in the world, he discovered eight comets, making a phenomenal record of 16 for ten years. He also discovered last August the fifth satellite of Jupiter. This feat made him famous among astronomers.

One of his discoveries was made accidentally. He was photographing a region in the Milky Way. He noticed a suspicious streak in his plate when developed. The next night the telescope revealed a comet.

His early training in photography was not wasted. He devised a new method of photographing the nebulae in the Milky Way by cloaking or veiling the bright stars, and thereby bringing out the intervening patches. His work in stellar photography has been essentially original.

His career, like that of Faraday, shows what a poor, uneducated boy can make of himself. There were fortuitous chances in his life, such as his early employment and the reading of Dick's book, but inherent force of character enabled him to gain world-wide distinction as a scientific investigator.

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### PUNISH THE DRUNKARD-MAKER.

Captain Wadsworth many years ago was in command of an American man-of-war. In those days the rum ration was allowed to the men. Some of them not caring for it, sold their share to the drinkers; the consequence was drunkenness among some of the men, who were punished with a dozen blows of the "cat." The same sailors were flogged over and over again, all to no purpose. The captain saw the folly of that method of dealing with drunkenness, and a new idea struck him. He said:

"Jack, where did you get the liquor that made you drunk?"

"I bought it of Tom, sir; he doesn't drink."

To the boatswain: "Let Jack go; put Tom in his place, and give him a dozen well laid on!"

There was consternation among the crew; Tom was a teetotaler and a first-rate seaman. A dozen blows of the cat to him? Yes. Why? Because through him—his indiscretion rather—a sailor became drunk. Suffice it to say that after Tom's punishment there was not even one case of



drunkenness on board that ship. A dozen blows of the cat upon the right shoulders, not of the drunkard, but of the drunkard-maker, were a sudden and perfect cure to the great evil. Up to that day there was frequent flogging for drunkenness; after that day none. That is the principle of the Maine Law—punishment to the drunkard-maker, which is a sure and speedy cure.

### TENNYSON'S LOVE OF THE BIBLE.

The niece and ward of the late poet laureate has given some of her recollections of him in the *Contemporary Review*. The following paragraphs are from her article:

My uncle always seemed to like best to talk about spiritual matters, and no clergyman was ever a more earnest student of the Bible, or a more impressive reader thereof. It used to be a treat to me to hear him recite one of his new poems, in that grand, sonorous voice of his, but it was a still greater delight to listen to his reading of a chapter of Isaiah, for then so thoroughly did he send his whole soul forth with his words that one was reminded of Bunsen's remark on F. D. Maurice's reading of the Church Service—"Such reading is in itself a sermon." He could not find words strong enough to express his love of and reverence for the sacred volume, and when his picture of old age, in the "Ancient Sage," was said to be like that by Solomon in Ecclesiastes, "I only wish it were," he replied: "I never could equal that description."

Yet surely that sublime poem is well worthy to have been written by the author of Ecclesiastes, and it must be studied attentively by all who desire to enter into the mind of Tennyson, for, from what he used to tell me

when thinking it into being, I can testify that the "Ancient Sage" sets forth his own views more fully than any of his other poems. How like a clarion his voice rang forth in these lines, which are a very gospel of hopefulness:

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt  
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!  
She reels not in the storm of warring words,  
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"  
She sees the Beat that glimmers through the Worst.

She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,  
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,  
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,  
She hears the lark within the songless egg,  
She finds the fountain where they walled  
"Mirage."

### WHAT IS A NATION'S GREATNESS?

Whether it be great or little depends entirely on the sort of men and women that it is producing. A sound nation is a nation that is composed of sound human beings, healthy in body, strong in limb, true in word and deed—brave, sober, temperate, chaste, to whom morals are of more importance than wealth or knowledge—where duty is first and the rights of man are second—where, in short, men grow up and live and work, having in them what our ancestors called the "fear of God." It is to form a character of this kind that human beings are sent into this world, and those nations who succeed in doing it are those who have made their mark in history. They are Nature's real freemen, and give to man's existence on this planet its real interest and value. Therefore all wise statesmen look first, in the ordering of their national affairs, to the effect which is being produced on character; and institutions, callings, occupations, habits and methods of life are measured and estimated first, and beyond every other consideration, by this test. The common-

wealth is the common health, the common wellness. No nation can prosper long which attaches to its wealth any other meaning; yet, as Aristotle observed long ago, in democracies this is always forgotten. They do not deny it in words, but they assume that political liberty once secured, all else that is good will follow of itself.—*Froude's "Oceana."*

RELIGION is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion; the one cannot exist without the other. A reasoning being would lose his reason, in attempting to account for the great phenomena of Nature, had he not a Supreme Being to refer to. If there had been no God, mankind would have been obliged to imagine one.—*Washington.*

## Notes and Comments, &c.

BY CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

### WALES AND ITS AFFAIRS.

BY OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

The Liberal Lord Chancellor has removed Judge Beresford from Mid-Wales to an English district and has appointed Mr. David Lewis, a Tory and a churchman, to the post. He is a good lawyer and Welshman, so personally the appointment is welcomed, but there is much searching of hearts because young Liberal Welshmen were passed over in the appointment. The Beresford appointment was made some few years ago by the Tory Lord Chancellor Halsbury, favorably known as the "Lord High Jobber." The ostensible reason for his removal to England was to ensure a knowledge of Welsh on the Bench, which is now secured by the appointment of Judge Lewis, who has resigned the proud position of being the first Recorder of his native borough—Swansea. Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q. C. M. P. for Cardiganshire, has been appointed Recorder. He is the most general Welshman and most fluent advocate in Wales. Formerly a clergyman, he took to law with great success and may find himself soon elevated to a higher judicial position as Judge of the High Court.

Mr. Gee, the uncompromising advocate of Disestablishment and Disendowment, refers to the appointment of Mr. David Lewis in characteristic terms, thus: "The great appointment has given general satisfaction. It is of no great importance that Mr. Lewis is a Tory. The important point is that he is a skillful lawyer and a good Welshman. We do not blame the advocates who appeared before Mr. Beresford to praise him; their tongues will be equally free in welcoming Mr. Lewis. They are lawyers. They can speak on the two sides of the question. They would speak on the third side, were one to be had." Evidently Mr. Gee has not a very high opinion of lawyers as lawyers.

The marriage of Princess May to a Prince who must some day, if living, become Prince of our Principality, was a splendid national function. London was at its best. Londoners were in their most jovial, frolicsome mood, and the huge city with its teeming millions looked the picture of energy and strength. The wedding ring was made of Welsh gold. The Welsh boroughs contributed their presents; Swansea in particular sending a magnificent diamond crescent.

General rejoicings took place throughout Wales on the day of the Royal wedding.

The Bishop of Bangor has closed his palace because he declares he is unable to keep it up on his income of £4,000 per annum, out of which he has to pay £2,000 to his predecessor. His action has resulted in producing much criticism and remark.

In the great naval calamity of the loss of H. M. S. *Victoria*, I have to record the loss of a good Welshman, Rev. S. O. Morris, who was chaplain on board and who went down with her. He was a Llanelly man.

Mr. Owen Morgan, B. B. D., whatever that may mean, says the London *Echo*, has been writing a book to prove that the Christian religion is scientifically arranged on the most ancient framework of British Druidism. This is a new discovery. We all know that Welsh was the language of the Garden of Eden, but it is startling to be told that the priesthoods of Egypt and Delphi were only plagiarists who borrowed from the Druids. After this the Jews will have to yield the first place to the countrymen of Mr. Lloyd George.

On the day of the Royal wedding a telephonic wire between the summit of Snowdon and the post office at the Vale of Gwynant was opened by Sir Edward Watkin, the proprietor of the *Mountain Daily*. Reports of the state of the weather on Snowdon will be furnished. An excellent broad pony path has also been constructed by Sir Edward to the summit, leading close by his chalet and the rock at Cwmllan upon which Mr. Gladstone spoke last autumn. A tablet of Aberdeen grey polished granite is sunk in the rock, with appropriate inscription cut thereon, as a memento of that eventful day. The ascent to Snowdon through Sir Edward's estate, along his new road,

is the shortest and easiest by a long way, and the diversity and grandeur of the scenery along that route is unsurpassed.

The *Western Mail*, the Cardiff Tory paper, says that a Welsh Disestablishment Bill is being secretly drafted at the present time and will presently replace the Suspensory Bill.

Workmen were excavating for the rebuilding and enlargement of the Tabernacle Baptist chapel in the village of Cwm-rhyd-y-cerw, near Swansea, when they discovered that they had got into a vein of coal about 20 feet deep.

The Duke of York and Princess May has stated that it will give him great gratification to visit Wales before a very distant date. Sir George Osborne Morgan has promised to unveil the statue to Henry Richard.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

THE literary works of the late Rev. John Thomas, D.D., Liverpool, are to be published in serial form. The first volume, which is promised before the close of the present year, will be "*Arthur Llwyd y Felin*," (Arthur Lloyd of the Mill.) The series will include the doctor's autobiography.

It has been decided that the study of Welsh composition shall henceforth be a compulsory subject at Trevecca College.

THE late Rev. Dr. Owen Thomas's library, which was presented by the Mayor of Bootle to Balla College, has at last been catalogued in a handsome volume of 172 pages.

A CIVIL LIST pension of £200 per annum has been awarded to Mr. J. Gwenogfry Evans, M. A., of Oxford University, in recognition of his services to Welsh literature. Mr. Evans has devoted years of patient toil to the elucidation of ancient Welsh man-

scripts. It is stated that Mr. Gladstone, before making the recommendation, carefully examined Mr. Evans's published works. The pension is antedated July 1, 1892.

In an interview reported in the *Christian Commonwealth*, which also contains his portrait and biography, Dr. Heber Evans says the weeding out of Nonconformists from positions, farms, homes, &c., has been carried on without a break from 1868 until now. After the Liberal victory in that year it was done recklessly; since then it has been carried out quietly, and other reasons are always given for the removal of old Nonconformist tenants, or for the rejection of new ones. On the question as to whether the Welsh language is dying out, Dr. Heber Evans said that in a few districts it was, but in the whole of Wales it was unquestionably gaining ground.

MR. OWEN M. EDWARDS, M. A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, has been confined to his bed for the last two or three weeks at Llanuwchllyn. The attack is the result of overwork. Mr. Edwards, not satisfied with doing the tutorial work of two or three ordinary dons, edits our two national monthly magazines, *Cymru* and *Cymru'r Plant*. He does some private coaching, and is this year, moreover, one of the examiners at Oxford. In addition, the work of drawing up the case for the Welsh University was entrusted to him by Mr. Acland. His medical advisers have enjoined rest for four months. He is now at his home in Llanuwchllyn.

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#### PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

DR. J. A. JENKINS, Brooklyn, N. Y., has removed his residence and office lately to 271 Jefferson Ave., corner of Marcy Ave. Dr. Jenkins is the son of

the late Rev. Thomas Jenkins, Utica, N. Y., and for many years has been one of the most distinguished and successful physicians in Brooklyn.

A JACKSON syndicate, consisting of Messrs. Ebenezer J. Jones, formerly of Jefferson Furnace, Moses Morgan, D. C. Jones, J. C. Jones T. J. Hughes, and other local capitalists, have purchased a tract of 1700 acres lying between Tug and Louisa Forks of Big Sandy river in Kentucky. About one-half of the tract is covered with the finest oak and poplar timber. It is all underlaid with the best grades of coal. A part of it is underlaid by five veins of coal aggregating forty-five feet. The rest is underlaid by three veins aggregating fifteen feet. Altogether it is one of the finest tracts that has changed hands lately. Col. J. S. Rittenhouse, the Kentucky coal magnate, located for several years at Myrtle, Ky., negotiated the deal. The new company intends to push the development of the tract. A railroad has been surveyed through it, and shipping will begin as soon as the company has its switches built.

WALES will be represented at the Eisteddfod to be held at Chicago in September by four choirs, the Bethesda Choir, from North Wales, Pont-y-cymmer and Treorky Choirs, from South Wales, and the celebrated Ladies' Choir, from Cardiff, which is conducted by Madame Clara Novello Davies.

REV. PETER GRAY EVANS, Dodgeville, Wis., has been spending his vacation among old friends in the east, and preaching very acceptably at Slatington, Bangor and at Fair Haven, Vt. Mr. Evans has published a pamphlet lately giving a sketch of the origin and history of the Welsh churches at Dodgeville and Picatonica, Wis. He was assisted by several brethren in preparing the sketches.

MR. GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, of Remsen, N. Y., is visiting this summer in Colorado, where he lived for many years and where he became quite successful in mining operations. Mr. Williams is a native of Remsen, where he owns one of the most elegant and pleasant homes in the village.

THE Local Directory of the World's Fair have decided by a vote of 24 to 4, to shut the gates hereafter on Sunday. It has been proved conclusively that the American people do not want the Fair open on the Lord's day. We are glad that the Directory have at last recognized the sentiments and scruples of the best class of the people rather than listen to the clamors of those who would desecrate the most sacred institutions in order to advance their own interests and pleasures.

#### THE WORLD'S FAIR INTERNATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

Extensive preparations are being made by the Executive Committee at Chicago to make the Eisteddfod the most successful and enjoyable ever held in America. Some of the best choirs of Wales and America are preparing to compete for the grand prizes; and some of the best artists will take part in the concerts. It will be a grand opportunity for the Welsh people of the East and West to get acquainted with each other. The Eisteddfod is to be held Sept. 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th. It would be desirable that those who intend visiting the World's Fair should arrange their visit so as to take in the Eisteddfod.

#### NOTES OF WELSH IN AMERICA.

DAVID HARGEST, MECHANICSTOWN, OHIO.

Many Welsh ministers occupy honored places as pastors of English churches in America, and are worthy of notice. Among them we would like to mention Rev. David Hargest,

the present pastor of the Presbyterian church, Mechanicstown, Ohio. He is a native of Trevecca, Breconshire, S. Wales; was a student in Trevecca Theological Seminary under the presidency of the late Dr. Charles. He was ordained to the full work of the ministry in Synodical Association held in Maesteg, Glamorgan, August, 1866. His first pastorate was Chapel Ed. Goytre Mon, S. W. His second was Barnett's Hill and Millin Cross, South Pem., from 1868 to 1872. In April, 1872, he emigrated to the United States. He received "calls" from Oak Ridge and Madison churches, Presbytery of Steubenville, of which Presbytery he became a member in that year, and is still. He preached also in Irondale a portion of his time for several years, and often in the Welsh language. In 1883 he received a "call" to his present charge and field of labor, where is still doing the work of the Master.

He was united in marriage to a daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Jones, St. Dogwells, Pem., in 1867. She departed this life March 11, 1883. His family is composed of his wife's sister and two daughters, Lizzie R. and Jennie A.—Lizzie R. being an adopted child of the late Rev. I. D. and Mrs. Jones, Pandy, Mon., S. W.

Dr. Hargest visited Wales in 1877, and attended the first Pan Presbyterian Council held in Edinburgh, Scotland, that year. He with his sister-in-law and daughters visited Wales and Scotland in 1885. He preached and lectured in many places, on "Brother Jonathan's Home in the West."

His aged mother, being the mother of eleven children, is still living, and has her home with her sister-in-law and daughter, Rev. J. M. Lloyd, Blaina, Mon, S. W. His brothers and sisters live in Wales. One brother, John, died in Nanticoke, Pa., in the year 1872.

Mr. Hargest has labored in English fields and preached, with few exceptions, in English, since the year 1868. While in Chapel Ed Goytre, he preached Welsh in the morning and English in the evening; also had a "mission" in Monkwood, where he preached in the afternoons of Sabbath.

Mr. Hargest has crossed the Atlantic five times in 21 years, and last year he was one of the four Commissioners from the Presbytery of Steubenville, Ohio, to the General Assembly held in Portland, Oregon. He preaches occasionally in Welsh, exchanging with some of the Welsh brethren. We wish him a long life of usefulness and honor in the Master's vineyard.

REES & REES, DYERS, NEW YORK CITY.

This well known firm, consisting of Mr. William Ap Rees and Sons, have lately greatly enlarged and improved their establishment at 232 and 234 East 40th street, New York. They have rebuilt and enlarged their factory, and have the most complete equipments for doing the best work in their line in the city. They employ about 60 persons and have the largest dyeing establishment in the city. Mr. Rees, Sr., is a son of the late Rev. Edward Rees, of Oneida and Lewis counties, who was so well known as a peculiarly characteristic preacher among the Welsh people of the last generation.

#### NOTES FROM WALES.

PRINCIPAL Owen of Lampeter, who lost his father a short time ago, has just lost his only sister.

THE marriage of Mr. J. Herbert Roberts, M. P. for West Denbighshire, son of Mr. John Roberts, Bryngwenallt, Abergelle, late member of the Flint Boroughs, to Miss Caine, eldest daughter of Mr. W. S. Caine, M. P., is fixed to take place in Liverpool during the last week in July.

THE Rev. Owen Prys, M. A., Principal of Trevecca College, has been invited to the pastorate of Trinity Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Swansea, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Saunders.

SEVERAL persons are mentioned as possible candidates for the Hebrew lectureship at Bala College, among them being the Revs. R. J. Rees, B.A., Pwllheli; E. O. Davies, B. Sc., Gars-ton; and R. E. Morris, M. A., Wrexham.

MR. BOWEN ROWLANDS, Q. C., M. P., has been appointed Recorder at Swansea.

A MONUMENT to the Maid of Cefnydfa has been erected in the church of Llangynwyd, and it is now proposed to erect a monument over the grave of Will Hopkin, the lover of the Maid.

AMONG Congregationalists no minister is more popular than the Rev. Michael D. Jones, late Principal of the Independent College of Bala. When the institution was removed to Bangor, Mr. Jones resigned. His health had failed, but he has now almost completely recovered. Mr. Jones is the father of the Welsh Colony on the Chupat in Patagonia, where he has two sons, in high esteem among the settlers, the one as doctor and the other as surveyor.

IN the death of Professor Pritchard, the University of Oxford has lost one of its most capable teachers. He was of Welsh descent, and was proud of the fact. In academical circles he was always jocularly referred to as the "Heavenly Body," probably from his immaculate orthodoxy and corpulent figure.

PRINCIPAL T. C. Edwards, D. D., of Bala, has started home from Rome, greatly improved in health. On his way he visited Florence and Vienna. He intends returning via the Walden-

sian valleys, and is expected to reach home about the end of August.

MR. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, who was elected last week, unopposed, for the Swansea Division, adds another to the large number of Liberal Nonconformists who represent Wales in the House of Commons. He has risen from the ranks to be one of the largest tin plate manufacturers in the world. He is a Congregationalist.

#### THE CYMRCDORION SOCIETY OF CLEVELAND, O.

MR. EDITOR:—Please allow me to make mention through your highly esteemed CAMBRIAN of the above named Society, which was organized a little over a year ago, during which time it has been going forward and upward, increasing and progressing to a favorable degree of influence and excellence. Its meetings are held on the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month, and held in the old Masonic Hall, Case Building, next to the Post Office, on Superior St. Initiation of new members are going on steadily, and with cymry of exemplified character, which promises a good moral composition of the Society. Amongst its members are several good vocalists who often enliven the assemblage with appropriate alawon cymrig and seignig. Then occasionally able papers are read upon subjects pertaining to Welsh antiquities and characteristics of the Nation. Also short poems are sometimes recited, which are often endowed with wit and humour. So that it cannot be said that its meetings are made of dry wells.

Its annual banquet on St. David was a very pleasing success in number and enjoyment, and is now preparing for a sociable entertainment to be held at some date in June. On Monday evening, May 22d, the Society kindly loaned the hall to the Western Reserve Choral Society, for a rehearsal, training for the World's Fair Eisteddfod. Prof. J. Powell Jones, Painsville, O., conductor, when the large hall and reception room were filled to their utmost capacity. It was the first general rehearsal of the different sections, viz. Newburgh, Cleveland, Painsville and Chardon, and even the very first rehearsal proved to be a surprising musical feat—remarkable in its unison and blending of voices—especially so of the soprano. The only lack of balance was in the tenor, being not sufficient in number, but that will be well remedied by the next rehearsal gathering. Surely, if nothing serious will happen

this choir will tell with force in the grand competition of the Chicago Eisteddfod, all hail to it!

The Newburgh section of the choir held a successful concert for its benefit, in the local town hall, Saturday evening, June 10th. The conductor of which was Prof. D. Davies, formerly of Sherrodsville, who is a very sharp, critical musician, and has the tact of a true musical leader. Yours.

CYMRD.

#### MARRIED.

THOMAS—ROBBINS—May 23, 1893, at the residence of the bride's parents, at Niles, Ohio, by Rev. J. P. Williams, Youngstown, Ohio. Mr. Thomas E. Thomas, manager of the Niles Fire Brick Works, and Miss Mary Adelina Robbins, the only daughter of L. N. Robbins, Esq., ex-Postmaster of Niles.

WILLIAMS—OWENS—June 14, 1893, at their own residence in Utica, N. Y., by Rev. W. F. Townsend, Mr. David Prytherch Williams and Miss Lizzie Owens, both of Utica, N. Y.

RICHARDS—LEWIS—May 25, 1893, by Rev. R. G. Jones, D.D., Utica, N. Y., Mr. John W. Richards and Mrs. Anna Lewis, both of Plainfield, N. Y.

ZANGER—WILLIAMS—May 10, 1893, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John L. Williams, general superintendent of the Union Coal Co., Shamokin, Pa., by Rev. G. H. Fitts Williams, Mr. Thomas Zanger and Miss Jennie Louise Williams, both of Shamokin, Pa.

#### A HOME WEDDING FOLLOWED BY A BRILLIANT RECEPTION.

Mr. Timothy McCarthy, assistant foreman of the Public Ledger composing room, and Miss Annie D. Jones daughter of David Jones, Esq., a well-known and estimable resident of Philadelphia, were married lately at the residence of the bride's parents on Wharton street. Rev. D. Stuart Moore, the newly installed pastor of South Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony. Not only the members of the family were present at the ceremony, but a reception followed from 8 to 10 o'clock at the future home of the happy couple, 1319 South Sixth St., and was attended by numerous friends and the relatives of the newly-wedded pair. The bride, who was attired in white bengaline, trimmed with Duchess lace and other ornamentation, was given away by her father. There were many beautiful and costly bridal presents. At the close of the reception the happy pair took the train for Niagara and the Columbian Fair with the hearty congratulations and well-wishes of a legion of friends.

# THE CAMBRIAN,

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE WELSH-AMERICAN PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

REV. E. C. EVANS,

REMSSEN, N. Y.

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# THE CAMBRIAN.

Now go write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for all time to come for ever and ever

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VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1893.

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REV. FRED EVANS, D. D., (EDNYFED) MILWAUKEE, WIS.

In the gospel ministry of the great religious denominations of the United States there is a large number of Welshmen, many of whom occupy prominent positions of usefulness and influence as pastors of large and important churches. Among this class in the Baptist denomination Rev. Fred Evans, D. D., (Ednyfed) holds a prominent place as an eloquent preacher and as pastor of large and important churches. Being well known in American religious circles and in church councils, he is highly respected by all for his intellectual ability, for his gift of eloquence, and for his faithful devotion

to the advancement of God's kingdom and of Christian life and work in general. He is also well known among the Welsh people through the country, and takes an active interest in all movements tending to promote their welfare. As a writer, orator and preacher, he is acknowledged to be in the front rank of the public men of his own nationality.

Dr. Evans was born April 21, 1840, at Llandybie, Carmarthenshire, S. W., being a member of a large family, consisting of five brothers and five sisters—all the brothers being engaged in the gospel ministry. The other brothers are, Rev. John Evans,

M. A., Westerly, R. I. ; Rev. Gwilym Evans, Conn. ; Rev. Thomas Evans, Clydach, S. W. ; George, a very promising preacher, died about thirty years ago.

Dr. Evans, early in life, evinced a desire to enter the ministry, and commenced to preach before he was 16 years of age. After a preparatory course of study, he entered Pontypool College, where he pursued his studies with diligence and completed his course in college with honors. Being ordained at Llangynidr, Breconshire, he was soon after married to Miss F. Williams, the daughter of John Williams, Esq., Pont-y-gwreiddyn, whose four daughters married distinguished clergymen. After five years of successful ministry at Llangynidr, Dr. Evans decided to emigrate to America, leaving Wales October, 1866, in company with Rev. O. Griffith (Giraldus), editor of *Y Wawr*, and Rev. S. Howells, Noank.

Soon after his arrival in America, he accepted a call to take charge of the Welsh Baptist church of Hyde Park, Scranton, Pa., where he labored faithfully and successfully for three years, preaching very acceptably to large congregations on the Sabbath, and preaching and lecturing frequently in other churches during the week, besides taking a leading part in Eisteddfods and in the transactions of the Hyde Park Philosophic Society. His succeeding pastorates have been the following : In 1869 he took charge of the English Baptist church on Laight street, New York city, and in 1874 he took charge of the First Baptist church at Franklin, Pa., and in the beginning of 1885 he accepted a call to take charge of the Tenth Baptist church of Philadelphia, Pa. In 1892 he moved to Milwaukee, where he is pastor of the Fifth Baptist church, the strongest in the State.

In all his pastorates his ministry has been highly appreciated and has proved a great blessing to the churches and congregations under his charge. He is noted as a popular preacher and a great power for good among the people. He is highly esteemed as a valuable member in the councils of the church, and has frequently been chosen to preach on special and important occasions in their associations. Although his ministry has been chiefly in American churches, still Dr. Evans is an enthusiastic Cymro, in full sympathy with all that is best in the Welsh national life, and glad of the opportunity to be of service to the Welsh people, among whom he is frequently called to preach and lecture and also to take part in their Eisteddfods. He stands in the front rank as a conductor of Eisteddfodau, having served in that capacity in the National Eisteddfod of Wales at Merthyr, and in the recent International Eisteddfod at Chicago, as well as in many other Eisteddfods in Wales and in America. He has also frequently served as an adjudicator of prose and poetry.

Dr. Evans has been a prolific writer, having contributed many articles to the magazines and papers, which are universally read and enjoyed. As a lecturer also he is very popular and in demand continually by English and Welsh audiences. Among his most popular lectures are the following : "The Heroes of 1862," "William Knibb and his Times," "Benjamin Franklin," "Garibaldi," "God in Nature," "Queer People," "Conditions of Success," "Mistakes," "Garfield," "Abraham Lincoln," "Henry Ward Beecher," "The Wit and Wisdom of Queer Sayings," "The Welshman in America," "Pills, Pleas and Pulpits," "Great Truths in Small Nutshells," "Forces of Education," "To Wales and Return."

The variety of his themes and activities show clearly that he is largely endowed with a diversity of gifts and powers. Still it is as a preacher that he is best known, and that his peculiar genius and gifts are called forth in their fullness. The ministry is his chief and special field of labor, where all his energies are called forth. His sermons are scriptural and timely. His preaching appeals to the intellect and to the heart. He is abreast with the times in his views and reading, but still clings steadfastly to the great truths of the gospel. And although occasionally a vein of wit and humor flames forth in his sermons, still his manner is always earnest and impressive. We sincerely hope he may again for many years to come enjoy a life of usefulness, happiness and honor in the service of the Master.

Dr. Evans has seven children—six sons and one daughter—all of whom are highly educated and occupy good and honorable positions in life. The eldest son, Arthur, takes charge of the books and correspondence and banking accounts of the Empire Cement Works near Syracuse. The third son, Alfred, has charge of the chemical department of the same. The second son, Fred, is the chief editor of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*. Though young, he is the successor of the well known literary writer, Dr. Noah Brooks. Fred has contributed several articles to *Harper and Life*. William H. is a student in the University of Pennsylvania, and will graduate next summer. Charlie is in business in Milwaukee, and Frank, the youngest, is to enter Princeton next summer. Nellie, the only daughter, is an accomplished musician. She is an excellent pianist and organist, and is considered one of the very best accompanists.

## THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF WALES.

### A SYNOPSIS OF THE DRAFT CHARTER AND ITS PROVISIONS.

[FROM THE OSWESTRY ADVERTISER.]

The copy of a petition of the three University Colleges of Wales for the grant of a Charter of Incorporation of a University for Wales and the county of Monmouth, together with a copy of the draft of the Charter applied for, has been printed and published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. The petition sets forth that for many years a widespread and growing desire for the benefits of University Education has existed in Wales amongst classes unable to resort to Oxford and Cambridge, that in 1872 a college was established at Aberystwyth by spontaneous effort and largely by contributions from the poorer classes, and that a Department Committee appointed in 1879 reported that a case had been made out for Government aid both to secondary and higher education in Wales, and recommended that there should be two State-aided University Colleges and a degree granting University. The grants made to Cardiff and Bangor, and the subsequent renewal of the grant to Aberystwyth, which was accepted as a third University College, are then recited, and it is added that "the success of these three University Colleges has been conspicuous, and beyond the anticipations of the Departmental Committee; that at present 650 students are receiving advanced education at their hands, and that this number may reasonably be expected to be greatly increased when the schools about to be established under the Intermediate Education Act, 1879, come into being"; and that during the past twelve months, one-eighth of the degrees of B. A. and B. Sc. conferred by the University of London have

been gained by students of these Colleges." The meetings and conferences of Welsh educationists, who with one accord expressed a desire for the establishment of a University, the invitation addressed by the President of the Council in 1889 to the representatives of the three Colleges to draw up a draft Charter, and the fact that they, with representatives of the Joint Education Committees of Wales and Monmouth, have after mature deliberation prepared such a draft, are next set forth, and then the petition follows:—"Your petitioners therefore humbly pray your Majesty to be pleased to grant a Charter to a body of persons, to be appointed, as is described in this petition, to be a University in and for Wales and the county of Monmouth, and to be called 'The University of Wales,' having power to grant degrees in the faculties of arts or letters, science, technical or applied science, law, music, and such other faculties as may from time to time be established with the sanction of the visitor, and that your Majesty will be pleased to make such orders in the premises as to your Majesty in your royal wisdom and justice may seem fit." The Charter, as it is now printed, differs little from the proposals which were agreed upon and reported in these columns, but in a matter of so much interest it may be well to give again a summary of its provisions. Under the terms of the Charter, a University for Wales and Monmouth is established by royal decree, and empowered to hold property, but the real property in the United Kingdom over and above the value of the site and buildings of the University is not to exceed £10,000 in annual value at the time of its acquisition. Then comes, in the forefront of the Charter, the proviso that women are to stand on an exact equality with men, and to be eligible for any office.

Wales may be proud thus to set an example in the true liberation of women, and in giving them their rightful place in the scheme of education. It is a woman, the Sovereign, who is the first visitor of the University, and we hope that in its long history women may play as distinguished a part as men. The authorities of the University are to be, in addition to the Visitor, the Chancellor, the University Court, the Vice-Chancellor, the University Senate, and the Guild of Graduates. The Court will consist of the Chancellor, whom it appoints for life, subject to the approval of the Visitor; of thirteen persons appointed by the Lord President of the Court; of one person appointed by each of the the County Councils and County Boroughs, and one further person for every hundred thousand of population in such Councils or Boroughs; of the President and three representatives of the Court of Governors of each constituent College; the Principal and three other representatives of the Council of each College; four representatives of the Senate of each College; thirteen persons appointed by the Guild of Graduates; three Head Teachers, one of whom at least must be a Head Mistress, elected by the Head Teachers of Public Intermediate Schools, and three, with the same provision, from Public Elementary Schools, and six persons appointed by the Central Board for the Control of Intermediate Schools, "if and so soon as such Central Board shall be constituted by the Joint Education figured in similar schemes. The office of Vice-Chancellor will be held in turn by the Principals of the Constituent Colleges, and they together with such professors and lecturers as are heads of organized departments, will constitute the Senate; and the Guild of Graduates will consist of all graduates and honorary graduates of the

University, and all persons who, having studied in one of the Constituent Colleges, have taken a degree in any British or Irish University within two years after the date of the Charter, and also of all members of the teaching staff of each of the Constituent Colleges, which, by Clause 10, are declared to be the three existing University Colleges of Wales. Clauses 11, 12, and 13, regulate the proceedings of the Court, the Senate and the Guild of Graduates, the Guild being empowered to collect money for the foundation of scholarships and prizes, and to make representations to the Court on any matter concerning the interests of the University. Clause 14, regulating degrees, is the one which has excited most controversy. Degrees are to be conferred in Arts, Science, Law, Music, and such other faculties as may from time to time be established with the sanction of the Visitor, upon persons who have pursued a prescribed course of study in one of the Constituent Colleges; but medicine and surgery are expressly excluded from the faculties in which degrees may be conferred. It is further provided that University Extension Courses may be established for the benefit of persons who cannot attend the Colleges, and that the Court may recognize attendance at these courses, or at another University for a limited period, as exempting from part of the term of study in a Constituent College necessary for graduation. "Due diligence and care shall be used by the Court to maintain an equal standard of attainment in all cases as a condition for each particular Degree but it shall not be required of the Court that the schemes of study approved by it for any Degree shall be the same for all constituent colleges." Then as to the thorny question of theology, it is provided that "notwithstanding that theology be

not a study taught in any Constituent College, the University may recognize theology as a subject in the faculty of arts or letters. Provided first that pursuance of a scheme of study in theology approved by the Court be a condition precedent to examination in theology in the said faculty and secondly that theology be not made a compulsory subject for any degree in the said faculty. The Court may in accordance with its Statutes for the time being in force admit to the Degree of Bachelor or Master in the faculty of Theology or Divinity—(a) Any graduate of the University who after such scheme of study in a theological college and after such examination or examinations as the Court may prescribe shall be reported to the Court by the examiners as being a proper person to be admitted to the said Degree. (b) Any graduate of any College or University by law established in our United Kingdom with power to grant degrees in the ordinary faculties who after such scheme of study in a theological college in Wales and after such examination or examinations as the Court may prescribe shall be reported to the Court by the Examiners as a proper person to be admitted to the said Degree. Provided that the Court shall have power to define by Statute the meaning of the term theological college.' Degrees of Bachelor, Master, or Doctor in Education may be conferred upon graduates of the University; and in regard to all degrees it is provided that the Court shall not require acquiescence in or renegation of any theory, doctrine, or opinion upon any subject whatever, or refuse a degree upon the ground of the candidate's holding or not holding any theory, doctrine, or opinion. Thus the University begins its career without the taint of intolerance or exclusiveness, which may be called the cardinal sin

of education. We hear a great deal of so-called "religious education," but true education must always stand apart from all dogma and above all the cramping influence of theological assumptions. The remaining clause of much importance relates to examinations, as to which it is required that there shall be at least one external examiner in each subject in which examinations are held for degrees, with whom are to be associated examiners appointed by the Constituent Colleges, and "no examiners' report shall be received by the Court unless the external examiners have concurred in it;" and as to the place of examination, each college can demand that examinations shall be held in the town in which it is situated, on condition that it provides the necessary place and furniture. Amongst the divers powers of the Court, it may undertake the examination of any school in Wales; Clause 17 gives the Senate a controlling authority in schemes of study and examination; and finally power is reserved by the Crown to declare any other Colleges to be Constituent Colleges of the University. Such is the Charter of the Welsh University, which will now soon be an accomplished fact. Attempts will be made to alter the Charter, but they are not likely to succeed in any material. The exclusion of Lampeter, a sore point with Conservative Churchmen, will probably be debated in both Houses; in the Upper House the Bishop of Bangor and Bishop of Chester have given notice of amendments, probably for the admission of St. David's College, but as it is acknowledged to be a training place for clergymen of the Church of England it would be extremely unwise to include it in a Welsh National University, and impossible to do so without also including all the other denominational colleges.

## RATIONAL METHODS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY MRS. JENNIE H. JONES, CINCINNATI, O.

The Sunday School is an institution having for its object the proper training of the youthful soul, and hence its paramount importance. In order to fulfil its divinely appointed mission, it must be intelligently organized and wisely conducted. The immutable laws which God has organized for the development of the human being, must be fully understood and implicitly obeyed. These are conditions under which successful teaching in the Sunday School, or in any other school, becomes a possibility.

The development of the soul, in common with that of the body, is dependent upon the judicious exercise of its powers, and the assimilation of suitable and well-prepared nutriment. At the outset, therefore, of this discussion two points suggest themselves.

1. What to teach.
2. How to teach it.

The course of study or series of lessons, by whomsoever compiled, should be carefully graded, so that every lesson may be adapted to the understanding of the class for which it is designed. There should be at least three divisions of the series, providing respectively for the primary, the intermediate, and the higher classes. Bearing in mind the fact that nothing can reach the consciousness of a little child except through the senses, it follows that the lessons for the primary classes should be given by means of objects, pictures, drawings, &c., appealing directly to the senses, or of simple stories recalling former sense experiences. The pupils of Jesus were beginners, and "without a parable spake he not unto them." Every parable was an object lesson.

and was designed to convey a spiritual truth through things apparent to the senses. Mere words memorized and recited by a child are not, in and of themselves, an evidence of his active consciousness. The use of words when not symbolic of ideas, is not a help, but a hindrance in teaching. The invisible things of God can be understood only through the visible things of the universe. Abstract truth which may be comprehended by the mature and experienced mind, means nothing to the little child. He can understand the love of the Heavenly Father only through that of the human parent. First, that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual. He who said, "Consider the lilies, how the grow," left incontrovertible testimony in favor of the study of nature. The attributes of a wise and beneficent Creator must be learnt through his handiwork. The child must be led to observe the inherent beauty in the fragrant flower, the crystal dewdrop, the twinkling star. "The outward, visible sign" must lead to "the inward, spiritual grace." Let the teacher of the little ones take into the class a bunch of lilies or of any other flowers, put them into the hands of the children, and with an eloquence born of love and enthusiasm, lead them to talk about the exquisite delicacy of the petals, the delicious fragrance, the use and adaptation of parts, the provision for growth, nutriment and distribution, and the little souls will glow with admiration and gratitude towards the one who designed and created the beautiful things around them. This step reached, the way is prepared for the next important one, namely, the direction of the will-power of the children. When their hearts are filled with admiration and gratitude, love and obedience will follow.

The Bible teems with passages which may be made the basis of objective or illustrative teaching. But the procedure must always be from the known to the related unknown, from the concrete to the abstract. Things in nature are the known, the concrete; spiritual things are the unknown, the abstract. Jesus spoke to his followers "as they were able to hear it," that is, he adapted his instruction to the capacity of his pupils. The following passages of the Scripture are a few of the many which are suggestive of the objective method of treatment:

Learn of me.

The Lord is my shepherd.

The Lord is my light.

God is our refuge.

The shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

I am the vine; ye are the branches.

A tree is known by its fruit.

I will arise and go to my Father.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

Ye shall be as a garden that hath no water.

He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.

There may be many ways of presenting a subject, and the individuality of the teacher must suggest the one which to him appears most effective. In giving a lesson on the last text just quoted, one method only will be briefly outlined. The teacher brings into the class a specimen of silver ore, and also a piece of silver refined and highly polished. The children are encouraged to examine or contrast them. The ore is unsightly, impure, and apparently valueless. The purifier understands its hidden possibilities, and by certain processes operates upon it, until it loses its objectionable features and becomes so highly polished that it reflects his own image. The success



of the spiritual lesson to be deduced will depend upon the skill and enthusiasm accompanying the object lesson.

But such rational teaching is only possible through the medium of the true teacher, and therefore a great weight of responsibility rests upon the superintendent. To select and train his corps of teachers are the most arduous of his many duties. Given a Sunday School equipped with a body of intelligent, progressive teachers, and the entire work becomes comparatively easy. In order to secure such a class of instructors, there should be held in every community, as often as practicable, a union Sunday School Normal Institute, in which methods should be discussed, model lessons given and criticised, plans proposed, expedients recommended, and all the difficulties connected with the work presented and considered. In addition to this, the weekly "teachers' meeting" of each school should never be omitted. Here the lessons assigned each department should be studied and the various methods of presenting it illustrated and discussed. The blackboard should be used with all possible freedom, and no young or inexperienced teacher should leave the meeting without understanding at least one intelligent way of presenting to his class the lesson assigned for the following Sunday.

In the historical and didactic lessons which might be given to advanced classes, the pupils should be induced to use note books, and to reproduce in their own language the striking points of the lesson. They should be encouraged to draw their own conclusions from the reasoning heard in the class, and to express freely and fully their differences of opinion. These individual, original thoughts may be read or spoken to the class,

and occasionally to the entire school. By such efforts as these, the young people may gain confidence in speaking for truth and righteousness.

Whenever the oral reading of Scriptural selections forms a part of the class exercises, the reading should be as nearly perfect as it is possible to make it. It is passing strange that, whereas the ceaseless, monotonous, indistinct, expressionless reading of a secular selection meets with severe and universal criticism, Bible reading of the most slovenly and expressionless character is the rule rather than the exception. The pupils in the Sunday Schools should be taught that if the human voice is ever capable of producing musical tones, convincing emphasis, clear articulation and soul-stirring expression, it should be in connection with the reading of the sacred Scriptures. "How is it," asked a divine of an actor, "that you play to theatres filled to overflowing, while we preach to empty benches?" Note the significant answer. "Because," said the actor, "we read fiction as if it were truth, while you read truth as if it were fiction." Teach a child to read the Bible *well*, and he will be likely to enjoy the exercise. Lead him to penetrate the depths of meaning which may be beneath the words, and to read in such a manner as will be pleasant and profitable to others.

One word in conclusion, with regard to "order" in the Sunday School. If "Order is Heaven's first law," it ought to be exacted and maintained in the most sacred places. Children naturally like order, and when disorder arises they should not be held accountable. When a school is carefully classified, when its course of lessons is adapted to the capacity of the respective classes, when its methods of teaching are rational, as illustrated in the work of the Great

Teacher, and underlying all, when the hearts of the teachers are filled with love for the souls of the children, the order will require no attention, it will take care of itself.

### WELSH GLEANINGS.

#### THE ISLE OF MAN UNDER WELSH AND DANISH GOVERNORS.

Early in the sixth century Man became subject to the kings and princes of Wales, who ruled from Anglesea. There were twelve of them in succession, and the last of them fell in the tenth century. We know next to nothing about them but their names. Then came the Vikings. The young bloods of Scandinavia had newly established their Norse kingdom in Iceland, and were huckstering and sea-roving about the Baltic and among the British Isles. They had been to the Orkneys and Shetlands, and Faroes, perhaps to Ireland, certainly to the coast of Cumberland, making Scand-inavain settlements everywhere. So they came to Monearly in the tenth century, led by one Orry or Gorree. Some say this man was nothing but a common sea rover. Others say he was of the Danish or Norwegian monarch. It does not matter much. Orry had a better claim to regard than that of the son of a great king. He was himself a great man. The story of his first landing is a stirring thing. It was night, a clear, brilliant starry night, all the dark heavens lit up. Orry's ships were at anchor behind him; and with his men he had touched the beach, when down came the Celts to face him and challenge him. They demanded to know where he came from. Then the red-haired sea warrior pointed to the milky way going off towards the North. "That is the way of my country," he answered. The Celts went out like one man in awe before him. He was their born

king.—*"The Little Manx Nation," by Hall Caine.*

#### TRIUMPH OVER DIFFICULTIES.

Christmas Evans (one of the greatest and best known of Welsh preachers) was born in the poorest and lowest circumstances. His father was a shoemaker, and died when Christmas was a child. His mother sank into destitution. The poor lad was taken by an uncle, Mr. James Lewis, to his farm; but he appears to have been treated with complete neglect. He received no education, and was only put to the most servile employments. He had neither a friend nor a home. At the age of seventeen he could not read a word. He was surrounded by the worst of examples, and was subjected to a number of serious accidents, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. Once he was stabbed in a quarrel; once he was nearly drowned, and with difficulty recovered; once he fell from a high tree with an open knife in his hand; and once a horse ran away with him, passing at full speed through a low and narrow passage. Besides all this, after his conversion, he lost one of his eyes by a brutal assault of some of his former companions, when he with a few other young men were attempting the work of mutual help.—*E. Porston Hood.*

#### THE VITALITY OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

In the "Geninen," the Venerable Archdeacon Howell has an article on this subject, in which he says:—Will it be said that it would be better for Wales if there was but one language, and that the language of law, of science, of commerce, and of the richest literature in the world? Such a question proceeds on the assumption that a knowledge of Welsh is essentially antagonistic to the knowledge of English, and that those who desire

the cultivation of Welsh desire the exclusion of English. Against such an assumption it is humiliating to have to protest. I contend that the knowledge of two living languages, side by side, is quite compatible with the due cultivation of both. Not only so, but the knowledge of two languages, which will henceforth be perfectly feasible throughout the Principality, will, in their reflex influence on each other, be helpful in acquiring a mastery of either or both. It is stated on high authority that the bilingual sections of Europe are among the most intelligent, enterprising, and progressive, and that when a people retain their own language, their morals are superior to the morals of those who have become amalgamated with other nations. Certain is it that those portions of the Principality where English exclusively prevails, such as South Pembrokeshire and East Radnorshire, do not compare over favorably in their intellectual activity, enterprise and social progress with the bilingual parts of Wales. Besides, it must not be forgotten that language is not a mere vehicle of thought, or an instrument of trade. It is in a sense the embodiment of a nation's mental history, and the expression of national characteristics. Therefore, for a nation to lose its language is to lose that which is an important part of itself. Not only so, but it must never be forgotten that the Welsh language is admittedly one of the richest of all of the ancient languages of the world. It claims close affinity with Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin. It is pre-eminently rich in root words. Dr. Owen Pughe's Welsh-English dictionary is said to contain 80,000 words; and the dictionary of Canon Silvan Evans, now in course of publication, will contain 10,000 more. This speaks highly of the resources of our language, nor is this all, for while two-fifths of the English

language is made up of foreign elements, the Welsh dictionary is almost wholly made up of native words. And, surely, such a language should not be relegated to the limbo of dead tongues.

### GOD'S GOLD IN THE CRUCIBLE

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"All is not gold that glittera." Genuine Godliness—which comes up to standard weight—is the "gold tried in the fire." The Apostle Peter unfolded a great truth when he said that "the trial of our faith, being much more precious than of gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." The Master demanded that the tree should be known by its fruits; and the branch which is most fruitful is that one which is most carefully pruned.

Piety must be tested to prove both its genuineness and its value. A gentleman once attended one of Mr. Moody's meetings to find out, as he said, "if there was anything in the Christian religion." A surer way to know what Jesus Christ is worth to any human soul would be to try Christ as a Saviour from sin, and His commandments as a rule for the daily life. If this test of Christ brought to him pardon for past sins and power to resist temptations; if it purified his heart, sweetened his temper, upheld him in adversities, and lifted him into communion with God, he would require no endorsement from Mr. Moody, or any other man, to prove to him the golden qualities of a Christian's faith.

The end of Christ's redeeming work is to produce godly character. One great purpose of our Heavenly Father in His dealings with His redeemed children is to test and to im-

prove their graces. He has a great many places for His gold where He refines it. So much alloy of self-will, or pride, or covetousness, or cowardice, is often found even in true Christians, that they require the furnace and the crucible. Prosperity is not often spoken of as a state of severe trial, but it is so. A severer test could not be applied to thousands of Christians than to subject them to worldly successes. The sunshiny days bring out the adders. Sudden elevations make good men sometimes very dizzy, and, like King Hezekiah, they grow self-conceited and vainglorious. They conceal their religion down "in the hatches" (as the sailors say) while they are displaying the magnificence of the vessel. God let Hezekiah do this that "He might try him, and that He might know all that was within the heart."

On the other hand, a sunny career of health, wealth and social eminence sometimes brings out a beautiful exhibition of humanity and most unselfish devotion to the cause of Christ and the welfare of others. When I see a certain successful business man in this neighborhood denying himself all ease and the usual luxuries of leisure in order to drive his Sunday school work and a score of benevolent activities, I feel quite certain that his Master can trust him with a good income. The reason why I have often paid an honest tribute in these columns to my beloved friend, the late Hon. William E. Dodge, is that wealth and social position never spoiled him; it developed his graces. The sunshine of prosperity ripened him, instead of rotting.

If God sometimes employs prosperity to test His people, He oftener uses adversity as a purifier. Hard winters kill vermin; and in like manner God sends severe wintry seasons upon His children to kill some of

their besetting sins. He often casts His people down in order to see whether they will cast Him off. Poverty is sometimes "a place for His gold where He may refine it." Arthur Tappan, the famous Christian merchant of his day, was never richer toward God than when, in the commercial crash of 1837, he drew out his watch and handed it to his assignee and said, "I give up *everything* to my creditors." A hot ordeal was it for the grand old philanthropist, but there was a nugget of solid gold left in that crucible.

In these days of wonderful scientific experiments, Henry Moissan, the celebrated French chemist, has actually succeeded in producing small diamonds! He subjects iron and carbon to the prodigious heat of 5,400 degrees Fahrenheit, and when he takes the crucible out of this hotter than Babylonian furnace, he finds that certain small crystals are produced, which are as veritable diamonds as any found in the mines of South Africa! This is a marvel of scientific experiment; but just what Moissan is doing with iron and charcoal, our Heavenly Father has always been doing in the realm of His grace. He subjects His people to the seven-times heated furnace, and lo! the jewels of rarest lustre come forth. His diadem will bear innumerable precious stones of this sort from the days of Daniel and of Paul, on to the last saint who will come out sparkling and splendid from His crucible. —*New York Evangelist.*

## MUSIC, EMOTION AND MORALS.

BY REV. DR. H. R. HAWEIS.

(An eloquent address delivered at the Parliament of Religions recently held in Chicago.)

Rev. Dr. H. R. Haweis, of London, England, was introduced by Dr. Barrows, to speak on the subject of

"Music, Emotion and Morals." This ever-popular and distinguished visitor, small of stature and giant in intellect, was received with great applause. The large desk was cleared away from the platform and the speaker marched back and forth during the delivery of his interesting address, supported by his gold-headed cane. Dr. Haweis said:

Music, emotion and morals. I find that the connection between music and morals has been very much left out in the cold; and yet music is in its golden age. You have heard many grave things debated in this room during the last three or four days. Let me remind you that the connection between the arts and morals is also a very grave subject, and the connection between the musical art and morals has been very much overlooked. Here we are, ladies and gentlemen, living in the middle of the golden age of music, perhaps without knowing it. What would you have given to have seen a day of Raphael, or to have seen a day of Pericles, you who live in the nineteenth century? And yet the age of Augustus was the golden age of Roman literature, the age of Pericles of sculpture, the Medicean age of painting, so the golden age of music is the Victorian or the Star Spangled Banner Age. [Applause.]

Music is the only living growing art. All other arts have been discovered. An art is not a growing art when all its elements have been discovered. You paint now and you combine the discoveries of the past; you discover nothing. You build now and you combine the researches and experiences of the past. But you cannot paint better than Raphael; you cannot build more beautiful cathedrals than the cathedrals of the middle ages. But music is still a growing art. Up to yesterday every-

thing in music had not been explored. It is very difficult to make any progress; it seems impossible to create anything new in architecture. In painting, architecture and sculpture you simply combine or recombine the discovered elements. I say we are now in the golden age of music, because we can almost within the memory of man reach the hands of Mozart and Beethoven and Wagner. We place their heads upon pedestals side by side with Raphael and with Michael Angelo; yet we haven't any clear idea of the connection between the art of music and morals, although we acknowledge great men like Beethoven along with the great sculptors, the poets and painters. Now let me tell you that you have no business to spend much time or money or interest upon any subject unless you can make out a connection between the subject and morals and conduct and life; unless you can give art an occupation on an ethical or moral basis. You do spend a deal of money on music. You pay fabulous prices to engage gigantic orchestras; you give a great deal of your own time to music; it lays hold of you, fascinates and dominates you, yet perhaps you have to confess to yourself that you have no real idea of the connection between music and the conduct of life. An Italian professor said to me the other day: "Pray, what is the connection between music and morals?" He then began to scoff a little at the idea that music was anything but a pleasant way of whiling away a little time and creating a pleasurable diversion, but he had no idea there was any connection between music and the comfort of life.

#### CONNECTION BETWEEN MUSIC AND MORALS.

Now, in case after to-day any one asks you what is the connection between music and morals, I will give

it to you in a nutshell. This is the connection : Music is the language of emotion. I suppose you all admit that music has an extraordinary power over your feelings, and, therefore, music is connected with emotion. Emotion is connected with thought. Some kind of feeling or emotion underlies all thoughts, not from moment to moment as they flit through your minds. Therefore music is connected with thought. Thought is connected with action. Most people think before they act, or are supposed to—at any rate I must give you the benefit of the doubt. But thought is connected with action, and action deals with the conduct or life, and the sphere of conduct is connected with morals. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, if music is connected with emotion, and emotion is connected with thought, and thought is connected with action, and action is connected with the sphere of conduct or with morals, things which are connected by the same must be connected with one another, and therefore music must be connected with morals.

Now the real reason, the cogent reason why we have coupled all these three words, music, emotion and morals together, is because emotion is connected with morals. You will all admit that if your emotions or feelings were always wisely directed that life would be more free from the disorders which disturb us. The great disorders of our age come not from the possession of emotional feeling, but from its abuse, its misdirection and the bad use of it. Once discipline your emotions, once get a good quantity of that steam power of life which we call feeling or emotion and drive it in the right channel, and life becomes noble, fertile and harmonious. Well, then, if there is this close connection between emotion or feeling and the life or conduct, morals,

what the connection between emotion and morals is, that also must be the character of the connection between music, which is the art-medium of emotion and morals.

#### THOUGHT AND FEELING.

Now there are a great many people who will say, "Alter all that art which deals with emotion is less respectable than an art which deals with thought." I might be led here to ask what is the connection between emotion and thought, but that would carry me too far ; but in a word I may say that thought without feeling is dead, being alone. You may have a good thought, but if you have not the steam power of emotion or feeling at the back of it what will it do for you ? A steam-engine may be a good machine, but it must have the steam. And so our life wants emotion or feeling before we can carry out in actions our thoughts and aspirations. Indeed, so strange is this wonderful inner life of emotion with which music converses at first hand most intimately without the mediation of thought or words, so strange is this inward life of emotion, so powerful and important is it that it sometimes transcends thought. We rise out of thought into emotion, for emotion not only precedes, it also transcends thought. Emotion carries on and completes our otherwise incomplete aspirations. [Applause.] Tell me when does the actor culminate ? When he is pouring forth an eloquent distribe ? When he is uttering the most glowing words of Shakespeare ? No. But when all words fail him and when he stands apart, with flashing eye and quivering lip and heaving chest, and allows the importance of exhausted symbolism to express for him the crisis of his inarticulate emotion. Then we say he is sublime ; emotion has transcended thought. [Applause.]

## EMOTION IN DISREPUTE.

Now, why has emotion or feeling got a bad name? Because emotion is so often misdirected, so often stands for mere gush without sincerity; it does not pass on, has no tendency to pass on into action. Hence the lady who in Dickens was carried home in a sedan chair in a flood of tears, is one of those who have the power of turning on the water works at any moment. "Tears, idle tears." Tears which fell easily and for no adequate cause we don't respect. There is no genuine emotion at the back of them. There are men who will swear to you eternal friendship. You would think these men's feelings at the boiling point, but ask a man to back his emotion with a hundred dollars, you find his emotion is of no use whatever. That is the reason why emotion has got a bad name. But believe me, ladies and gentlemen, nothing good and true was ever carried out in this world without emotion. The power of emotion, aye, of emotion through music, on politics and patriotism, the power of emotion, aye, through music upon religion and morals—that in a nutshell will be the remainder of my discourse. What does a statesman do when he wants to carry a great measure through our Parliament or your House of Representatives? He stands up and he says, "I want to pass this law." Nobody will attend to him in Parliament. When he goes stumping through the country he goes to the people and explains his measure to them, and at last he gets the whole country in a ferment, and then he comes back to Parliament or to Congress and says, "Gentlemen, you see the people will have it." Their voice is the voice of many waters; it is as loud as the roaring of the ocean and as irresistible. And you cannot oppose a law which has the emotional feeling of the country

back of it; and presently the law is passed which they would not listen to before the country got aroused.

## IN POLITICS AND PATRIOTISM.

Why, I remember in the great war of the North against the South, how Mr. Lincoln said Henry Ward Beecher was the greatest motive power he had in the North. [Great applause.] And why? Because he would go into a meeting packed with Southerners or with advocates of slavery and disunion, and leave that meeting boiling liberationists and going solid for the preservation of the Union. [Applause.] Well, that was the power of emotion in politics and patriotism. And I remember very well, because I was in Italy at the time, how when Garibaldi came there for the last time—that was the third or fourth time he had come over at intervals to try and arouse the people—how he was engaged in his great fight for the freedom of Italy. He devoted his life to that mission, and he came over again and again until he fired the people from North to South with his own patriotism, and it was nothing but the steam power of feeling and emotion which carried the great revolution for a united Italy. It may be true that Victor Emmanuel took and gave the movement its constitutional form. Mazzini was the thinker, Cavour the statesman, but it was Garibaldi who aroused the great emotional feeling that sent that revolution through and made Italy one. And see now the connection between the national music and emotion. There has never been a great crisis in a nation's history without some appropriate march or song which has been the embodied emotion of the people.

I remember Garibaldi's hymn; it expressed the essence of the Italian movement. Look at all your patriotic songs. Look at "John Brown's body

is a-mouldering in the ground, but his soul goes marching on."

#### EXPRESSED IN MUSIC.

The feeling and action of a country somehow pass into music. It is the power of emotion through music upon politics and patriotism. I remember when Wagner, as a very young man, came over to England and studied our national anthems. He said that the whole of the British character lay in the first two bars of "Rule Britannia." It is John Bull elbowing through the crowd. And so with you your "Star Spangled Banner" has kindled so much unity and patriotism. The profoundly religious nature of the Germans comes forth in their patriotic hymn, "God Save the Emperor." Our "God Save the Queen" strikes the same note as "Rule Britannia," "Confound her enemies, frustrate their knavish tricks."

That is in the same spirit as "get out of the way;" and it is enshrined in the British National anthem. This shows the connection between emotion and politics and patriotism. It throws a strong light upon the wisdom of that statesman who said, "Let who will make the laws of a people, let me make their national songs."

#### IN RELIGION.

I see another gentleman is in charge of the topic "Religion and Music," but it is quite impossible for me to entirely exclude all religion from my lecture to-day on the power of emotion through music upon religion, and through religion upon morals—for religion is that thing which kindles and makes operative and irresistible the sway of the moral nature. It is impossible, with this motto, "Music, Emotion and Religion" for my text to exclude the consideration of the effect of music upon religion. I read that our Lord and his disciples at a time when all words failed them,

and when their hearts were heavy, when all had been said and all had been done at that last supper, I read that after they had sung a hymn our Lord and the disciples went out into the Mount of Olives. After Paul and Silas had been beaten and thrust into a noisome dungeon, they forgot their pain and humiliation, and sung songs and spiritual psalms in the night, "and the prisoners heard them." I read that in the history of the Christian church, when the great creative and adaptive genius of Rome took possession of that mighty spiritual movement and proceeded to evangelize the Roman empire, that St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, in the third century collected the Greek modes and adapted certain of them for the Christian churches, and that these scales were afterwards revised by the great Pope Gregory, who gave the Christian church, the Gregorian chants, the first element of emotion interpreted by music which appeared in the Christian church. It is difficult for us to over-estimate the power of those crude scales although they seem harsh to our ears. It is difficult to realize the effect produced by Augustine and his monks when they landed in Great Britain, chanting the ancient Gregorian chants. When the king gave his partial adherence to the mission of Augustine the saint turned from the king and directed his course toward Canterbury, where he was to be the first Christian archbishop. And still as he went along with his monks they chanted one of the Gregorian chants. That was Augustine's divine war cry: "Turn away, Oh Lord, thy wrath from this city, and thine anger from its sin."

#### SOLACE IN HYMNS.

That is a true Gregorian, and those are the very words of Augustine. And later on I might remind you of



both the passive and active functions of music in the Christian church—passive when the people sat still and heard sweet anthems, active when they broke out into hymns of praise. Shall I speak of the great comfort which hymn singing was to Luther, who stood up in his carriage as he approached the city of Worms and sung his hymn, "Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott?" Shall I tell you of others who solaced hours of solitude by singing hymns, spiritual psalms, and how at times hymn singing in the church was almost all the religion that the people had? The poor Lollards, when afraid of preaching their doctrine, still sung, and throughout the country the poor and uneducated people, if they could not understand the subtleties of theological doctrine, still could sing praise and make melody in their hearts. I remember how much I was affected in passing through a little Welsh mountain village some time ago. At night in the solitude of the Welsh hills I saw a little light in a cottage, and as I came near I heard the voices of the children singing, "Jesus lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly."

And I thought of how those little ones had gone to school and had learned this hymn and had come home to evangelize their little remote cottage and lift up the hearts of their parents with the song of Jesus.

#### CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Why, the effects of a good hymn are incalculable. Wesley and Whitfield and the great hymn-writers of the last century, and the sacred laureate of the high church party, Keble, have all known and exerted the power of religious song. "Sun of My Soul," from "The Christain Year," is about the best known of all our hymns. Do make your service congregational, and do not let the organ-

ist cheat the people out of the hymns. Don't let him gallop them through with his trained choir. Remind him that he has his time with the anthems and voluntaries, and that when the hymns come that is the people's inning and fair play is a jewel. [Laughter and applause.] Hymns have an enormous power in knitting together the religious elements of character. I never was so much struck as in entering Exeter hall one time when Messrs. Moody and Sankey were ruling the roost there. What did Mr. Moody do? He knew his business. He sent an unobstructive looking lady to the harmonium and she began a hymn. There were only a few people in the hall but others kept dropping in and they joined in the hymn, and by the time they had got through the twenty-fifth or thirtieth verse the whole of the hall was in full cry. They were warmed up and enthusiastic, and then in comes Mr. Moody and he could play upon the vast crowd like an old fiddle. Believe me, emotion through music is a great power in vitalizing and cementing and unifying the religious aspirations of a large mixed congregation.

I now approach the last clause of my discourse. We have discovered the elements of music. Modern music has been three or four hundred years in existence, and that is about the time that every art has taken to be thoroughly explored. After that all its elements have been discovered; there is no more to be discovered properly speaking, and all that remains is to apply it to the use, consolation, and elevation of mankind. Well, as I said, we have reached that era in music, we are living in the "golden age." It is difficult to imagine anything more complicated than Wagner's score of 'Parsival,' or the score of the trilogy. We have all these wondrous resources of the sound art

placed at the disposal of humanity for the first time. But there is a boundless future in store for music. We have not half explored its powers for good. I say let the people have bands. Cultivate music at home; harmonize crowds with music. Let it be more and more the solace and burden-lifter of humanity, and above all let us learn that music is not only a consolation, it not only has the power of expressing emotion, but also the power of disciplining, controlling, and purifying emotion. When you listen to a great symphony of Beethoven you undergo a process of divine restraint. Music is an immortal benefactor because it illustrates the law of emotional restraint. There is a grand future for music. Let it be noble, and it will also be restrained. When you listen to a symphony by Beethoven you place yourself in the hands of a great master. You hold your breath in one place and let it out in another; you have not to give way at random, but you expand only as the master wills; he drives his audience as a charioteer drives his team. Musical sound provides a diagram for the discipline, control, and purification of the emotions. Indeed it seems to me that music, the most spiritual and latest born of the arts, has been given us in this most material and skeptical age, not only as a consolation, a sovereign art medium of emotion, but to restore in us the sublime consciousness of our own immortality. For it is in listening to sweet and noble strains of music that we feel lifted up and raised above ourselves. We move about in worlds not realized; it is as the footfalls on the threshold of another world. We breathe a higher air. We stretch forth the spiritual antennæ of our being and touch the invisibles, and in still moments we have heard the songs of the angels, and at chosen seasons there comes a

kind of open vision. We have seen "white presences among the hills."

Hence to in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,  
Which brought us hither;  
Can in a moment toward thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty water a rolling ever-  
more.

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BY AMY EWING.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of Time."  
PSALM OF LIFE.

Among the names of the poets of our own country there is none more familiar than that of Longfellow. Young men in college sing his verses in the midst of their fun and frolic; young girls find no poem more pathetic and absorbing than the story of Evangeline, seeking through many years for her lover, only to find him dying on a hospital-cot; we all enjoy the *Courtship of Miles Standish* and Priscilla's picture hangs on the walls of many homes, while the face of the author is familiar to all of us.

Why is the name of Longfellow so beloved? Because of his beautiful life and of the helpful character of his writings. One of his pupils has said of him, "The natural instinct of his great heart was to be helpful—to lift up the lowly, to strengthen the weak, to bring out the best in every person, to dry every tear and make every pathway smooth."

In the city of Portland, Maine, in the year 1807, the poet was born. His father brought up his family to be respectful, obedient, unselfish, with a dread of debt and a determination to be faithful to every duty. When three years of age, little Henry was sent to school, and made such pro-

gress that three years later his teacher sent a note to his father, saying, "He spells and reads very well. He also can multiply numbers." His first poem was written at the age of thirteen, and the next year he went to college where we hear from him as "free from envy and every corroding passion and vice," while his sister says "he had never a mean thought or act." When only sixteen years of age, he came interested in the Indians, and wrote with indignation at the treatment they had received; this interest was afterward expressed by him in the poem so well known as "Hiawatha."

As the time drew near for Longfellow to leave college it became a serious question what occupation he should pursue. In writing to his father he said, "I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it;" "Whatever I do study ought to be engaged in with all my soul, for *I will be eminent in something*;" "You must acknowledge the usefulness of aiming high, at something which it is impossible to overshoot—perhaps to reach. The fact is, I have a most voracious appetite for knowledge. To its acquisition I will sacrifice everything." Here is the secret of the poet's success—the determination to excel and the habit of doing with his might whatever he undertook to do.

A professorship having been offered to Longfellow, he went to Europe to prepare himself by the study of modern languages. At the age of twenty-two he entered upon his duties at Bowdoin College with a yearly salary of eight hundred dollars. He was always popular with the students, and one of them says, "We always left him not only with admiration, but guided, helped and inspir-

ed." His next step upward was to a professorship at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. His arduous labors did not keep him from literary work, and soon after, in 1838, he wrote his "Psalm of Life." It met with a remarkable reception, and was published far and wide. "Young men read it with delight; their hearts were stirred by it as by a bugle summons. It roused them to high resolve and awakened them to a new sense of the meaning and worth of life." Its influence has been without bounds. Charles Sumner tells of a friend of his who was saved from suicide by reading it. During the Franco-Prussian war an old French general came to General Read in great distress because his son had been arrested by the Germans and was in danger of losing his life. The father felt that his own mind would give way, and begged to have something which he could translate into French, and so keep his thoughts from his trouble. In a few days he returned, his face bright with hope and his voice clear and strong, saying, "I have been translating Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' and I am a new man; I feel that my mind is saved, and that faith and hope have taken the place of despair. I owe it all to Longfellow."

The familiar verses of "Excelsior" were written in 1841, and were suggested by the seal of the State of New York. Under the symbol of a youth scaling an Alpine pass with his banner in hand, Longfellow sets forth the self-sacrifice and aspiration of a noble soul who, refusing to be hindered by any arguments, ever presses on to a higher goal.

As time passed the poet's reputation grew until it was world wide. The queen of England received him cordially at Windsor Castle; he was entertained by celebrated people and

visited by them in his own home ; but what he valued far more was the warm reception he found in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. He was always thoughtful, tender and considerate to ambitious young men and women who went to him for council and criticism. His love for children was well known, and the exquisite poem of "The Children's Hour" gives a little glimpse of the poet's happy home. On his seventy-second birthday the children attending the public schools of Cambridge presented him with a chair made from the horse-chestnut tree under which stood the "village smithy." Over seven hundred pupils contributed their dimes, and each was rewarded with a copy of the poem, which was written in acknowledgement of the gift. In 1880 his birthday was celebrated by the public schools of Cincinnati, when about fifteen thousand children took part in biographical sketches, addresses, recitation of poems and singing of songs. Through the superintendent of the schools Mr. Longfellow sent a message to the children, closing with the words, "Tell them . . . to live up to the best that is in them, to live noble lives—as they all may, in whatever condition they may find themselves—so that their epitaph may be that of Euripides : 'This monument does not make thee famous, O Euripides, but thou makest the monument famous.'"

One of the last acts of Longfellow was to entertain four schoolboys who came to him with their autograph albums. During his last sickness even the children hushed their voices as they passed his door, for they knew that their poet-friend was dying. On the 24 of March, 1882, he peacefully passed away.

In what way does the life of Longfellow teach us "how to make our lives sublime"? He was truly great

as a poet, but he was still greater as "a good son, devoted husband, affectionate father, the generous, faithful friend, the urbane, cultivated host, the lover of children, the lover of his country, the lover of liberty and peace."

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#### THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

He that dies shall not die lonely, many a  
one hath gone before ;  
He that lives shall bear no burden heavier  
than the life they bore.  
Mourn not, therefore, nor lament it, that the  
world outlives their life,  
Voice and vision yet they give us, making  
strong our hands for strife.  
Some have name, and fame, and honour,  
learn'd they were, and wise, and strong.  
Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, weak  
in all but grief and wrong.  
Named and nameless, all live in us ; one and  
all they lead us yet,  
Every pain to count for nothing, every sor-  
row to forget.      WILLIAM MORRIS.

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#### A HYMN OF PRAISE.

BY MR. R. W. MATTHEWS, COVINGTON, KY.

Come let every voice as one unite,  
To praise the God who gave us life,  
His wonders let every note inspire,  
His works declare His skill and power.  
He fills the world with life and thought ;  
He speeds the sun on ceaseless rounds,  
And myriad worlds their courses bound,  
Our wants His care and thought announce.  
Let every one record the debt he owes,  
New impulse, noble deeds inspire.  
His unbounding love each hour proclaims,  
The Lord, its source, eternal worth.

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#### NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word  
Spoken so low that only Angels heard ;  
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,  
Unseen by men, but marked by Angel's  
eyes:

These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,  
Wrung from poet's heart by grief and pain,  
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,  
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear:  
It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night  
Over soiled robes which once were pure and  
white;

The prayers that rise like incense from the  
soul,  
Longing for Christ to make it clean and  
whole :

These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our  
youth,  
When dreams had less of self and more of  
truth;

The childish faith so tranquil and so sweet,

Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet:  
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for other's good,  
So seldom guessed, so little understood:  
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win  
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin:  
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, for in Thy city bright  
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;  
And things long hidden from our gaze below  
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know  
They were not lost.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

## For the Young People.

### HABITS OF OBSERVATION.

Every boy should cultivate the faculty of observation. If he does so designedly, it will not be long before he will do so unconsciously. It is better to learn a thing by observation than by experience, especially if it is something to our detriment. I would prefer to know which is the toadstool and which is the mushroom by observation rather than by experiment, for the latter might cost me my life. There is hardly a vocation in which observation is not of great service, and in many it is absolutely essential. It adds to the proficiency of the chemist, the naturalist, the mining expert, and the frontiersman. Observation quickens experiment. It leads to inference, to deduction, to classification, and thus theories are formulated and sciences established.

An observing boy will become an observing man, and as boy and man he will have an advantage over those who have not cultivated the faculty.

Galileo noticed the swaying of a chandelier in a cathedral, and it suggested the pendulum to him. To another inventor the power of steam and its application was suggested by the kettle on the stove. A poor monk discovered gunpowder, and an optician's boy the magnifying lens.

Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

"Do you notice anything peculiar in the movement of those wasps?" he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

"Nothing, except that they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys.

The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

"I notice that they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?"

"Both are alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist. "The one you thought a 'do-nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they puddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more materials."

You see, one boy observed a little, and the other a good deal more, while the naturalist told something to tell them that surprised them very much.

Boys, be observant. Cultivate the

faculty. Hear sharply, look keenly. Glance at a shop window when you pass, and then try and see how many things you can recall that you noticed in it. You may not become great men through your observations, like Newton, Linnæus, Franklin, or Sir Humphrey Davy, but you will acquire information that will be of service to you, and make you wiser, and quite probably much better men.—*J. Borrows.*

### THE HARM IT DOES.

I mean strong drink, children. And only a small part of the harm. I could not tell you all if I talked a whole week. It is the harm it does to the splendid body which God has given to us. You know what our bodies are—nice, white skin; sound, firm flesh on good, strong bones, with little purple rivers of arteries and veins running through it; bright eyes, steady feet, and strong hands—why, ought not folks to be ashamed to do anything to spoil such a perfect piece of the Creator's work?

"Yes! yes, indeed!" you all say.

Now, you look at a person who drinks—do you find any of these things? Red nose, red eyes, dark, wrinkled skin, shaky hands, feet that won't walk straight, mind that can't remember—nothing at all that you can see as God made it. Why, boys and girls, and women, too, are afraid of a drunken man, because they know he isn't himself at all, but given up to a bad spirit; and there is no telling what he will do.

You all know what it means to be paralyzed—not to have any motion or power in the part affected. That is just how alcohol affects the body a short time after it is taken into the stomach. All the little tissues and nerves yield to it, and it goes to the brain, turning into something resem-

bling the white of a hard boiled egg. Do you think such leathery stuff could do much thinking? Do you wonder that the drunkard, with his stiffened nerves and white-of-egg brain, tumbles over and lies like a log in the gutter?

### BEES WHICH HAVE NO STING.

*Be persevering.*—Many a lad makes a good beginning and stops there. He may be sharp and clever, but he tires too early, and he isn't even like the hare in the fable, he never finishes. He is always finding something which he thinks he could do better than the thing he has in hand.

*Be kind.*—Some boys growl at their sisters and brothers like bears in a bad temper. It is a great deal easier to talk gently and pleasantly, and far more profitable, for it brings in a good crop of kindness in return. The boy who thinks everybody is grumbling and finding fault with him should examine himself and see if some of his own seeds are not springing up.

*Be truthful.*—This is a hard task to a boy, but it is worth all the trouble it costs. And the first step in that direction is to cease to tell lies "in fun". The world is full of fun without there being any need to fall back upon lying for it. The boy who is always telling lies in fun very easily falls into the habit of telling lies in all seriousness.

*Be honest.*—There is a popular saying amongst children that "Findings are keeping," and this has led to the finding of many things before they are lost. If everybody would allow the so-called lost things to remain where they are, the owners would recover far more of them than they do.

*Be a man.*—Some boys consider smoking is the first step in this direction, and a moustache and a swagger

the next. They are mistaken. The first leads to sickness, and commonly a good birching, as it deserves; the seconds seem to be the exclusive cultivation of fools. A good boy—one who is kind and considerate at home, and who knows how to work well at school, and who knows how to play well at the proper time, generally makes a good man.

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### BACKBONE.

One is tempted to ask, "How is backbone to be formed in the rising generation of Christians, if everything about the religious life is made so pleasant and easy? If sermons must be so light or short as hardly to involve any effort of attention on the part of the hearer, and the rest of the service is to be a bright little

concert? And if the other hours of the day given us to be spent at the gates of Heaven are to be merely enlivened with 'Sunday talk?'"

We are in great danger of degenerating into molluscous Christians. Christian preachers and writers ought, I think, to be continually reminding their people of the place of self-denial in the Christian life. If we let down the tone of the church in this respect it may please God to give her a new chapter of the discipline of persecution, for that has been the great means usually employed for teaching her that the Cross has to be borne in another sense than as an ornament on a lady's bosom. "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross daily and follow Me."—*Dr. W. G. Blakie.*

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## Notes and Comments, &c.

BY CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

### WALES AND ITS AFFAIRS.

BY OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

The National Eisteddfod which has been held at Pontypridd attracted a large concourse of people, but wretched weather made it very difficult to bring the receipts up to the proper standard, so there will be a heavy deficit falling upon the gentlemen who have guaranteed the expenses. Judge Gwilym Williams, of Miskin Manor, a most popular judge and enthusiastic Welshman, has excelled himself in the management of the gathering, and, in the course of his address, had to put his foot down upon the eccentricities of some of the bards. The chair prize for the ode on "The Pulpit of Wales" was awarded to "Obed-Edom," (the Rev. J. Cenlanydd Williams, of Maesteg), but

the adjudicators were divided on the point. Pedrog and Dyfed were at one in their decision in favor of the winner, but Gwilym Cowlyd opposed it, and wanted to read his adjudication to the audience. Judge Gwilym Williams, as Chairman of the Committee, in stentorian tones, forbade this, and an unprecedented scene occurred, in which the audience supported the Judge, amidst great cheering. Gwilym Cowlyd had to give up his intention of declaring his reasons for deciding against the winner.

We are very proud in Wales of Serg't Davies, the Queen's prizeman, who has won the Queen's prize, open to the army and volunteers, for shooting at Bisley for the first time in Wales. He has been rewarded with due honor, at Llanelly, his native town, and was sent to the Eisteddfod

to ask that the Eisteddfod for 1895 should be held at that enterprising town.

ANOTHER great success in Welsh musical circles is Miss Llewela Davies of Brecon, a musician of extraordinary ability, who has succeeded in capturing all the prizes of the Royal Academy of Music. The professors of this celebrated institution say that she is the most brilliant student the academy ever turned out. She is quite young, accompanies Mr. Santley, and promises to be a great success.

WE are in the midst of serious labor troubles in Wales, and the leaders of the men who formerly exercised great influence, seemingly, have lost their power of persuasion and guidance. There is a strong section of the miners who desire to maintain what is known as the sliding scale arrangement, an arrangement which provides for the revision of wages by a committee of working men and masters. On this committee sits W. Abraham, M. P., the Mabon of Parliamentary fame. The other section oppose the declining scale, asserting that the workmen's representatives on the committee are influenced by the masters. This section also desire to incorporate the Welsh trade organizations with the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, and is led by a Mr. William Brace. So great is the tension that a libel action has just been brought out at the Glamorgan-shire Assizes, in which Mabon was plaintiff, and recovered £500 damages from Brace, and Mabon has, to the shame of his masters, been hustled and mobbed in his own district by rowdies.

THE Assizes have just concluded at Swansea, and have been termed the "Black Assizes" on account of the

gravity of the calendar. No less than three murders were tried, an unusual state of affairs in Wales.

THE Welsh University charter has been issued and will be probably discussed this session in Parliament. Some of the Welsh members are in favor of providing that private students who cannot afford the time or the money to go into residence, such as the children of workmen, should have a stimulus given to them of being able to take a degree if they can pass the examination.

MR. GLADSTONE has replied by letter to the communication made to him by the Welsh Liberal members as to disestablishment, but the terms of that letter have not yet been made public.

At a meeting held recently at Llanelly, the native place of the late Rev. Samuel Morris, the brave chaplain of the ill-fated Victoria, it was decided to commemorate his gallantry by placing a column outside the parish church of which his father was vicar for over forty years.

A VERY shocking boating accident has occurred at Aberavon. On Bank Holiday numerous excursions were run to this seaside place, and a large number of the young people went out boating. One boat contained about 25 young men and women, and suddenly it capsized about 100 yards from the shore. Nearly the whole were drowned.

THE Siamese trouble has been settled for the present. Welshmen are represented in Bangkok by Mr. David Williams, late of Her Majesty's Customs, but who was chosen by the Siamese Government to organize and manage their fiscal arrangements. Great anxiety was felt in London for some time about the issue of the quarrel between Siam and France.



### THE CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

The great event of last month in the Welsh world has been the International Eisteddfod at Chicago. It had for a long time absorbed the attention of the Welsh American people and awakened general interest and solicitude concerning its successful termination. The Eisteddfod committees, therefore, and the Cymrodorion ladies of Chicago, all of whom have labored so earnestly and faithfully to complete all the necessary arrangements, are to be heartily congratulated for the great success which has crowned their efforts. It proved successful in point of attendance, in its literary character, in its musical attainments, and also financially. Never before in America has there been held such an assembly of Welsh people,—so representative and cosmopolitan in its character. Prominent Welshmen from the East and West, from the North and South, met together in social intercourse, and old acquaintances, widely separated, renewed their fellowship and recollections of former days. We believe that this association in the bonds of Welsh nationality is one of the most enjoyable features of the Eisteddfod, and might be made one of its most *beneficial* features, if time and opportunity were afforded for the exchange of ideas and discussion of topics of general and practical interest. This, no doubt, has been the redeeming feature of the National Eisteddfod in Wales in recent years. Bushels of Eisteddfod poetry may be found which is never read, and the sublime choral music of their great choirs evaporates into thin air, but the Cymrodorion meetings of their Eisteddfodau have been the means of infusing new ideas and new spirit into their national life and of shaping the destiny of "Cymru Fydd." If it

be desirable to keep up the Eisteddfod in this country, surely it would be well to engraft upon it this important feature. The Chicago Eisteddfod is to be commended for introducing this feature; but unfortunately, circumstances were unfavorable for its realization.

In the quality of the work accomplished by the Eisteddfod at Chicago we believe it will compare favorably with most National Eisteddfods held in Wales. The selection of subjects for competition, both literary and musical, has not often been excelled, and the prizes offered have never been exceeded in value. What may be the value of the literary productions, time only will reveal. The musical parts of the programme, however, showed a high degree of musical culture and training and revealed an innate genius and capacity for appreciating and enjoying music of a high order, both in Welsh choirs that sing and in Welsh audiences which are attracted by them. The male chorus, the ladies' chorus and grand chorus competitions were superlatively grand and enjoyable, and the rendering of the Cantata *Llywelyn* by the mass chorus, with all the accompaniments of harps and orchestra, directed by the famous composer, was magnificent from an artistic point of view and most charmingly enjoyable. The musical features of the Eisteddfod elevated its tone and made it superior in its character, worthy of its place among the many and varied attractions of the World's Fair, and tended to reflect credit and honor on Welsh nationality in this country.

The Gorsedd proceedings were novel, picturesque and attracted a large number to witness them. Few except bards would care anything for the "ancient" prerogatives and "dispensation" of the bardic throne of the British Isles, but the colored

robes and picturesque appearance of the druids, bards and ovates made their ceremonies quite impressive, and while harmless in themselves they served a useful purpose as a spectacle to advertise the Eisteddfod among the visitors at the Fair. The chairing ceremonial also was carried out with great dramatic effect, and proved a pleasing feature in the session's entertainment. The portraits and caricatures which appeared in the Chicago papers on the following day, if preserved in an album, would certainly afford amusement for more than one generation.

The Eisteddfod Concerts without exception were excellent, and specially attractive to all lovers of good music. Besides the musical stars, Messrs. John Thomas, the harpist; Ben Davies, tenor; Dyfyd Lewis, and Mrs. Mary Davies, soprano, all of London, and whose music throughout the Eisteddfod was highly appreciated and enthusiastically greeted with applause, there were several other sfrom this country whose appearance each time met with a royal welcome: Miss Jennie Owen, daughter of Glanmarchlyn, Mrs. Jennie Alltwn Bell, Lima, O., and Miss Clara Williams, Minneapolis, are always favorites with Welsh audiences. Messrs. D. Gordon Thomas and Harry E. Jones, were also favorably received. Dr. D. J. J. Mason, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mr. William Courtney, New York, together with Messrs. Wm. L. Tomlins, Chicago; John Thomas, London, and Dr. John H. Gower, Denver, acted as adjudicators, and gave entire satisfaction.

The conductors, Revs. Fred Evans, (Ednyfed) Milwaukee; T. Cynonfardd Edwards, Kingston, Pa., and Mr. H. M. Edwards, Scranton, Pa., did their part with tact and good judgment, and reflected credit on themselves and on the Eisteddfod. And the venerable Rev. Rowland Williams, "Hwfa

Mon," is worthy of grateful recognition for his great service as chief bard of the Eisteddfod. The presidents at the various sessions were: Messrs. Samuel Job, Pullman, Ill.; John Jarrett, Pittsburgh; Hon. David Richards, Knoxville, Tenn.; Rev. W. C. Roberls, D. D., New York; R. T. Morgan, Oshkosh, Wis., and Rev. D. Parker Morgan.

Great credit is due to Mr. W. Apmadoc, the general secretary of the Eisteddfod, whose energy, experience and organizing capacity were manifest in all the arrangements, and who labored earnestly in many ways to secure success for the Eisteddfod. We should not omit mention also of Samuel Job Esq., chairman of the executive committee; D. V. Samuel Esq., the attorney; Prof. John P. Jones, chairman of the musical committee; Mr. W. E. Powell, (Gwilym Eryri) Mr. Evan Lloyd, treasurer; Mr. D. C. Harries, Rev. J. Wyne Jones, and especially the Cymmroporion ladies: Mrs. A. Job, Mrs. D. R. Jones, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. R. Davies, and many other gentlemen and ladies too numerous to mention individually. All of whom labored earnestly under many disadvantages to ensure success. Being subject to the World's Fair authorities, no doubt, hampered them in many of their arrangements. As things were they certainly did the best they could.

We hope that the large amount of money spent on the Eisteddfod and all the preliminary work done by the Cymmrodorion and by the competitors may result in the general advancement of our nationality in all knowledge and virtue.

The Souvenir Programme of the Eisteddfod, prepared by Mr. Apmadoc and by Mr. John Edwards, is quite complete and elaborate. Besides the program proper, it contains excellent portraits of all the Eistedd-

fod committees, presidents, conductors, adjudicators and singers and supporters, and also the words and music of the Welsh airs sung at the Eieteddfod, all forming a neat pamphlet, handsomely printed on good paper and sold for 25 cents. They can be obtained at the Columbia office, Monroe St., Chicago.

The wonders of the great exposition at Chicago must have proved a serious counter attraction to the Eisteddfod. However, if any Welsh patriots were allured to patronize the Fair instead of the Eisteddfod, such culprits should be excused and freely forgiven on account of the superior excellence of that vast collection and magnificent display of the best products of human genius and handiwork in every department of science, art and mechanical and engineering skill. Such a marvellous collection cannot help but make a deep and lasting impression for good on the minds of young people especially.

Among the various congresses held the parliament of religions seems to have awakened the most general interest. We hope its influence will be for good, to bring men nearer to the truth, and to advance God's kingdom on earth.

#### A SUMMARY OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE INTERNATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AND MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT CHICAGO

ON SEPTEMBER 5TH, 6TH, 7TH AND 8TH.

The exercises of the Gorsedd on the Government plaza were the first step in opening the Eisteddfod. Hwfa Mon (Rev. Rowland Williams), Llangollen, North Wales, officiated as Arch Druid.

The prayer of the Gorsedd was delivered by 'ynonfardd (Rev. T. C. Edwards), Hwfa Mon read the dis-

pensation from the Arch Druid, (Clwydfardd), authorizing him to conduct the Gorsedd outside the Isle of Britain. Then summoning the bards around him, holding an unsheathed sword in his hand and looking toward the East, he solemnly asked three times :

"Aoes Heddwch," (is there peace) ?

The response came back each time from the assembled bards :

"Heddwch," (peace) !

Peace assured, the master bard proclaimed the Gorsedd as instituted in the United States and the Eisteddfod open.

The following is a list of the competitive subjects, the adjudications and the prizes awarded to successful competitors.

#### LITERARY COMPETITIONS

Translation (into Welsh) "Locksley Hall." Prize \$30.

Four competitors. Best, Mr. Hugh Edwards, Rhyl, N. W.

Translation (into Welsh) "Evangeline." Prize \$50.

Two competitors. Both unworthy of the prize.

Essay—"The Extraction and Career of Welshmen who have distinguished themselves in various fields of learning." Prize \$300.

One competitor. Not worthy of the prize.

Epitaph on the late Lewis Meredith (Lewis Glan Dyfi). Prize \$10.

Best, Dewi Glan Ffrydlas, Bethesda, N. W.

Historical Handbook (in Welsh or English) of the most noted Eisteddfodau, &c. Prize \$100.

Three competitors. None worthy of the prize.

Six aliterative stanzas. "The World's Fair." Prize \$25.

Six competitors, but none worthy.

Essay—"Welshmen as Social, Political and Moral Factors in the

Formation and Development of the United States Republic." Prize \$300.

Two competitors. Best, Rev. Ebenezer Edwards, Minersville, Pa.

The Poem (English or Welsh) "Christopher Columbus." Prize \$150.

Best, Mr. G. H. Leader, London, England.

Novel (English) representing Welsh mode of thought and feeling as reflected in the customs and manners of their country. Prize \$300.

Judges awarded \$100 each to Rev. T. Griffiths, Ystalyfera, S. W., and John Rowlands, Swansea.

Aliterative Stanzas—"Conscience." Prize \$25.

Twelve competitors. Best, Dewi Glan Ffrydlas, Bethesda, N. W.

Welsh Aliterative Poem (Cywydd) "Ardderchog Lu y Merthyri." Prize \$50.

Five competitors. None worthy.

English Elegy—"The late Rev. David William, Chicago." Prize \$50.

None worthy.

Essay—"Celtic Contributions to England's Fame and Power." Prize \$300.

One competitor. Not worthy of the prize.

Musical Composition—"The Cantata." Prize \$150.

One competitor. Not worthy of the prize.

The Chair Poem—"Jesus of Nazareth." Prize \$500 and a carved oak chair.

Five competitors. Best, Rev. Evan Rees (Dyfed) Cardiff, S. W.

The churning of the successful bard was done with great ceremony and dramatic effect.

Hand-book of Short Biographical Sketches of Welsh Poets, with short criticisms. Prize \$100 and a town lot. One competitor, Mr. Charles Ashton, Dimas, Mawddwy, N. W.

The prize of \$100 for the best translation into English of "Gwen-

hwyfar," (Llew Llwyfo's dramatic poem) was awarded to the Rev. Erasmus W. Jones, of Utica, N. Y.

Operatic Libretto (Welsh or English), "Owain Glyndwr." Prize \$100.

One competition—worthy—Mr. D. R. Williams (Index), Braddock, Pa.

The Crown Poem—"George Washington." Prize \$200 and silver crown.

Two competitors. Best, Watcyn Wym, Amanford, S. W.

#### MUSICAL COMPETITIONS.

The Contralto Solo Competition, prize \$20., "Life Without My Eurydice." Five competitors, best, Miss Bessie Evans, Builth, S. Wales.

Duett Competition, male voices, song, "Lle Treigla's Caveri," Five parties competing, best, Messrs. D. Stephens, J. T. Watkins, Scranton, Pa.

Tenor Solo Competition, "O, Harp of My Land," prize \$20. Four competitors, best, Mr. Richard Williams, Kingston, Pa.

Quintette Competition, "God be Merciful," prize \$25. (Dr. D. J. J. Mason,). Best, Mrs. D. R. Jones and party, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Soprano Solo Competition, "O, Loving Heart," prize \$25. Six competing, best, Miss May John, Pentref, Rhondda.

Pedal harp competition, "Bugeilio'r Gwenith Gwyn," prize \$50. Four competitors, best, William Morgan, Ap Sheneyn, Caerphili, S. Wales.

Welsh Melody and Costume Competition, test pieces, "Y Gwenith Gwyn," "Clychau Aberdyfi," first prize \$25, given by Mr. G. T. Mathews, New York; second prize \$15., given by Rev. J. Wynne Jones and Capt. J. L. Morris. Seven competitors, best, Miss May John, Pentref, Rhondda, S. Wales; second, Miss M. Williams, Rhymni, S. Wales. This was one of the most enjoyable competitions.

## CHORAL COMPETITIONS.

The male chorus competition. The test pieces were: "Cambrian Song of Freedom," by Davies, and "The Pilgrims," by Parry. The seven competing choirs were:

Cambrian male choir, Pittsburg; director, D. E. Davies.

Wilkesbarre male choir, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; director John Lloyd Evans.

Penrhyn male choir, Penrhyn, N. Wales; director, Edward Broome.

Tabernacle male choir, Salt Lake City; director. Evan Stephens.

Gwent Glee Club, Edwardsville, Pa.; director, Tom Griffiths.

Rhondda Glee Society, S. Wales; director, Tom Stephens.

Iowa male choir, Hiteman, Iowa; director, W. B. Powell.

The singing of each choir was declared by old-time Eisteddfod devotees to be the best they had ever heard. The first prize, \$1,000, was awarded to the Rhondda Glee Society, and the second prize, \$500, to the Penrhyn male Choir.

The Gwent Glee competition, test pieces, (a) "The Spring," (b) "The Summer," prize \$250., "The Painesville Glee Society," director, Prof. J. Powell, Painesville, Ohio.

Choral contest, ladies voices, test pieces, "The Lord is My Shepherd," "The Spanish Gipsy Girl," first prize, \$300.; second prize, \$160. Best, The Welsh Ladies Chorus, Cardiff, directress Mrs. Clara Norello Davies; second, The Cecilians, Wilkesbarre, Pa., directress, Mrs. Annie Thomas, (Eos Tydfil)

The Grand Choral Competition, first prize \$5,000; second prize, \$1,000. The test pieces, "Worthy is the Lamb," "Blessed are the Men That Fear Him," "Now the Impetuous Torrents Rise," (David and Saul.)

The competing choirs were as follows:

Cymrodorian Choral Society, of Scranton, Pa., Dan Protheroe, director. Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir, Evan Stevens, director.

Scranton Choral Union, Scranton, Pa., Hayden Evans, director.

Western Reserve Choral Union, J. Powell Jones.

Best, Scranton Choral Union, Scranton, Pa.; second, the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir, Salt Lake City.

## LITERARY NOTES.

THE committee appointed by the Welsh Congregational Union and representatives of the several county unions, to bring out a new Welsh Congregational Hymnal, has acquired all rights over two other works, "Aberth Moliant" and "Y Salmtydd," paying £185 for the former and £250 for the latter. The project is to include about 800 to 900 hymns, 350 tunes, 20 chants, and 20 anthems.

THE Rev. T. Tudno Jones formally withdrew his composition for the chair prize at the Chicago Eisteddfod.

THE sectional meetings of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion in the National Eisteddfod began with a paper by Mr. Brynmor Jones, Q. C., M. P., "On a National Museum for Wales," a proposal which was strongly approved by Lord Aberdare, Mr. A. H. D. Acland, and others in letters written to the Secretary. Papers were also read by Mr. Llewelyn Williams, advocating a greater use of the Welsh language in education; by Mr. T. H. Thomas of Cardiff, urging the inclusion of the armorial bearings of Wales on the royal standard and the shield of the United Kingdom; and by Mr. H. B. Parry of Mold, and Mr. Watcyn Wyn "Home Classes for the Study of Welsh Literature," according to the scheme of the Welsh

Students' Union, a society analogous to the English Home Reading Union. During the week there were also held the annual meetings of several societies of an educational character, such as the Association for Promoting the Education of Girls in Wales and the Society for Utilizing the Welsh Language, both of which presented reports of exceptional interest.

It is stated that a clergyman at Bangor has adopted text books of the Calvinistic Methodists for use in his Sunday school.

THE Welsh Eisteddfod has often been charged with being barren of any productions that will live. Many "awdlau" and "arwrgerddi," pronounced by some of our bardic fraternity to be "immortal and sublime," are never seen or heard of after the eisteddfod day. Nor does any one regret that they are relegated to everlasting oblivion. Many musical productions of great value have been produced by the eisteddfod; and the prize cantata at the Bangor National Eisteddfod—"Fairy Revels" (Edward Broome)—has just been published by Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., Aberystwyth. It is interesting to note that it is dedicated to Mrs. Clara Novello Davies and her Ladies' Choir.—*South Wales Weekly News*.

THE National Eisteddfod of Wales, held lately at Pontypridd, S. W., resulted in a deficit of about \$5,000.

#### CYMRU.

In a late number of his magazine *Cymru*, Mr. Owen Edwards, in the course of a short preface to the fourth volume, gives us a glimpse of the financial aspects of Welsh literature. Mr. Edwards is a strong advocate of cheap prices, but unfortunately experience has not yet enabled him to say that cheap prices are sufficient to ensure the circulation that pays.

*Cymru* is about as good a six-penny

worth as will ever emanate from the Welsh press, and yet Mr. Edwards can only say that he trusts he has about 4,000 subscribers on whom he can depend for constant support. Like many another individual and many another association that have striven to popularise Welsh literature, Mr. Edwards is sadly compelled to admit that his enterprise has cost him much more than he has received.—*South Wales Weekly News*.

MR. William Owen, Prysgol, the composer of the popular Welsh hymn tune "Pen Calfaria," died lately at the age of 84.

THE Rev. Richard Parry (Gwalchmai), Llandudno, who is now in his 90th year, has been presented by the Chicago Eisteddfod Committee with a photographic group of the Bards of Wales and America, which has lately been published in splendid style by Mr. D. R. Lewis & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

IN the *British Independent*, lately, appeared a sketch of the life of the Rev. Josiah Jones of Machynlleth, a well-known Congregational minister.

THE Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and German books of the late Rev. Owen Edwards, M. A., Melbourne, have been bequeathed to the library of Bala College.

THE announcement of a Child's History of Wales in a series of Child's Histories, which Mr. Unwin is about to publish, may be mentioned as another proof of the interest now taken in the Principality.

SIR Andrew Clark pronounced Principal Edwards to be strong enough to commence duty at Bala College term, September 19th. During the season Dr. Edwards will deliver a series of lectures on "The Fatherhood of God" and "The Epistle to the Romans." He will also continue.

his lectures every Saturday morning on "Preaching."

In a paper read at the Chicago Exhibition Electrical Science Congress, and reported in the *Electrical Review*, Mr. W. H. Preece, F. R. S., the chief electrician of the English postal service, describes the progress of his experiments in transmitting electric signals without the aid of conducting wires.

#### NOTES FROM WALES.

WELSH is for the first time this year included in the subjects for the Queen's scholarship. Thirty-eight of the candidates sitting last week at the Swansea Training College took the Welsh paper.

MEMORIAL stones of the first of the Welsh Intermediate Schools were laid at Aberdare lately by Lord Aberdare.

THE marriage of Mr. J. Herbert Roberts, M. P. for West Denbighshire, son of Mr. John Roberts of Bryngwenallt, Abergelle, to Miss Caine, daughter of Mr. W. S. Caine, M. P., took place on the 1st of August, at Grafton Square Congregational Church, Clapham.

THE Rev. J. Hughes Parry has resigned the pastorate of Armenia Calvinistic Methodist Church, Holyhead, and has accepted the call given him from the church in Utica, U. S. A. Before going to Holyhead Mr. Hughes Parry held the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Oswestry.

THE marriage of Professor Prys of Brecon, and Miss Mary Parry of Talybryn, took place lately at the Bwlch Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Crickhowel.

THE Rev. H. Lloyd Jones of Myrtle street, Liverpool, has seceded from the ministry of the Episcopal Church of England and joined the Baptist Church.

BROGYNN, about five miles from Aberystwyth, the reputed birthplace of Dafydd ap Gwilym, is about to be offered for sale by auction.

THE marriage of Principal Roberts of Aberystwyth College, with Miss Davies, only daughter of the late Mr. Robert Davies, Queen street, Cardiff, took place on July 20th, at the Tabernacle Welsh Baptist Church, Cardiff.

IN consequence of the dispute with respect to the hall for women students at North Wales University College, the following have tendered their resignation as governors of the College:—The Duke of Westminster, Lord Penrhyn, Colonel the Hon. W. C. Sackville West, Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart., Mr. R. Davies (Lord Lieutenant of Anglesea), Colonel Platt, and Mr. W. A. Darbishire.

IT is stated that the Rev. John Evans (Eglwysfach), for whose return to Welsh work the Wesleyans of the Principality have been asking for some time past, and hoped to secure this year on his leaving London, refuses to go to Wales, preferring to keep to his engagement as superintendent of Gray's Lane circuit, in Salford.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, speaking in South Wales recently, said that Welsh Disestablishment would be through the House of Commons next year or the Ministry would not be there. The statement was received with vociferous applause.

LATELY a poll was taken of the constituents of the Baptist Theological Colleges at Bangor and Harverfordwest as to the amalgamation of these institutions, and also as to whether the united college should be located at Bangor or Aberystwyth. Voting papers were sent to all subscribing members, and they were counted at Swansea by the Secretaries of the

two Colleges, with the result that out of 1,200 voters a majority of 26 was recorded in favor of the united college being at Bangor. The principalship of the Haverfordwest College is vacant by the resignation of Dr. Davies, and it is probable that Dr. Gethin Davies, who is now at Bangor, will become the principal of the amalgamated colleges.

At a meeting at Bangor lately, Principal John Pryce presiding, it was decided to form a limited liability company for the establishment of a Hall of Residence for Women Students of the University College of North Wales, the capital to consist of 100 4 per cent. shares of £10 each, and 2,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, the latter only to be issued at present. The movement is being taken up cordially.

MISS HANNAH JONES, of Rhyl, has given £500 towards the Calvinistic Methodist Foreign Missionary Society.

#### PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

WE regret to record the sad explosion of gas which occurred Sept. 21 at the Lance Colliery of the Lehigh and Wilkes Barre Coal Company at Plymouth, Pa., by which five men were instantly killed and five others seriously injured. Among the names of the dead, we are very sorry to find that of our old friend Mr. David M. Jones, Wilkes Barre, Pa., who was a successful contractor, a man of upright and excellent character and highly esteemed in the community. He leaves a wife and son and daughter to mourn his loss.

The others were: William Jones, miner, 45, Wilkes Barre; wife and two children. John Flanagan, mason, 45, Wilkes Barre; wife and six children. Owen P. Jones, miner, 55, Plymouth;

wife and several children. Joshua Golightly, assistant mine foreman, 55, Plymouth, through whose negligence the accident happened—all of whom leave families in deep sorrow and mourning.

The injured are: Owen L. Evans, rock miner; John Cummins, mason; Thomas Williams, rock miner; D. B. Davis, rock miner, and James Morgan, miner.

THE Utah Odd Fellows assembled by the thousands lately at Salt Lake City for a short holiday and for conference, at which Grand Master H. F. Evans and Judge Jones, both enthusiastic Welshmen, made excellent and eloquent speeches on the benefits of Odd Fellowship.

#### NOTES OF THE WELSH IN AMERICA.

It is reported that the receipts of the World's Fair Eisteddfod amounted to \$13,277.75. From this the World's Fair authorities claimed \$1,328 as their percentage. The net receipts, therefore, were \$11,949.75, which is about \$2,000 short of meeting all the expenses.

#### A PROMISING WELSH LADY MUSICIAN.

Miss Clara Williams, Minneapolis, Minn., the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, druggist, who by her playing and singing attracted so much attention at the late International Eisteddfod at Chicago, has complied with the urgent request of the famous harpist, Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), that she should enter the Royal Academy of Music London, for further musical study and training. She has already sailed from New York in company with Mr. Thomas, who has undertaken to arrange for her admission to the Academy. Her many friends join in wishing her every success and blessing abroad and hope she will in due time return with honors to her adopted country.

REV. DAVID DAVIES, M. A., Oshkosh, Wis., has recently been supplying the pulpit of the C. M. church at Utica for several Sabbaths, and is now supplying the C. M. church in New York city. He also preached one evening at Remsen to a large congregation. Mr. Davies is an excellent preacher and highly esteemed among his brethren in the denomination.



MR. J. G. DAVIES, one of the staff of the *Chicago Herald*, wrote excellent daily reports to his paper of the doings of the Eisteddfod. Mr. Davies is a native of Shawnee, Ohio, and has a good position on the staff of the *Herald*.

MR. G. T. MATTHEWS, the great tea merchant of New York, and one of the most warm-hearted and liberal-minded Welshmen in the United States, presented the Ladies' Cymrodorion Society of Chicago with twenty pounds of the very best English Breakfast Tea. Mr. Matthews well knew what amount of entertaining the Cymrodorion Ladies had to do with the Eisteddfod, which, by the way, is a very costly luxury. The tea was sold for a good sum, and a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Matthews was passed.

CARADOC, the great choral leader of Crystal Palace fame, was heartily welcomed by the Eisteddfod at Chicago.

REV. EVAN REES, the most eminent and successful Welsh bard, having obtained at Chicago the ninth time the chair prize, has accepted invitations to preach and lecture in several Welsh churches before returning to Wales.

REV. AND MRS. D. PARKER MORGAN, M. A., New York, has returned home from an enjoyable trip abroad, visiting Wales and England. And many friends were glad to see them enjoying the Eisteddfod at Chicago lately.

On Sept. 13th, at the C. M. church, Chicago, were married, by Rev. J. C. Jones, Mankato, Mr. O. W. Rowlands and Miss Jennie Williams of Chicago, late of San Francisco, Cal. A large number of friends had assembled in the church as a token of respect and good wishes for their future happiness. They immediately left on their wedding trip for a visit to Wales, stopping on their way at Niagara Falls, Rome and Remsen, N. Y. The CAMBRIAN joins with their many friends in wishing them a long and happy life, a pleasant voyage and a safe return to their adopted country.

The Cardiff Ladies' Choir, under the lead of Mrs. Clara Novello Davies, have given several very successful concerts in Welsh centres on their return. They are to be at Uica Oct 3d and 4th. They deserve a royal welcome by all lovers of good music.

THE COLUMBIAN, the Welsh paper published in Chicago, has done excellent work in connection with the International Eisteddfod. It is ably conducted and deserves the general support of the Welsh people. Its contents are instructive, newsworthy and interesting. Its editors are Mr. W. Apmadoc, an experienced literateur; Mr. P. M. Evans,

who is an excellent literary writer, and Mr. D. R. Jones (Dafydd Rhisiart), who is well known among the Welsh people by his writings and by his many acts of kindness. Mr. John Edwards, also, a most genial gentleman, is advertising agent. We wish it every success.

## THE WELSH LADIES CHOIR OF CARDIFF.

The Welsh Ladies Choir of Cardiff, South Wales, which won the first prize of \$300 at the Chicago Eisteddfod, were on their return journey tendered a reception at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. They also gave a concert at the same church, and in Chickering Hall, New York City.

Henry Ward Beecher was deceased, he used to say, from Welsh ancestry, and his friendship for that race is well known to every Welshman. For this reason Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Beecher's successor as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, who returned from Europe on the steamer which brought the Welsh singers over some weeks ago, invited them to a reception at his church.

They were escorted to the church by Mr. G. T. Matthews and others, who are members of Plymouth Church, also by members of the St. David Society. Luncheon was served in the church and the Rev. Howard Bliss made a short address.

Mme Clara Novello Davies, who is at the head of the party, responded and presented to Mrs. Beecher, who was present, a wreath of immortelles, which the members of the choir requested should be hung on the Beecher memorial tablet in the church. In presenting the wreath a noble tribute was paid to Mr. Beecher for his well known friendship to the race represented by the donors. Mrs. Beecher responded briefly, assuring them not only of Mr. Beecher's love for their race, but also of her own.

After this there were selections rendered by the choir, one of them being "The Bell of Aberdovey," and Mr. James Sauvage, director of the vocal department at Vassar College and soloist at the Peddle Memorial Church at Newark, N. J., sang "In Heavenly Love Abiding," by Lassen, accompanied by his son, Tonzo Sauvage, who is also a Chicago prize prize-winner, having successfully passed the musical examination at the competition. Mr. G. T. Matthews, the tea merchant of 93 Water St., New York with his usual generosity gave a banquet in honor of the choir and their friends at the Hotel Marlborough.

# THE CAMBRIAN,

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE WELSH-AMERICAN PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

REV. E. C. EVANS,

REMSSEN, N. Y.

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J. T. EDWARDS.

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E. C. EVANS.

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Send letter in Welsh or English describing your ailments.

# THE CAMBRIAN.

Now go write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for all time to come for ever and ever

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DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 12

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**REV. EVAN REES (DYFED) CARDIFF, SOUTH WALES,**

(The bard who won the chair prize at the late Chicago International Eisteddfod.)

Wales is called the land of song musicians—and no doubt the innat  
and music and the home of bards and love and taste of its people for poetry

and music justifies the title. Other nations have a wider range of literature and individual examples of greater genius in special lines of human activity, but in the diffusion of literary taste and capacity among the people at large, the Welsh are not excelled by any other nation. Wales has no Shakespeare or Milton or Tennyson who stand out conspicuously higher than all their countrymen, but in lower ranks of poets and men of letters Wales will certainly compare favorably with other countries. It has fostered many noted bards of real merit and true poetical inspiration, such as Dafydd ap Gwilym, Goronwy, Owen, Williams, Pant-y-Celyn, Dewi Wyn, Eben Fardd, Hiraethog, and John Ciriog Hughes. And among them, we believe that Dyfed will hereafter hold a conspicuous and an honorable place. In the melody and rythm of his verse, in chaste descriptive imagery, in original ideas and fine poetical feeling and in his mastery of the close aliterative metres he is generally acknowledged to be the chief bard of the Welsh people.

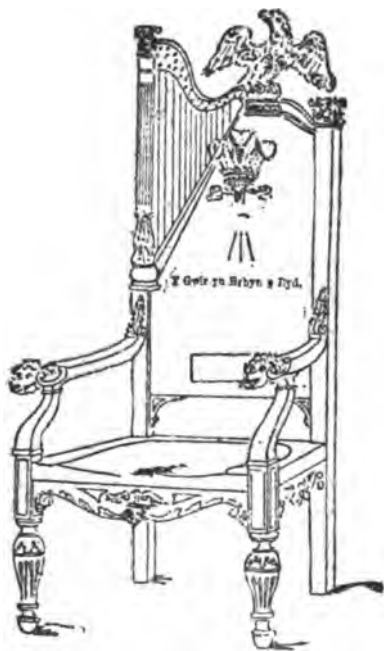
Rev. Evan Rees was born midnight, December 31, 1853, at Abergwaun, Pembrokeshire, South Wales, and is the son of James and Eunice Rees. His grandfather Rees, being a soldier, took part in defending the coast at the time of the threatened French invasion, and often amused his little grandson with tales of that exciting episode. His parents moved soon to Aberdare, Glamorganshire, where the poet spent his boyhood days, and where it was intended he should enjoy the advantages of a thorough education, but the early and sudden death of his father broke up the family plans and arrangements. His parents, though pious and godly people and held in the highest esteem in the community, were of humble circumstances in life and depending mainly on

the head of the household for means of support. This source failing, Mr. Rees was obliged to forego his education at eight years of age and begin to work in the mines to aid in obtaining means of support for the family. For fifteen years he thus worked in the mines and bearing his share of the family burden. During this period he faithfully attended the Sabbath school, formed a taste for study and reading, took part in local literary meetings and was surrounded by a group of companions of kindred tastes. Under these influences, and especially under the instruction of a local bard named William Morgan, he composed several competitive poems which were successful in several local Eisteddfods.

In 1874 he moved to live in Cardiff, where he has since made his home. Soon afterwards, 1879, being pressed by friends and by the C. M. Church, he decided to enter the gospel ministry, in which he has labored earnestly and successfully, and is held in the highest esteem by his brethren and among the churches. By faithful study and reading and by personal observation and intercourse with the world, he has largely remedied the defects of his early education and greatly broadened and enriched his mind with valuable and useful knowledge. Of late years he has traveled extensively, visiting America in 1885 and preaching in the Welsh churches, afterwards he visited Egypt and Palestine and Italy and France. The results of his impressions and observations he has embodied in several lectures, which have been in great demand, and delivered throughout the Principality and in various places in America.

It is as a bard, however, that Mr. Rees has gained national renown. He began to compose poetry when he was quite young. Competing at local Eisteddfods.

teddfods, he frequently obtained the prize. A selection of these early poems were published years ago under the nom-de-plume, Dyfedfap. In later years he has competed frequently for the chief prizes at the National Eisteddfods in Wales. In these competitions the productions of the most noted bards of Wales, from time to time, came under adjudication, but in most instances the honor of the chair and the chief prize were awarded to him.



BARDIC CHAIR.

The following is a list of poems and of chair prizes awarded to him at various Eisteddfods :

- 873, Rhymni—"The Sinking of the North Fleet."  
 1874, Llansamlet—"Conscience."  
 1875, Treherbert—"Springtime of Life."  
 1881, Merthyr Tydfil—"Love."  
 1884, New York—"Light."

- 1884, Liverpool—"Hiraethog."  
 1887, Utica, N. Y.—"The Tower of London."  
 1889, Pwllheli, N.W.—"The Refuge."  
 1879, Brecon—"The Welsh Bible."  
 1891, Llanrwst—"Ambition."  
 1893, Chicago—"Jesus of Nazareth."

Space will not allow in this brief sketch to indulge in quotations from his works, nor to formulate a critical estimate of his poetry, but would urge our Welsh readers in particular to read his poetry for themselves.

In his personal characteristics Mr. Rees is distinguished by unassuming modesty, genial sociability, unswerving rectitude and true-hearted fellowship which commands the respect and inspires the confidence of all his friends and associates. We hope his life may be spared for many years to come, to achieve greater things for the advancement and elevation of his countrymen.

The following beautiful verses have not been published before :

## Y BLODYN UNIG

YR HWN A DYFAI AR FIN Y MOR MARW.

BY REV. EVAN REES (DYFED).

O flodyn unig ! hardd dy wedd,  
 Ai chwilio'r wyt am danlyd fedd  
 Dinasoedd y gwastadedd gynt ?  
 Mae'n syn dy wel'd yn dal fel hyn,  
 Heb dori'th galon wrth y Llyn,  
 A dim ond barn yn swm y gwynt.

O flodyn unig ! gwyneb lawn,  
 Mae'n rhaid dy fod yn feiddgar iawn,  
 Yn gwneyd dy sedd ar ludw barn;  
 A wyddost ti, flodeuyn glân,  
 Mai dyma lle bu storm o dân  
 Yn deifio rhwyg i'w fedd yn sarn ?

O flodyn unig ! ai dy nod  
 Yw dweyd fod blodau wedi bod  
 Ar wely'r Llyn yn tyfu'n fyw ?  
 Beth ! ai tydi yw'r unig un  
 Adawyd yma wrtho'i hun,  
 Heb deimlo tân digofaint Duw ?

O flodyn unig ! di-fwynhad."  
 Fel ysbryd pur yn mhell o'i wlad,  
 Yn eistedd ar ddiiffaethwch prudd;

Wyt yma'n edrych ar y Llyn,  
 Sy'n ddafn o lid cyfiawnder gwyn,  
 Ac nid oes ddeigrn ar dy rudd.

O flodyn unig! a oes llaw  
 A feiddia'th dori, heb i fraw  
 Y rhandir hwn ei gwywo'n grin?  
 Mae'n brofedigaeth fawr i mi,  
 Wrth edrych ar dy wyneb di,  
 I blann cusan ar dy fin.

### WELSH MINISTERS IN THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

From "The Cymry" of '76, by Dr. Alexander Jones,

Among the clergymen of Welsh origin, in that period, was the Rev. David Jones, whose life and services were too remarkable to pass over.

His ancestors, on both his father's and mother's side, came from Wales and settled, in the last century, on the "Welsh Tract," in Delaware Co., Pa.; but David himself was born in White Clay Creek Hundred, Newcastle Co., in the State of Delaware, in 1736. He was educated for the ministry as a Baptist, and for many years had charge of a congregation in New Jersey. He went as a missionary among the Shawnee and Delaware Indians, in 1772 and 1773. One of his companions, while descending the Ohio in a canoe, was General George Rogers Clarke. Returning from his mission, he espoused the patriot cause; and afterwards settled over a congregation in Chester, Pennsylvania. On the day of the Continental fast and prayer, he preached a sermon before Colonel Dewy's Regiment, and took for his subject: "Defensive War in a just cause, is sinless." It was published and extensively circulated, and did much good in exciting the spirits of the patriots.

In 1776, he received the appointment of chaplain to Colonel St. Clair's regiment, which was ordered to the north-west, and was on duty with the Colonel at Ticonderoga, when the en-

emy was momentarily expected from Crown Point. On Sunday, October 2d, 1776, before the attack was made, he delivered a characteristic discourse, which produced a powerful effect upon the troops. He urged them, in overpowering strains of eloquence, to put their trust in the God of battles, and in the justice of their holy cause of civil and religious liberty. All who fell would be remembered as martyrs to freedom, while the love of liberty remained in the breast of man. He invoked blessings from Heaven on those who should valiantly contend against the foe; and anathemas on those who should faint, fall, or run away in the hour of struggle; concluding as follows: "And may the God of all grace, in whom we live, enable us, in defence of our country, to acquit ourselves like men, to His honor and praise, Amen."

While with General Wayne, he saw an English dragoon alight and go into a house for refreshments—when he went to his horse, took pistols from the holsters, went into the house, made a prisoner of the dragoon, and marched him into camp—which drew from the General a compliment for the bravery of his minister.

He was chaplain to General Gates and was afterwards with Gen. Wayne, in the Indian campaign to the north-west territory; and was at the massacre of Paoli, where he narrowly escaped death. He was at the battle of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth; and was with the army at Valley Forge, and in all the subsequent campaign, up to the capture of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown.

When the war of 1812 broke out, he again took the field as chaplain, under Generals Brown and Wilkinson, at the age of 46, and served to its close.

His last public act was to address the people at the dedication of the

Paoli monument. He died in February, 1820, aged 84, and was buried at the great Valley church, in sight of Valley Forge.

Rev. Samuel Davies was a native of Virginia, and became President of Princeton College. Washington's miraculous escape, at Braddock's defeat, caused the Indians to think (who repeatedly fired at him without effect) that he bore a charmed life. Mr. Davies, when speaking before the Volunteer company soon after the battle, used the following prophetic language in allusion to the then Colonel Washington :—"I cannot but hope that Providence has hitherto preserved him in so signal a manner, for some important service to his country."

General Washington, in his family associations, was connected in the tenderest ties of relationship with the descendants of Welsh families. His wife, Martha, or "Patsy," as he familiarly called her, was said to have been the grand-daughter of the Rev. Orlando Jones, who came to Virginia from Wales. Orlando is the continental equivalent for Roland, an old Christian name. Colonel Fielding Lewis, of Welsh descent, married his sister; and his son, George Washington Lewis, was commander of the General's life Guard.

Oh! it would have been a glorious vision to the brave Prince Llewelyn, when life was ebbing through his bleeding wounds, as he sank by treachery into the arms of death, if he could have foreseen, that while the evening sun was shedding its last rays on his native hills, it was then pouring forth its beams in noon-day splendor on a land where his posterity should again unsheath the sword for liberty; and through a long, dark and bloody struggle, assist in establishing the imperishable principles of civil and religious liberty—principles cherished for so many centuries among his be-

loved Cymry, to be afterwards disseminated in other countries.

Fair and lovely Cambria! how fondly thy children love thee—how they linger and hope for thee!

They look to the West for a home; they gaze upon thy smiling valleys; thy pretty villages and neat cottages, beside the gambolling brooks; it may be, for the last time. The cuckoo's plaintive wail, it may be, is to be heard no more. Their little church bell has sounded its last mellow peal for them. Their infantile play grounds, where they sported with wild flowers and listened to the happy tunes of the wandering harper, are about to disappear forever.

They stand, it may be, on the deck of a ship bound to America. As the sun sinks in the west and illumines with its rays, for the last time it may be to them, the distant peaks of Snowdon and Plinlimmon;—they bid a final adieu to long-cherished memories. Amidst such a scene of bereavement, they have but one consolation left, and that is the thought that they go to a land of freedom, which the blood of their race was so freely poured out to redeem.

In parting with their native country, they can still exclaim in the language of an exquisite poetess, Mrs. Felicia Hemans, whose home was in Wales :—

"I bless thee; but, not for the beauty which dwells

In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks of thy shore,

And not for the memory, still deep in thy dells,

Of the bard and the hero, the mighty of yore;

And not for the song of those proud ages fled,  
Green land! poet land of my home and my dead.

"I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat  
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to the skies:



For thy cottage-hearth burning the stranger  
to greet,  
For the love that shines forth from thy  
children's kind eyes :  
May the blessings, like sunshine, around thee  
be spread,  
As I leave thee, thou land of my home and  
my dead !"

### OUR ANCESTORS.

BY PROF. BOYD DAWKINS, M. A., F. R. S.  
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

(An Address delivered before the Liverpool  
Welsh National Society.)

(Continued from last month.)

I have now to ask your attention to a series of events which are of the highest importance to us in this inquiry into our ancestors, and which lie altogether within the region of history. At the beginning of the fifth century—in the year 409—the Roman garrison in Britain was recalled to defend Italy against the attack of Alaric. Britain was left defenceless. Then it was that such places as Deva—the modern Chester—and such places as Carlisle and York, had to look out for themselves, and local centers of government were developed.

Simultaneously with the removal of the Roman troops, the Picts and the Scots, all those turbulent mountaineers whose center was to be found in the fastness of the Highlands, poured over the Roman wall, which was bare of its defenders, and caused an immense amount of misery and destruction in the Roman province of Britain. In the year 449, the Britons invited over the first of the Germanic invaders of this country, but I have little doubt that many settlements had taken place before this time by people from the opposite coast of Germany, and that Angles, Jutes and Saxons, or some of this numerous kinsmen, had already found their way across the North Sea. To the invaders, the Britons were Welsh or "Strangers."

Our ancestors made an exceedingly good fight, and it took no less than about two centuries—till the year 609—for the Germanic invaders to push their way over the country as far as the shores of the Irish Sea. In the year 609, Æthelfrith, king of Northumbria, marched up the valley of the Trent—up the low country—traversed by the line of the London and North Western Railway coming from Tamworth, past Stafford, past Crewe and Warrington, and then on to Chester. There was fought the battle of Chester as it is termed—(which is famous for the massacre of the monks of Bangor, celebrated in Welsh song and in Anglo-Saxon chronicles)—by which the fate of the Welsh was finally settled. It was that battle which extended the western boundary of the England of those times to the shores of the Irish Sea. It was that battle which made the district of Liverpool, up to that time as much a part of Wales as Snowdon itself, a part of England. From that time the tide of invasion rolled northwards, southwards and westwards, until, by the middle of the seventh century, the position of the English and the position of the Welsh were represented as you see there on the map—the green color representing the Welsh and the red color the English. But when I use these terms, English and Welsh, you must remember that I am using them here in the sense of language. All the area to the west was Welsh-speaking, and the tongue of Wales is not really wholly extinct even now in the Lake district, where some of the shepherds count their sheep in Welsh. Thus you see the English invasion rolled back the Welsh language, but it did not necessarily destroy, over the area, the Welsh themselves. It is tolerably easy for a man to change his tongue, but it is impossible for him to change

his skin and physique. In Yorkshire, in Darbyshire, in Dorsetshire, and in many other parts I know of, there are as good representatives, not merely of the big Celtic Welshman who drove out the small dark man, but we have also the small dark aborigines, identical with the Welsh, with the small dark Welsh, Irish, and small dark Highlander. We see men who by their speech are distinctly English, but in physique belong to the ancient stock now represented in force among the Welsh people of the historic period.

Let me say a few words regarding the English in Wales; I shall not say much for I know that I have arrived at the limit of my time. Most important is it for us to realise the enormous influence which the English have exerted there, from the time of Æpethelfrith, from the time of the destruction of Chester, down to the days of Elizabeth and afterwards. In the first place the very name of Anglesea is a name which implies the conquest of the island by Angels. Shortly after the fall of Chester and the low-lying country near the shore (Wirral, etc.), the vale of Clwyd passed into the hands of the English and the Isle of Anglesea—the Isle of Mona as it was known to the Romans—was called the Island of the Angles. So that you see the English influence began to be felt at a very remote time in this region, and it is a significant fact that amongst the most perfect Welshmen we have at the present time—so far as speaking Welsh goes, and so far as being Welsh to all practical purposes goes—none are more perfect than the inhabitants of Anglesea. A large number of them are English by descent. The Danes were much later in coming. In the first instance pirates, they narrassed the shores of this country on every side and took possession of Chester which they used

as a center from which they harried England and Wales in the days of Alfred. The ruins of Chester, the city which had been destroyed by fire and sword by the Angles, were seized by the Danes and used as a fortress, until it was retaken by the English, and rebuilt and strengthened by Alfred's sister—Æthelflæd—"the Lady of the Mercians." The Danes established themselves along the whole or nearly the whole of the seaboard of Wales. They occupied the islands in the British channel, and the headlands on the coast, and they must have contributed to the stock of the Welsh population, although it is very difficult to give specific examples. I ask your attention to these points because it is a matter of considerable interest for us, Welshman, who are told by outsiders that we are Celtic and nothing else, to realise that, after all, we are like ordinary mortals, more or less mongrels—more rather than less.

Let me say a few words as regards the Normans. I cannot bring myself to suppose that the Norman invasion of Wales, for it was really an invasion in a sense, had introduced in any important degree any ethnological element which was very distinct from the old English and Danish element. The Normans, we know, were merely Northern freebooters, first cousins of the Danes, who established themselves in Normandy, and arrived at a high pitch of civilization there, and ultimately made themselves masters of this country. They had a most profound influence on Wales. William the Conqueror girdled Wales with a barrier of great earldoms, and Norman earls were established all along the Welsh frontier—the earls of Chester, of Shrewsbury, or old Pengwern—earls here and there who established themselves at the expense of the former inhabitants of the country. But side by side with these great

earldoms there were Welsh princes contending with them on equal terms, intermarrying with their families with the greatest possible freedom; so that in the records of those times it is the most common thing possible to read of a Welshman, say Llewellyn, marrying the daughter of a Norman baron; or in some cases, as we know, even successfully aspiring to a marriage with the royal family of England. I mention this to show you that even at that early time there was a fusion of Anglo-Norman with Welsh in Wales itself. It was quite impossible for us to realize to what extent this went on, unless we were to study what went on in South Wales, in Glamorganshire, in Monmouthshire and Pembrokeshire, say from the eleventh to the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. The fact is that Norman and English and Dane and Welsh, over a very considerable part of Wales were mixed up in such a manner that it is almost impossible for us at the present time to dissect the one from the other, and yet over a very large part of Wales this most composite people spoke as we know the Welsh tongue.

For the last few minutes I have been dealing with invasions by which the Welsh were pushed back from the land of Britain, which they formerly possessed, and I must now ask your attention to their position in Britain in mediæval times, and at the present day. In the first place I would mention to you that perhaps one of the very earliest of the patriotic ecclesiastics of Wales is to be found in the person of Gerald de Barri. Who was Gerald de Barri? He was a Welshman, he was a Norman; he was descended from a line of Welsh princes by his mother, and he was descended from a Norman baron on his father's side. He was a man who stood up for the independence of the Welsh Church; he was a man who

did more for the civilization of South Wales, for the advancement of knowledge and the general good of Wales, than any man of his time. I ask your attention to him because I know that in these days of newspapers and easy reading, there are few people who know anything at all about the greatest ecclesiastic whom Wales, as far as I know, has ever produced.

What was the position of the Welsh under the English sovereigns? It seems to me it was an exceedingly good one. I know that the Welsh have always done their share of work in the fighting way. In the battle of Crecy, 30,000 men were engaged on the English side, out of which 10,000 were Welshmen. The Welsh, also, have had their fair share in the sovereignty of England as well as Wales. I suppose most of us know that Welsh blood flow in the veins of our Queen. In the Tudors we have a Welsh dynasty, which was, perhaps, the most able dynasty which has reigned in this country. We have, therefore, reason to be proud of our position and of our name. Such then, are the main points which seem to me of special interest in discussing our ancestors.

I will merely conclude with this reflection, that the mere fact of the existence of such associations and societies as this in Liverpool and Manchester, shows that we Welsh are taking the greatest possible advantage of our opportunities. We are infinitely better off as members of a great country, such as Britain, under such conditions as the present, where we can fare forth into the great centers of labor and the great centers of thought, than if we were confined to our native hills. We all of us, of course, look back with infinite pleasure and longing to those hills of Wales which are so unlike the arid and desolate regions—I am speaking

from a natural history point of view—in which commerce mainly centres ; but, nevertheless, we must realize that if Wales were a separate country to England, our position here in England would not be what it is. And I, as a Welshman, living in England for a large portion of my life, am exceedingly glad to be an Englishman in the first place—and in the second place to count myself a Welshman—to know that I belong to one of the older stocks—which has done, and is doing, its work for the common weal, although I cannot claim an ancestry at all to be compared with those small dark people, some of whom I see around me this evening.

### THE RELIGIOUS CLAM.

BY THE REV GEORGE H. HUBBARD.

To a clam this world seems narrow and dark and cold. It would seem so still were its magnitude and warmth and brightness increased a hundred-fold ; for the clam knows nothing of the world except that small portion of it which is contained within the narrow limits of his shell. He is not a sociable creature, nor does he take any deep interest in what goes on about him. Though hundreds of his fellow-clams dwell close by his side, he never cultivates their acquaintance nor opens to them the door of hospitality. His own house and breathing-hole occupy all the attention of his clammy mind. Himself is his world, with his shell for an ill-enclosing sky, and his bed of ill-smelling mud for a universe.

Little wonder that the class does not occupy the topmost place in the scale of animate development. He does little service for his fellows. He is self-centered and coldly repellant. As for emotions and sympathies, he has none, and but for the vigorous grasp with which he seizes any intruder within the portals of his home,

one would not suspect that he possessed any power. He is not much of a traveler in any sense, his sole transmigration being from mud-bank to chowder.

Many of the Christians of the early and middle ages unconsciously made the clam their model in the religious life. Retiring from the world, they betook themselves to lonely caves and secluded retreats, where they hoped to be safe from the temptations and sins that abounded among men. In deepest solitude they strove to cultivate Christian graces, and to attain to saintliness of character. And what was the result ? Just what we might expect. Instead of saints, they became clams. Their religion became cold and unsympathetic, their outlook gloomy and narrow. They lost all true love for their brethren in ordinary life. Their convent or their cave was their world, and all outside was vanity. They could not understand the movements of practical men, so they concluded they were evil. They were pessimists, croakers, prophets of evil, and ere long their minds became encased in a thick shell of bigotry and superstition.

The species is not extinct. Convents and caves have disappeared from the religious life of modern America, but the clams may still be found, though in new surroundings. Their lives are self-centered, and, as a necessary consequence, self-limited. Their thought and sympathy and interest never reach out beyond their own little sphere. Their horizon, mental, moral and spiritual, is the rim of the little valley in which they live. Their own church and community, if not their own personal experience and need, represent to them the entire kingdom of God. They do not welcome new ideas, but look with suspicion upon all innovations. A movement like the growth of the Young

People's Society of Christian Endeavor is looked upon as a tidal wave which is liable to sweep them away, mud-bank and all. And so they may often be heard asking, "What real good does this young people's society accomplish?" in a tone that implies their own distrust of the movement.

Your religious clam has no interest in mission work. Present the most urgent appeal from the great world without, speak of the needs of our rapidly growing West or of the utter darkness of heathen lands, and from one another comes the reply: "Mission work! Why, there's plenty of that to do right here at home. What use is there in sending money and men away to distant fields when we have so much work to do right here in our own communities? Heathen! We have plenty of them right here at our very doors. Didn't Christ command his disciples to begin at Jerusalem?"

The clam does not read the Revised Version. He has never heard that Christ really said, "Beginning from Jerusalem." With him it is of Jerusalem to the end of the chapter.

Is it strange if such disciples find little satisfaction in their religious life? Is it strange if they grow cold and indifferent and uncharitable? Carlyle says: "The solitary man were but a small portion of himself; and must remain forever folded in, stunted, and only half alive." True enough, though spoken by the prince of clams. Doubtless, it was a word of personal experience.

Now, Brother Clam, when you begin to feel that the world is going to the bad, that its millions of men and women are "mostly fools," that the Christian Church is dead and cold, come out of your mud-bank, exchange your shell for a pair of wings, and take a mountain outlook. Then, with your broader view of God's kingdom, with

its needs and achievements, I will warrant your clammy soul will be warmed to a new life, and you will be lifted to a higher order of spiritual being.

### BUTLER'S ANALOGY.

BY MR. JAMES B. DAVIES, PLYMOUTH, PA.

(Continued from last number.)

Where is probability now? It has changed its position. It has gone over and taken the stand held before by possibility, offers a helping hand to the parents and tells them that the child is going to get well. Are the parents ready to do with it as David did with Goliath? They are not. His voice is to them like the song of the blue bird, telling them that the winter is past, although they looked upon it the day before as an Egyptian owl, giving token of death. So it can be seen that probability returns to its original profession, viz: To be the guide of life to this small family again, and they follow it as faithfully as ever. This is only one out of a thousand illustrations of probability to the sons of men. Even Mr. Ingersoll understands this thoroughly and insures his house and his life, but he manages to forget it always when discussing a future state. He is more of a Butlerian in all things than in religion. In the foregoing illustration it can be easily seen that probability is a very changeable guide, but it is the best that can be obtained and is absolutely designed for finite beings. Therefore it can be seen that it is of the utmost importance to be careful in gleaning facts, to make up our probabilities before forming our creed, and especially before forming our opinions of each other's character. Every juror in the country has to take an oath that he will weigh the probabilities in the balance of justice. The law provides that judges in the

courts set forth the facts before the juries so as to enable them to arrive at the proper conclusion in regard to the true character of the prisoner. If it is our duty to be so careful to find out the character of the law-breaker, how much more so is it our duty to be careful in finding out the character of the law-maker, for it is by the same course of argument that we must find out the divine character. This is what Butler does in his Analogy. He unites metaphysics and observation of facts, looks to the world as it is, and not as it should be. Face to face with nature and Revelation, he compares the two and finds that Origen's statement is perfectly true that "He who believes the Scripture to proceed from Him who is the author of nature may well expect to find the same kind of difficulties in it as are found in the constitution and Course of nature." This now brings us to the mode or form of the argument from analogy which is quite important for us to remember and impress upon our minds until it becomes a part of ourselves. We should keep in mind that the deist believes in the existence of God and His natural government over the world, but rejects Revelation because it does not carry the stamp and image.

Butler says if God displays a certain character in nature, He displays the same in Revelation, or, in other words, Butler says to the deist that he cannot name any difficulty in his theology, but that the same principle can be seen in his own. For instance, when the deist rejects Revelation on account of miracles being the source of its existence, Butler answers that nature also came into existence by a miracle. When the deist objects to Revelation on account of the incarnation being a mystery, Butler answers that it is no more of a mystery than the union of the finite and the

infinite, and a man's freedom and his moral necessity. When the deist rejects Revelation because it teaches the transmission of sin, Butler calls his attention to the natural transmission of disease and character. When the deist is horrified at the thought of innocent suffering for the guilty, Butler points his finger to the history of the world, which shows vast numbers suffering for each other—many of the most honorable for the most dishonorable and disreputable.

Thus Butler holds up against or contrasts what the deist objects to in Revelation with what he believes or accepts in the constitution or course of nature and brings a direct proof that Revelation is not more liable to objections than his own.

Therefore, the deist can "choose his horn," believe more or believe less, believe Revelation or reject the constitution or course of nature, do his best to reach the kingdom of heaven or to travel towards the arctic regions of infidelity and have his belief frozen to such an extent as to enable him to deny his own existence. In order to remember the mode of argument, we will repeat again that Butler looks at the deist, resting between two truths, like a man in a bellows, a truth made up of two blades and a vent pipe. There he is, preaching and trying to convince the world that all the truth is in the bottom blade, a firm and eternal foundation under its feet—that is, God and His natural government of the world—but denies the upper blade in the form of Revelation, and declares positively that what we see above our heads is nothing more nor less than smoke and mist rising from the bogs of Christianity, forming in large clouds in the imaginary firmament of the followers of Jesus of Nazareth.

While diverting himself in this position, Butler with his invincible logic

draws the two handles of the bellows together and the deist is blown out through a hole much smaller than the one he went in through. Some sentimentalists sympathize with the poor fellow, because he has been driven from his home by such an unmerciful hurricane through a hole so small in diameter. Claiming that he should have been convinced in his home, but that is an impossibility, because a person who stands between two truths is away from home already in every sense of the word. The believer can not go in and live with him without denying himself. Therefore, he must be brought out and convinced on the way before the breeze that was compressed in the land that he was living in. That was the instrument our great Teacher employed upon those that assumed and boasted that they were the children of Abraham, the accusers of the woman that had been caught in adultery, and many others. He had employed it so often that the old "scholars" around the temple knew him so well that they trembled in his presence. Asking them one day, "The baptism of John, whence was it, from Heaven or man?" I imagine I hear some shrewd and keen old character, like Caiaphas, make the remark, "Oh! we must go into the bellows before we can answer that question satisfactorily, and we have been there too many times already. Tell him that we do not know."

The Old and New Dispensations were the blades of the machine used by the Lord Jesus, and woe unto the Jew abiding between them in his Judaism. The mode of reasoning runs through the New Testament. If the element of analogy was obliterated from it, it would lose its identity and become something quite different from what it really is. That is what can be said of the literature of all time—past, present and future. We desire

it to be remembered that we have only given the negative form of the argument in the foregoing instances, but we believe it ascends to a higher level than that, as we will show at some future time. For in our opinion analogy's motto should be: *Man lives, continues to live through changes, and will live forever more.*

### CHEERFULNESS.

In this working world of ours, we do not find human beings shedding forth too much cheerfulness.

A cheerful child is a common sight, a natural vision, and a welcome object, but after the age of childhood has passed, cheerfulness more or less dies away. In some cases it is altogether destroyed, in others it has so withered that one wonders if it can ever flourish again.

In a few individuals, however, we recognize the flower in full bloom, and its fragrance so fills the air as to please and cheer many a less fortunate being.

It is a flower that ought to be more generally cultivated, for the blossom and fruit will more than repay any trouble taken in its cultivation. Weeds will not grow in abundance where cheerfulness thrives.

Cheerfulness differs from mirth as much as light from darkness, the sun from gas light.

Mirth has no root and cannot flourish. The stem does not go deep enough, and the little colored bloom is so lavishly thrown among weeds as to entirely destroy its beauty.

Mirth will spring up at the dawn, but ere the day dies it fades away. It reminds one of the little dancing waves, which the slightest disturbance will destroy.

Cheerfulness is like the sea beneath the waves that flows on steadily for ever.

Cheerfulness is a flower that will never fade, and the Great Husband-man is always waiting to give the seed. It must be planted into a willing mind, and an obedient heart. Such an one must rest on the Father's bosom believing that He ordereth all things, even the details of one's life. He must trust himself to the Giver, knowing that He worketh all things for our good. In such a heart as that, cheerfulness will not be stunted, but, like the ivy, will cling to humanity, and will with its tendrils keep the masses together, even to the building up of good sound characters. It is like the sun, wherever its rays touch, it beautifies and makes the harvest richer.

Cheerfulness and contentment are bosom friends, and even in play one can tell which is the better loved child—a cheerful playmate or a discontented one.

In work it is still more noticeable. A whistling man or a singing woman will do work better than the grumbler.

From a human point of view, I suppose cheerfulness is one of the grandest virtues one can possess.

If our living depends upon our own hands to get, this virtue is almost necessary, and whether one be servant or assistant, in business or in profession, it will act like a talisman.

The world has a way of its own of looking upon the outward life, and often speaks of a cheerful man as having a life of ease, and being a stranger to sorrow and suffering. Often the reverse may be true, for a cheerful man may possess a sorrow of his own—not one carved in the imagination—but a very real one. A sorrow that has taught him that the paradox is true, "sorrowful yet always rejoicing."

If cheerfulness is necessary in gaining one's living, it is quite as necessary in sickness. The physician and the

nurse dread a gloomy patient. Pain may extort the hasty word, or drag the impatient gesture from one before one is aware, but if a patient is studying his well-being he will cultivate cheerfulness, and by so doing will gain more power to throw off the disease. If a sick person dreads one thing more than another it is gloom at the bedside. A disagreeable doctor, or an impatient nurse, is sufficient food for any disease to thrive upon. Never shut cheerfulness out of the sick room. If healthy people were to educate themselves to live in a cheerful frame during meals, many a poor sufferer would be an alien to dyspepsia.

The greatest pessimists are dyspeptic slaves.

Cheerfulness is a tonic to the sick and a disinfectant to the healthy.

If cheerfulness is thus necessary to the public, how much more must it be to the little flock? If it enables a man to sell more of his wares, should it not greatly help the Christian to win more of his fellow men to his Maker?

And thus, would he not be showing forth to suffering humanity, that while there is something to live for, something to wait for, and something to work for, we can still keep the joy that no man can take from us.—*Mrs. St. John Leigh.*

#### BETTER THINGS.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Better to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing wine;

Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart, than beauty's favours proud;

Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than to task in love all day;

Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.



Better be fed by a mother's hand, than eat alone at will ;  
 Better to trust in good than say. "My goods my storehouse fill."  
 Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound ;  
 Better to teach a child than toil to fill perfection's round.  
 Better to sit at a master's feet than thrill a listening state ;  
 Better to suspect that thou art proud, than to be sure that thou art great.  
 Better to walk the real unseen, than watch the hour's event ;  
 Better the "Well done?" at the last, than the air with shouting rent.  
 Better to have a quiet grief, than hurrying delight ;  
 Better the twilight of the dawn; than the noonday burning bright.  
 Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favoured birth ;  
 Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

## Y WYDDFA.

GAN HWFA MON.

Saetha crelgian,  
 Trwy r cymylau,  
 Ar y glanau aur a gleiniog ;  
 Am eu gydddfau  
 Oroga torchau,  
 Niwl y borau, yn wlybyrog.

Llwydwyn niwl a'u dilliada—a'i darth  
 Yn dew a'i gorchuddia ;  
 Yna lluwch fentyll o ia—a'i rewynt,  
 Yn oer am danynt a hir ymdaena.

Brychion gernaui,  
 Troiog riwiau,  
 I gorynau geirw anian,  
 Hirfaith drumiau,  
 Crychog' gribau  
 Lluaws dyrau, llys y daran.

Tyrau rengres, tyrau yr eangrod,  
 Tyrau rhag gelyn, tyrau o'r gwaelod,  
 Tyrau herfeiddiawg, tyrau rhyfeddod,  
 Tyrau Eryri, tyrau eryrod,  
 Tyrau rhew, tyrau'r od—tyrau gwynion,  
 Tyrau hen Arfon, tyrau anorfod !

A gwelir mewn gwisg olaui—y Wyddfa  
 Gyraeddafwr ei brigau ;  
 A duddwl gwmwl yn gwau  
 Yn wylaidd dros ei haeliau.

Gwyddfa i eiry, Gwyddfa awyrog,  
 Gwyddfa oer dramawr, Gwyddfa hir drumog,  
 Gwyddfa gwrhydrwyr, Gwyddfa grwydrog,  
 Gwyddfa gar anian, Gwyddfa goronog,

Gwyddfa glogyrnawg, yddfog,—hen gawres,  
 Ac Arwres y creigiau eryrog !  
 Estyn ei phen i leader—hoewfro  
 Hyfyrd yr uchelder ;  
 Ac yno, gerbron Gwener.  
 Chwardda, cusana ser !

TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN HYMN,  
 "DE NATIVITATE DOMINI," OF  
 ALANUS INSULANUS.

(Alain de Lille.)

BY D. J. EVANS.

Sing of the one, who, becoming a human did  
 enter a prison,  
 Binding himself for its stripes, that he free  
 the imprisoned might render.  
 Sick he became, that the sick, from their ill-  
 ness, might wholly be cured,  
 Poor was he made, that his wealth to the  
 needy and starving be given.  
 Death would he suffer for thus he a life could  
 bestow on the dying,  
 Exile's hard lot he willingly met to bring  
 home wretched exiles.  
 Thus 'tis that envy through bruises does per-  
 ish, and wounds find their cure in  
 Wounds ; disease by disease is destroyed ;  
 and by death is death routed.  
 Life is forsaken for death that the dying in  
 death should not perish,  
 Alien the heir makes himself that the aliens  
 may acquire an heirship,  
 Needy the wealthy became, and the rich was  
 made homeless ; the needy  
 Thus he enriched. The free was enslaved to  
 give captives their freedom.  
 Low he descended to help who are lowest  
 ascend to the highest.  
 Mantled with night was the day, eclipsed was  
 the sun in his splendor,  
 Making more brilliant the stars, all their  
 brightness revealing.  
 Ill fell the healer, and thus was their vigor  
 restored the plague-stricken.  
 Lowly like earth did the heavens become,  
 like hyssops tall odors ;  
 Dwarfed was the giant ; to smoke turned the  
 flame ; as beggar came dives ;  
 The hale became sickly, the king became sub-  
 ject, the purple turned sack-cloth—  
 All in the one that did leave the great glory  
 of his kingdom in heaven,  
 Pitying our lot, for thus he was able to win  
 us a kingdom,  
 Guiltless himself, yet he bore all our shame,  
 and the woe of the guilty.  
 Ohio University, Athens, O.

NOTE :—The author of this hymn was one  
 of the most learned men of the twelfth cen-  
 tury and his hymns were very popular. At

one time this hymn was highly valued by the church, as it sets forth in paradoxical manner the blessings bestowed on the world by the incarnation and the death of Christ. The hymns of that age were contemplative, didactic and theological, and the most of them were inferior to this, in scholarship and scholarly taste, and in originality.

This hymn was written in imitation of the *Aeneid* of Virgil as far as the quantity of the syllables and the metre are concerned, while some of Alain's hymns use modern rhyme and accent-rhythm, rather than that of quantity and pitch, yet in this hymn, he closely follows the Dactylic Hexameter of the classical period. The contemplative mood of the hymn is made more striking by the prevalence of spondees in the first four feet of the verses.

### MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY REV. B. G. JONES, D.D., UTICA, N. Y.

The family is God's last and best work on earth. When He had finished all creation around Adam, He left him alone without a partner, probably to teach him to value a wife when she would be given to him. He was allowed to look at all the creatures already made. He understood their characters sufficiently to call each by an appropriate name. But among them all he found not one fit to be his companion. When Adam's search had proved fruitless God made for him an help meet his equal—a part of himself. The woman was taken out of the man, therefore man and woman united became in reality one. Man without a woman is incomplete, and so is a woman without a man. Marriage is the most solemn engagement that it is possible for man and woman to enter into; for their temporal and eternal welfare depend on its being done right. Its rightness concerns society. The family is the foundation or root of society. If the families are physically healthy and morally pure and strong, society all around will be flourishing and pros-

perous. But if the families be disorderly, vicious and immoral, they will pollute the life stream of society.

The following definitions of marriage by two former Presidents of Yale College, seem to me striking and true.

"Marriage is an union between two persons of different sexes. It is carefully to be remembered that the ordinance of God which gave birth to it limits the union to two, and they twain shall be one. Only two can enter into this relationship at the same time. What God has thus established man cannot alter. It is the most intimate union which exists in the present world. The persons who are thus united are joined together in a more intimate relation than any other which exists or can exist among mankind. No attachment is so strong, no tenderness is so great as that which is originated by this institution. The connection is entered into by both parties for life. God has forbidden man to put them asunder." Theology by Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D., late President of Yale College.

Dr. Dwight followed his definition consistently. He said, regarding Christ's declaration on divorce, "The prohibition, therefore, is not that the husband, as among the Jews, Greeks, and others, nor a judicial tribunal as among ourselves, nor that a legislature, as in some other communities, may not sunder this union, but that man in no condition, place or time—man possessed of no authority whatever, may not sunder this union.

"Divorce professedly sets parties free so that they may lawfully marry again. But they cannot be thus set free and can never lawfully marry again.

"Whatever husbands, judges or legislatures may think or declare or do, all these parties will, by their subsequent marriages, become guilty of

adultery. Thus Christ has pronounced, and thus he will certainly pronounce at the final day.

"Paul has determined the same point anew and in the most explicit manner conceivably, giving it as the Lord's command that a wife be not divorced from her husband; or if she be, that she remain unmarried; neither may the husband put away his wife. The man who divorces his wife and marries another, and the man who marries the divorced wife, are both guilty of adultery in the transaction."

"The same crime, in Matt. 5 : 32, is charged upon the divorced woman. It will not be questioned that the woman who marries the divorced husband is guilty in exactly the same manner. Neither of these marriages, therefore, can possibly take place without involving the crime of adultery in both the married parties." Pages 422-3.

Dr. Woolsey, a later President of Yale College, gives also a fine definition of marriage:

"Marriage is an indissoluble tie to be legitimately unloosed only by death.

"Christ corrects the judgments of men by a reference to the essential nature of marriage. It is the state of life in which two have become one flesh. It is a state founded by God at the first creation of man. It is, therefore, a union made by divine authority which human authority may not sever." *Essay on Divorce*, by Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College, p. 57.

Dr. Woolsey does not seem to argue so consistently with his definition as Dr. Dwight. Having said, on page 57, that no human authority can ever sever the marriage union made by Divine authority, it is singular to find on page 59, "When the divorce occurs on account of a sexual crime, the in-

nocent party may, without guilt, contract a second marriage."

This seems to me very doubtful. Adultery is a criminal breach of contract, but it does not free either party. It may justify separation and evidently does so, but it cannot justify either party in re-marrying except by the Mosaic law of putting the party guilty of adultery to death. I cannot see that the words of Christ, by any construction put upon them, allow re-marriage under any circumstances by either party during the lifetime of the other.

Dr. Woolsey regards adultery as annulling the marriage contract, which is inconsistent with his definition of marriage, "an union which no human authority can sever."

He tries to prove his case by saying that Christ's hearers could not understand Christ's permission to separate but not to re-marry, as that was not in their law. Page 67.

But this is not a valid agreement, as Christ was objecting to their law that it allowed divorced because of their hearts, but it was contrary to God's idea of marriage.

Dr. Woolsey's mind seems to have been misled by the idea that Christ allows more liberty to men than to women. That he allows the husband of an adulteress to marry. But why condemn the wife? Do not the words, "Whosoever marries her which is put away doth commit adultery," (Matt 19 : 9,) debar every divorced woman from ever being married? There is no condition regarding her divorce, whether she be wronged or guilty, she may not marry again without being guilty of adultery. What is true of the woman is also true of the man, as Christ regarded both equal.

Dr. Woolsey allows that Christ would have condemned sexual impurity in the husband as well as in the wife; and had he spoken on the sub-

ject, would have given the wronged woman also the liberty of re-marrying. But singularly he says, "And yet in the absence of any words from our Lord, we do not hold this opinion with the same confidence as we hold that the liberty of re-marriage for the man when the woman is the offender, is clearly to be gathered from our Lord's precepts." Page 69.

The above shows clearly that the learned President was under the influence of prejudice regarding the marital superiority of man, forgetting that in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female.

Dr. Woolsey treats Paul's argument so as to try to strengthen his opinion that a man whose wife was the adulteress may re-marry. But Paul makes no allusion to adultery. His aim is to show that it is the duty of one lately converted from heathenism to Christianity to continue to live with the heathen husband or wife if possible. But if they must separate, one is never to marry another. Paul denies the possibility of unloosening the marriage tie. "The woman which hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband so long as he liveth." Rom. 7 : 2. No conditions are given, neither is it said whether they live together or not.

As a reason for dwelling with a heathen partner he (1 Cor. 7.16) holds out the possibility of the conversion of husband or wife by the good conduct of the christian person. As an inducement also for them to remain he shows (Ver. 14) that rather than the Christian being polluted by the heathen it is otherwise, the heathen is sanctified by the Christian.

But if the heathen will not remain with the Christian except on condition that the Christian deny his religion, then says Paul let him depart, religion is stronger than the marriage tie,—to

be adhered to in preference to husband, wife, or any one else.

Dr. Woolsey has wronged Paul by trying to make out that he alludes to adultery when his argument is based entirely upon another matter and with another view. Principal Edwards reasons for the re-marriage of a Christian deserted by an unbeliever in his commentary on 1 Cor. 7, 14-16, seem to me insufficient. "In this case the Christian is free to regard the unbelievers' departure as a separation and a dissolution of the marriage for three reasons:

I. The believer has not been made a slave by becoming a Christian.

II. The Christian's call has given him or her the right to the enjoyment of peace.

III. These Christian privileges of liberty and peace are not to be sacrificed from an uncertain and fallacious hope of saving the unbeliever by continuing in the bondage of wedlock when the unbeliever has severed the actual union.

The above does not seem to harmonize very well with this remark on verse 12, "Christ as the Divine law-giver of his Church rescinded the Mosaic permission to a man to divorce his wife for other causes than adultery and restored the original idea of marriage." How then can an unbeliever's departure effect a dissolution of the marriage if nothing but adultery affords ground for divorce?

Paul's question is, "What is a Christian to do if a heathen wife refuses to live with him because he is a Christian, or what is the Christian wife to do? The answer is, Let him or her go rather than deny the faith. But there is no hint given of being free to contract marriage with another. The same reason which prevents it in the case of a separation from a believer remains here, namely, The hope of reconciliation and conversion

of the unbeliever. I think Paul was more anxious for the conversion of unbelievers than this interpretation allows. Marriage on the part of a deserted Christian would surely harden the heathen who may love the believing partner as a person, though objecting to the new religion. The re-marriage would turn that love into hatred, and prove an effective barrier against conversion, whereas, a little patient waiting and self-denial might have effected salvation.

I cannot see how Dr. Edwards finds any allusion to incontinence in this passage at all, or regards it as a sufficient reason for re-marriage. It is true Paul allows it as a reason for marrying where marriage is perfectly lawful in the case of a single person, but that does not prove that he would allow it were marriage in itself would be unlawful. A Christian is bound to do right whoever is offended, but he is not at liberty to do wrong to please or even benefit himself. The only plea brought forward to justify re-marriage after divorce is, that it is hard for the innocent person to suffer through life for the sin of another. But such is the case more or less in consequence of every sin.

It seems to be generally forgotten that a re-marriage works great hardship to innocent children. They are put in the hands of strangers, while their parents are alive and able to care for them, and would do so in nine cases out of ten if they understood Christ's teaching regarding marriage.

Let it be understood that divorce does not allow re-marriage to either party, then thousands of pairs would make an effort to understand and please each other, whereas, they care not now, seeing they can easily be made free to marry others and not be condemned from respectable society. Let it be understood that divorce and re-marriage is absolutely condemned

by the word of God and good society, then young people will be more careful in their choice of partners, and think more seriously before entering into a union from which they cannot be released during their joint lives.

As it is at present, when learned men and good writers try to make out that Christ permitted re-marriage in one case, though only one, others who care not for his teaching or any other law but their own lusts multiply the causes for divorce into scores or hundreds until our generation is becoming polygamous and adulterous to a frightful degree.

If the families,—the foundations of society—are destroyed or demoralized then will lawlessness, vice and moral pollution become triumphant.

It is time for us to cry aloud and spare not to try and awake the consciences of all those who love Christ and humanity, to listen to his voice and act in accord with his command in this important matter. That re-marriage after divorce is allowable is an assertion not proven, and I believe utterly groundless, Christ and Paul condemn all divorce laws.

### CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN OLD WALES.

BY ERNEST RHYS.

King Arthur, who stands for many an old Celtic King, centuries forgotten, held his Christmas in Old Wales in not quite as idyllic a fashion possibly as he appears, on other festive and picturesque occasions, in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." His was a curious, free, half-barbarous hospitality, grateful to men used to the open air, to rough life and adventure, and to the sight of blood and violent death at the sword's point. His castle, so-called, was no doubt of wood. "And if," to quote one of the *Mabinogion*, "it should be said there was a

porter at Arthur's palace, there was none. Glewlwyd Gavaelwawr was there, acting as porter, to welcome guests and strangers, and to receive them with honor." In the same tale and the same passage the King himself is described sitting upon a seat of green rushes, over which was spread a covering of flame-colored satin, while a cushion of red satin was under his elbows. The Christmas feast then, with venison, boar's head, roast swan, wine and ale, was generous to grossness, at that Arthurian hospitable board, which has grown, in legend, to the famous "Round Table."

Of what was considered to be luxury and good cheer, worthy of Christmas time, then and later you may gain a lively idea from a delightful old Welsh tale, which may be turned to in the notes of Lady Schreiber's *Mabinogion*. This tells how David, son to the famous North Welsh King, Owain Gwynedd, wishing to send Gwgan, the bard, as an envoy to Rhys, Prince of South Wales, despatches first of all a messenger to bring Gwgan, who lives some distance, to him. The messenger he chooses is called Y Paun Bach, or, in English, "The Little Peacock," and in the issue of Y Paun Bach's expedition was again a curious glimpse of his notions of what were comfortable quarters on a winter's night.

"Y Paun Bach, after a long and tedious journey," says this tale, "arrives towards the close of evening at a house in a wooded valley, where he hears the tuning of a harp. From the style of the playing, and the modulation, he supposes that the performer can be no other than Gwgan himself." Then follows a colloquy in high-flown language, in which Gwgan asks Y Paun Bach what he wants. Y Paun

Bach replied, "I want lodging for to-night. . . . And that not better than know how to ask for. . . . A light-house hall, floored with tile and swept, in which there has been neither flood nor rain-drop for a hundred years, dressed with fresh green rushes. . . . Then I would have a chair with a cushion beneath me, and a pillow under each elbow." There must be a splendid fire on the hearth, too, and Y Paun Bach describes finally the supper he desires to have—wine, and roast swans, and bitterns, and sundry spiced scollops; and the servants, all dressed in one livery, are to ply him continually with ale, and urge him to drink for his own good and the honor of his entertainers.

In the "Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin Through Wales," or rather in Sir R. C. Hoar's notes to that entertaining work, may be found a singular Christmas tale, taken from Powel, in which the beauty of Nest, wife to Gerald of Pembroke, plays a chief part. "Then also," it says, "Cadogan ap Blethyn made a great feast in Christmas and bade all the lords of the country to his house in Dyved, among whom came Owen, his son, who, hearing the beauty of Nest praised above all the women in the land, was marvellous desirous to see her." Some future opportunity will occur, I hope, to let me return to this tale, for it is too long to append now. But it, too, serves to show in passing that Christmas was a time of special hospitality, when an air of festivity was abroad in the land eight, ten, or more centuries ago, as well as now.

If, for a last word, the profounder side of the Christmas celebration were turned to much might be said about it as a symbol of that religious spirit and imagination which has at all times so masterfully affected the

Welsh people and their bards, and even their tale-tellers and romancers. This, however, is not matter for light gossip over the winter's hearth. But here are a few lines, freely translated of a very touching Christmas poem by Madawg ab Gwallter, who lived some six hundred years ago, which may serve as our *envoi*.

"Where ox and ass  
Must tramp and pass,  
The Lord of Life  
In a manger lies—  
In a cradle, made  
Of straw, low laid,  
In ragged guise.  
No silken clothes  
Or ermine's snows  
To cover Him.  
Around, instead,  
Poor robes are spread  
Where the light shines dim."

### WELSH FAIRY TALES FOR CHRISTMAS.

We quote the following Welsh fairy tales from "Welsh Folk-Lore," a National Eisteddfod prize essay, by the Rector of Efenechtyd (Rev. Elias Owen, M. A., F. S. A.). The first part has been published by Messrs. Woodall, Minshall & Co., Oswestry :

#### A BOY TAKEN TO FAIRY LAND.

Mrs. Morris, of Cwm Vicarage, near Rhyl, told the writer the following story; She stated that she had heard it related in her family that one of her people had in childhood been induced by the fairies to follow them to their country. This boy had been sent to discharge some domestic errand, but he did not return. He was sought for in all directions, but could not be found. His parents came to the conclusion that he had either been murdered or kidnapped, and in time he was forgotten by most people, but one day he returned with what he had been sent for in his hand. But so many years had elapsed since he first left home that he was now an

old gray-haired man, though he knew it not; he had, he said, followed, for a short time, delightful music and people; but when convinced, by the changes around, that years had slipped by since he first left his home, he was so distressed at the changes he saw that he said he would return to the fairies. But alas! he sought in vain for the place where he had met them, and therefore he was obliged to remain with his blood relations.

The next tale differs from the preceding, inasmuch that the seductive advances of the fairies failed in their object. I am not quite positive whence I obtained the story, but this much I know, that it belongs to Pentrevaelas, and that a respectable old man was in the habit of repeating it as an event in his own life.

#### A MAN REFUSING THE SOLICITATION OF THE FAIRIES.

A Pentrevaelas man was coming home one lovely summer's night, and when within a stone's throw of his house, he heard in the far distance singing of the most enchanting kind. He stopped to listen to the sweet sounds which filled him with a sensation of deep pleasure. He had not listened long ere he perceived that the singers were approaching. By and by came to the spot where he was, and he saw that they were marching in single file and consisted of a number of small people, robed in close fitting gray cloths, and they were accompanied by speckled dogs that marched along two deep like soldiers. When the procession came quite opposite the enraptured listener, it stopped, and the small people spoke to him and earnestly begged him to accompany them. But he would not. They tried many ways, and for a long time, to persuade him to join them, but when they saw they could not induce him to do so they departed, divided themselves into two compan-

ies and marching away, the dogs marching two abreast in front of each company. They sang as they went away the most entrancing music that was ever heard. The man, spell-bound, stood where he was, listening to the ravishing music of the fairies, and he did not enter the house until the last sound had died away in the far-off distance.

### SPIRITUAL UPLIFT.

In the Christian Church there is nothing so much needed, there is nothing so really helpful, as a spiritual uplift. Other things are valuable; but they cannot supersede the quickening from above. Your grand architecture, your splendid furnishing, fine pulpit talent and high social position, are not salvation. However well in themselves, the Church with nothing else is weak and torpid. The light from the skies is needed as a preparation for good, living, effective work.

A spiritual uplift lends an air of cheerfulness and hopefulness to a Church. The members have what General Grant called "the swing of victory." There is an elasticity about their movements. They are able to run and leap and praise God. The sense of depression and discouragement, so long felt, disappears. The cloud lifts, and the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness brings joy and gladness to all devout hearts. This is a good condition to live in. The soul is free and full of hope and courage, ready to undertake for God. Above all, get this spiritual furnishing.

Reader, it is possible for you. It is not far away. The nearness of the Saviour to you, His readiness to help, His desire to give you the best, are great and precious truths. Take them to your heart at once.

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof which takes off from the sharpness of it.—*Steele*.

As a man may be eating all day and for want of digestion is never nourished, so endless readers may cram themselves in vain with intellectual food.—*Dr. Watts*.

THE early and the latter part of human life are the best, or, at least, the most worthy of respect; the one is the age of innocence, the other of reason.—*Joubert*.

EXTREMES are dangerous; a middle estate is safest; as a middle temper of the sea, between a still calm and a violent tempest, is most helpful to convey the mariner to his haven.—*Swinnock*.

I HAVE been young, and am now old, and have not yet known an untruthful man to come to a good end.—*Auerbach*.

THE true test of civilization is not the census or the size of cities or the crops or wealth of the land, but the kind of men that the country turns out.—*Emerson*.

WOMEN endowed with remarkable sensibilities enjoy much, but they also suffer much. The greater the light the stronger will be the shadow.—*Anna Cora Mowett*.

EMULATION is not rivalry. Emulation is the child of ambition; rivalry is the unlovable daughter of envy.—*Balzac*.

### KINGS OF MEN.

When Nature stamps a man a king,  
Nae crown has she to gie him;  
She clasps the trade-mark on his brow  
And sends her patent wi' him.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count life by heart throbs. He  
Most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest,  
acts the best."



## Notes and Comments, &amp;c.

BY CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

## WALES AND ITS AFFAIRS.

BY OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

ONE of the ornaments of the Welsh pulpit, the Rev. Dr. John Hughes, of Carnarvon, formerly of Liverpool, has joined the great majority. He was one of the many brilliant preachers of the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales whose loss the nation has recently had to mourn. He was one of the richest contributors to the "Traethodydd," the chief literary publication in Wales. The "South Wales Daily News" says of him that he was undoubtedly "one of our most felicitous prose writers, and one of the fairest, calmest, and solidest controversialists."

THE British Parliament has assembled for the autumn session. Wales will not have any attention paid to its demands until after Christmas, but it is stated on good authority that the Government then intend to take the great church question seriously in hand and complete its disestablishment. The Land Commission of Wales having completed its operations in North Wales, returned to South Wales for some days in order to complete the sittings of that part. The nature of the evidence obtained has been most important, and it is very likely that legislative measures of a drastic character will be promoted in order to relieve the now admitted serious difficulties of the Welsh farmers. Lord Salisbury is to speak at Cardiff during this month. The Primrose League has not been satisfied with the results of its operations in Wales. It appointed a special organizer for Wales; it divided the

Principality into districts in order that it might be effectively worked. It enlisted a whole corps of landowners and it printed some of Lady Gwendolen Cecil's leaflets in the vernacular. Yet with all these efforts the Welsh people showed themselves irresponsible to the appeals to "defend the Welsh church and to save religion"!! Every week the reports show that the Primrose League is making progress all the world over, but it is sorrowfully admitted that meetings in Wales are feeble affairs and almost unworthy of attention. So Lord Salisbury is going down to galvanize his party, and it is expected that he will deal in his own original way with the question in his forthcoming speeches.

THE steamer "Berlin" has brought back safely the Welsh Ladies' Choir (to whom you Americans have been so generous and appreciative.) They have returned with a splendid recollection of the glorious time which they had "on the other side of the water," and speak highly of their welcome.

MR. CHARLES MORLEY, who has been appointed Liberal candidate for Breconshire, and who is certain to succeed the present Liberal representative, Mr. Fuller Mailland, has been recently making a tour of his new sphere of action. He is a good speaker, a rich man, and a son of the great Samuel Morley who did so much for Nonconformity during his lifetime. It was impossible to get a Welshman rich enough and suitable in other respects to fight this important constituency.

A WRITER named "Marie Trevelyan" has been compiling an interesting book called "Glimpses of Welsh Life." It deals with South Wales life and is supposed to show the social life of the period. But it is quite clear that her knowledge of the inner life of the Welsh people is not very extensive. One often wonders why some clever Welshman does not try to delineate that portion of the nation's life which would interest outside people and other nations.

THERE has been a controversy in Welsh musical circles about the well known tune "Crugybar" and concerning its authorship. Mr. Cledar Williams claims it as an adaptation by him of an old tune called "Bozrah." The editor of the "Cerdador," Mr. Emelyn Evans, maintains that the tune is a national possession which cannot be claimed by any individual, and that he has the authority of Rev. J. Bowen Jones, B. A., of Brecon, a well known hymnologist, that Nansi Crugybar used to sing it. The latter celebrated Welshman died sixty years ago, and is therefore impossible that Mr. Williams' claim can be established.

MR. LLEUFER THOMAS, the present Secretary of the Welsh Land Commission, has just issued his report on the condition of agricultural laborers in Wales. It reveals a shocking state of things. The laborer's wage is absurdly low, his hours are long, his food is poor, his house is unfit for human habitation, while intellectually his life is a dead blank. The Parish Councils Bill, now being brought forward by the Government will doubtless help to inspire him with a measure of independence, will stiffen his backbone and induce him to take an interest in the affairs of his parish and his country.

## PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

G. T. MATHEWS & CO., NEW YORK, IMPORTERS OF TEAS.

We would call the attention of the CAMBRIAN readers to the advertisement in this number of G. T. Mathews & Co., the New York enterprising importers of choice grades of teas. These teas are well known among our Welsh people as "Te y Brenin," which means "The Royal Teas," distinguished for their high grades, choice flavors and reasonable prices. They are sold wholesale in one pound and one-half pound packages, and retailed by agents and grocers throughout the United States. Messrs. Mathews and Smith are well-known to the trade and to the public as men of thorough business experience and of strict integrity, honorable in their

dealings, perfectly reliable and worthy of the patronage of our Welsh-American people generally.

FIRST PREMIUM FOR THE EAGLE RED SLATE OF MIDDLE GRANVILLE, N. Y.

MR. R. B. Pritchard, of Middle Granville, N. Y., proprietor of the Eagle Red Slate Quarry, has been awarded the first premium at the World's Fair for Red Slate for roofing in various designs, and also for Red Slate slabs. They were located in the south-east gallery of the Mining Building. The Eagle Red Slate Quarry of Middle Granville, N. Y., is the largest ever opened and operated, and always has a large stock of slate on hand. These red slate are extensively used for tile; bordering, stairways, approaches, bases, wainscoting and roofing.

PUBLIC TESTIMONIAL TO REV. S. PHILLIPS, DODGEVILLE, WIS.

In accordance with a resolution passed by the Congregational Association of Wisconsin, urging the churches to recognize in some substantial form, the great and faithful service of Rev. Sem. Phillips, Dodgeville, Wis., who has labored faithfully for 46 years in the gospel ministry, twenty-one years at Dodgeville and six years at Steuben Church, N. Y., along with the late Dr. Everett, and who has in other ways greatly helped to advance the interests of God's kingdom and the spiritual welfare of the Welsh people in general, his many friends have arranged to express their appreciation of his life work and Christian character, by a public testimonial in the form of a purse of money and an address. For the purpose of inviting subscriptions in aid of the fund from his friends and the Welsh people in general, the following committee has been appointed: Rev. Peter Gray Evans, Chairman; Mr. D. H. Williams, Secretary; Mr. Wm. B. Williams, Cor. Secretary; S. W. Rees, Esq., Treasurer; Wm. J. Hughes, (T. C.) D. G. Jones, Wm. J. Wickham, Rev. David Powell, (B.) Thomas Owens and Henry Griffiths.

The above movement is worthy of support of the Welsh people in general and of the many friends of Mr. Phillips in particular, we would commend it to their attention, and hope they will liberally aid the fund and carry it out to a successful issue. Mr. Phillips is well-known as an eloquent preacher, an excellent writer, and a gentleman of noble, Christian character and highly esteemed by all who know him.

Rev. T. T. Davies, Richville, N. Y., has accepted an unanimous call to take charge of the English Congregational Churches at Sandy Creek and Oldfield, N. Y. Mr. Davies commenced his labors in his new field last month, much to the regret of his Richville

churches, among whom he labored successfully several years. Mr. Davies is an excellent preacher and a devoted pastor, we wish him and his family every blessing in their new home and field of labor.

THE World's Fair at Chicago was formally closed on Monday at noon, Oct. 30th. The total number of visitors who have paid for admission to the World's Fair since the opening is announced as 21 458,910.

A VERY successful concert was given at Fair Haven, Vt., for the benefit of John T. Williams. There was a large attendance, and although the parts were mostly taken up by home talent, the singing was excellent, and was well received and enjoyed by all. And particularly so the parts sung by the Robert's family, who were favorites as usual and gained loud applause.

### MARRIED.

DAVIES—TALLMADGE—May 29th 1893, at Sumerfield M E Church Milwaukee, Wis., by Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, Mr. David H. Davies and Miss Hattie L. Tallmadge both of Milwaukee, Wis.

OWENS—JONES—August 10th 1893, at the home of the bride's mother Mrs. Hannah Jones, Granville, N. Y., by Rev. Edward Roberts, Middle Granville, N. Y., Mr. David O. Owens and Miss Ella Jones both of Granville, N. Y.

Mr. Owens is a member of the slate manufacturing firm of Owen W. Owens' Sons which owns and operates an extensive slate quarry at Granville, N. Y. The other members of the firm are Robert O. Owens and William O. Owens.

WILLIAMS—JONES—On Thursday, Oct. 19th 1893, a pleasant wedding took place at Farnamsville, near Fair Haven, Vt. Mr. William J. Williams of Bangor, Pa., and Miss Mary Gray Jones, only daughter of Rev. Ellis Walter Jones of Farnamsville, being the contracting parties. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. M. Jones of Fair Haven, Vt. At 8 o'clock the house was well filled, about 97 persons being present. After the ceremony there were speaking and singing, among those taking part being Messrs. Spalding, John M. Jones, John J. Roberts, Joan Eryri. Peters and Miss Lena Roberts. Many costly presents were received by the bride and groom. Choice refreshments were served and a most delightful time enjoyed by all present. The newly married couple left for their future home in Bangor, Pa., where they were tendered a reception at the home of the groom's mother.

There was a large gathering of the friends of the happy couple and numerous gifts were

received. A serenade was given during the evening by the Bangor Serenade Band.

The Cambrian joins with their many friends in wishing them a long and happy wedded life.

WILLIAMS—JONES—October 23, 1893, at the Presbyterian Church, Monroe, N. Y., by the Rev. T. B. Thomas, Mr. R. Williams Jr., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Miss Susanah Jones, daughter of Mr. Edward Jones, Upper Hall, Meifod, Montgomeryshire, Wales. May heaven's rich blessings rest upon them.

MILLER—ROBERTS—Nov. 16, 1893, were married Miss Mary Louise Roberts and Mr. Roswell Miller, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. The home of the bride's parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. O. Roberts, No. 698 Madison Ave., New York, was the scene of the wedding and was profusely decorated with white chrysanthemums and palms. The bride's father performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. John Hall and Rev. James McCosh, ex-president of Princeton College.

Major Frank S. Bond was the best man and Miss Gertrude Sherman, of Brooklyn, the maid of honor. An elaborate wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. Many of the most prominent members of New York society were present, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rockefeller, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. and Mrs. D. Armour. Among the gifts was a silver service from the directors of the railroad of which the bride groom is president. The newly married couple left town in Mr. Miller's private car, and will pass their honeymoon in the South. They will live in Chicago.

### DIED.

A WELSH-AMERICAN ADMIRAL OF THE U. S. N.

Rear Admiral Thornton Alexander Jenkins, U. S. N., who died at Washington, D. C. August 9th at the advanced age of 82 years was a most remarkable man in many respects and served his country well and faithfully.

Admiral Jenkins was of Welsh descent, being a direct descendant of Judge David Jenkins of Wallingford Castle, Wales. Until a few months ago he kept up a regular correspondence with his Welsh kindred, among whom are Vice Admiral Robert Jenkins of the royal navy and Sir John Jenkins of La Grange. He was born in Orange County, Virginia, December 11, 1811, and entered the navy as a midshipman November, 23, 1828. His appointment as such was secured by Mrs. Madison, wife of the President. His subsequent career was filled with honor and usefulness.











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